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PATRIOTISM—BUT HOW?

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

WHILE discussion clubs incline a serious ear to speeches on 'Can Democracy Survive?' and our better correspondents smuggle dispatches out of Europe showing that the dictator countries are committing economic suicide, few people seem to inquire why, if the fascist and communist nations are economically insane, they constitute so serious a menace to political democracy. At this distance it looks as if they had something democracy does not possess, or rather something American democracy has lost during the dolorous twentieth century. That something is not state regulation of business, nor holidays for workingmen, nor concentration camps, nor a well-oiled bureaucracy, nor even the capacity to make trains run on time. We can show American precedents for all these. What the dictator countries have succeeded in doing is to make patriotism glamorous. Among higher liberal circles in the United States patriotism seems nowadays to be regarded as the last refuge of a scoundrel.

Glamour has turned the trick. The technical name for this sort of trick is propaganda, but it is not ideational propaganda I am talking about. What I

refer to is the prompt and efficient creation by the dictators of glamorous mythological images. These images please their downtrodden subjects, make them feel swell, and send them off to the army or a labor camp singing mistaken patriotic songs. We used to have Glamour in this country, but during the rush of intellection to the head in the twenties we rubbed it all off.

It is, of course, commonplace that Mussolini is a semi-divine Duce and Hitler a sacrosanct Führer. It is also commonplace that you can't turn around in Berlin or Rome or Moscow without seeing a swastika, the Roman fasces, or a sickle and hammer. Everybody knows about the parades, the 'spontaneous' cheering, the farcical elections, the uniforms, and the perpetual celebrations. Naziism has its martyrs, — the 'Horst Wessel' song commemorates one of them, — fascism its saints, and communism its heroes. It is true that the official history of these countries, which obedient citizens are required to swallow, would not delude even a weak-minded freshman in the United States, but that is not the point: the point is that the official history is full of heroism,

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chivalry, romance. It takes the form of the rescuing of the helpless maiden Germania or Italia or Russia by knights-errant against overwhelming odds. It is a modern version of the King Arthur story, the American Revolution, and freeing the slaves, all in one. The result is that the communist or fascist citizen, at least in his public moments, has an exhilarating sense of living in a vast grand opera.

Why is there no American grand opera to correspond? Why has American democracy mislaid its mythology and lost its glamour? The answer is in part that we had our own grand opera until, under the combined attacks of 'progressive' educators, the debunking biographer, and social historians, we grew shamefaced about it. Take, for example, the matter of the musical score. 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' though unsingable, is just as vigorous a tune as 'Giovinezza,' but we don't know the words. 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean' tingles with vitality, but try to get it sung at a ball park! 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' (peace to the South!) is a superb song — we can sing the chorus, some of us chanting 'Glory, glory, hallelujah' and others 'John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.' I do not care for 'America,' with its mouldy flavor of commencement programmes, but 'Yankee Doodle' is a good fighting song, which we can't even burble. Everybody shouts when the band plays 'Dixie,' but will some kind Rotarian recite the verses? The sorrowful fact that well-intentioned citizens mistake Sousa's 'Stars and Stripes Forever' for the national anthem is not the sort of error that Mussolini or Hitler or Stalin permits.

Grand opera, however, is more than a musical score; it supposes characters and a plot. Let us have an examination in the plot of the American story. Can any little boy or girl earn a dime by telling me the anecdote which gave birth to each of the following sentences? 'Damn

the torpedoes — full speed ahead!' 'You may fire when ready, Gridley.' 'We have met the enemy and they are ours.' 'Don't cheer, boys — the poor devils are dying.' 'Don't give up the ship.' 'Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.' 'I would rather be right than be President' (No, Sammy, this does *not* refer to George M. Cohan). 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.' 'Our Federal Union: it must be preserved.'

The class will next recite from memory, thus rivaling good communists, (1) Patrick Henry's oration; (2) the Declaration of Independence as far as the bill of particulars; (3) the peroration of Webster's 'Reply to Hayne'; (4) Senator Thurston on Cuban affairs; (5) Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address. Next, the boys and girls will tell teacher the facts in the case of (a) Molly Pitcher; (b) Johnny Appleseed; (c) Kit Carson; (d) Davy Crockett; (e) R. P. Hobson; (f) Stephen Decatur; (g) Marcus Whitman; and (h) General Stark. The examination will conclude by having the scholars identify the author and name the poem in which each of the following phrases occurs: 'When Freedom from her mountain height'; 'Ay, tear her tattered ensign down'; 'The Turk lay dreaming of the hour'; 'All quiet along the Potomac'; 'Out of the focal and foremost fire'; 'By the flow of the inland river Whence the fleets of iron have fled'; 'John P. Robinson, he sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.'; 'When faith is lost, when honor dies, The man is dead'; 'Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite.' (Southern children will be placed under a slight handicap concerning one of these items.)

If this is too hard, the C students may identify any five of the following: (1) Old Fuss and Feathers; (2) the Swamp Fox; (3) the Mill Boy of the Slashes; (4) The Pathfinder (*not* Natty Bumppo); (5) the Rock of Chickamauga; (6) The American Farmer; (7) Me Too Platt; (8) Hosea Biglow; (9) Old Rough-and-Ready;

(10) Tippecanoe and Tyler too. No fair looking in a reference book. A grade of fifty will be considered passing.

I realize, of course, that a number of these items have a regrettable military flavor, which World Peaceways, Inc., would not approve. I can only say that the heroic moments of history seem to be commonly associated with the danger of death. In fact, I shall dare the scorn of advanced intellectuals by citing a quotation guaranteed to make the ghost of Hart Crane wince: —

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

No, this is not an American poem, and it is banned from our better school readers because its author has passed out of fashion. Its sentiment, however, seems to be powerful in an important Mediterranean kingdom, somewhat to the present embarrassment of the nation which produced the poet.

I likewise freely admit that under the searchlight of historical science some of the sentences I have quoted have been proved apocryphal, and some of the heroes whose sobriquets are given above have been conclusively shown up by modern writers. I also know that Washington did not pray at Valley Forge, that the Boston Massacre was not a massacre, that John Hancock made a good thing out of violating the revenue laws, that Sheridan's ride never occurred, and that the charge on San Juan Hill was, from every sensible point of view, an hilarious absurdity. I have, however, one advantage over the rising generation: I knew my American mythology before I knew its historical corrective; and inasmuch as the vaunted conflict among ideologies threatens to be won by the nation with the greatest belief in its own mythology, I wonder, now that scientific historians have destroyed most of the American myth, what it is that American democrats are to believe in during the coming struggle. To quote

from another frayed classic, also scorned in intellectual circles, Harvard men who died in the Civil War were men who, in Lowell's opinion,

. . . followed [Truth] and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.

If democracy should have to fight, will it be emotionally inspired by the sound historic fact that the Lincoln administration is supposed to have favored the high-tariff crowd?

II

In the nineteenth century, Americans were simple-minded enough to have a mythology. The facts of American history were widely known. Rising generations learned them in school. On Friday afternoon classes were adjourned while perspiring victims declaimed fragments of nationally known orations, patriotic poetry, and sound rhetorical pieces describing a blind preacher, narrating a thrilling climb up the Natural Bridge, or excoriating Benedict Arnold. No child of the Iodine State who toiled through William Gilmore Simms's history of South Carolina, written for schools, could be ignorant of the exploits of Francis Marion or General Nathanael Greene. No schoolboy put through *Appleton's Fifth Reader* failed to discover that Daniel Webster was the greatest man who ever lived. No boy who learned both text and gestures from the immortal McGuffey but was thoroughly grounded in the dramatic moments of the history of freedom: —

'Make way for liberty,' he cried,
Made way for liberty, and died.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled.

The fact that a perverse and adulterate generation continues this last quotation

by an apocryphal reference to goobers is simply a tribute to the thoroughness with which the nation was once taught to admire Mrs. Hemans's hero. But if you did not care for the immortal youth you could hang out the old flag with Barbara Frietchie or ride twenty miles with Phil Sheridan and Thomas Buchanan Read.

The patriotic reader met an immense and genuine demand. Throughout most of the nineteenth century every American knew that this nation was the greatest thing that had ever happened in the history of the human race. Every Fourth of July some rising young lawyer read aloud the Declaration on the village green. At every county fair an itinerant Congressman pulled the lion's tail and made the eagle scream. All good Americans abhorred the effete monarchies of Europe. All good Americans understood that the immediate purpose of any British duke was to place his heel on the neck of freeborn republicans. The image of Washington or Jackson or Lincoln or Lee held precisely the same place in the esteem of the people as Mussolini or Hitler or Stalin wants to hold in the esteem of his own nation. In those times we made the welkin ring, painted the firmament red, white, and blue, and announced to an amused universe that Columbia was bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the east by the Garden of Eden, on the west by the Fortunate Isles, and on the south by the Day of Judgment. We made ourselves supremely ridiculous and supremely happy. Observers like Dickens, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Martineau, and others satirized our effervescence and envied our simplicity. We had our mythology, and we believed in it.

To-day Washington is a figure on a postage stamp, we are not quite sure whether Andy or Stonewall Jackson beat the British at New Orleans, and purple passages about the American eagle are no longer heard, even in Congress. We are all for social justice or the

Townsend plan, but neither programme has yet produced its demigod. When economic analysis comes in at the door, patriotic figures of speech fly out at the window. It is impossible to twist the lion's tail with one hand and make a graph of the wages of coal miners with the other. In all the argument over minimum-wage laws, nobody has referred to the full dinner pail, the pauper millions of Europe, or pressing a crown of thorns upon the brow of labor. Statistics are valuable, but a little old-fashioned Fourth-of-July oratory is the tonic we really need.

The fervor has gone out of our sublime and ridiculous enthusiasm in the twentieth century for a variety of reasons — economic determinism, sociological analysis, the radio (which killed off the string-tie orator), realism on the stage and in fiction, which forbids romantic gestures and heroic thought. One cause worth discussing is professional enthusiasm for a new sort of education supposed to develop the free personality of the child.

The fact that the child was to develop in the United States of America and not in a gray abstraction called the modern world has not troubled educators who look down on Jean-Jacques Rousseau as an unscientific generalizer. The child is to remain a child as long as possible, and consequently he is not to be given adult stuff to read until the latest possible moment. The child is supposed to be brought up to love his fellow man, and therefore stories like the fight of the *Serapis* and the *Bonhomme Richard* have been quietly dropped from school. Instead, he learns to love the kindly Indians, who built tepees. The child is nevertheless supposed to develop into a little voter, and in place of learning to hate Benedict Arnold he is instructed in the mysteries of the local waterworks. It is not yet clear, after a quarter of a century of advanced education, that the results, as shown in municipal politics, have just-

fied the erasure of romantic drama from the American school.

Think of the comment of sturdy Mr. McGuffey upon the book from which a friend of mine, aged six, is learning to read. I quote from the incredible preface:—

The purpose of *Our Animal Books* is to motivate in the growing citizen, from his pre-school days to junior high school, an intelligent regard for his own pets and for the animals of his city, state, and country. He, however, rather than the animal, is the chief factor [*sic*] in the book. . . .

The primer, *Fuzzy Tail*, is devoted to the kitten, telling in story form just how a kitten should be fed, handled, and properly played with[!].

I have no doubt that school superintendents who adopt this series look down on Maria Edgeworth (if they have ever heard of her) as a didactic old woman bent on ruining the lives of children, though the precise difference between this sort of pedagogy and eighteenth-century didacticism is not evident. But let us return to *Our Animal Books*. After *Fuzzy Tail*, we rise through *Sniff*, which 'gives youthful owners similar instruction in the feeding, housing, exercising, and general upbringing of a puppy, again through story medium' (why medium?), to *Paths to Conservation*, which 'points toward participation in the protection and conservation of the vanishing bird and mammal life of our country.' (As the little boy said, mammals are apparently not as extinct as they used to be.) I read likewise that 'all information pertaining to the care and treatment of animals has been checked carefully by respective [*sic*] authorities.'

Let us not make fun of McGuffey's rhetoric. McGuffey never dreamed that a child had to be 'motivated' as a 'factor,' knew not the word 'correlation,' more blessed than the waters of Abana and Pharpar, and failed to consult 'respective' authorities. Nevertheless, I ever and again meet aging Americans

who can with honest pride recite piece after piece from McGuffey or Appleton, but in the course of teaching several thousand undergraduates over a period of years I do not find that they can recite anything at all, and their ignorance of American history is so immense that Harvard University has just instituted a system of competitive prizes to get them to read some of it.

The history books have gone the way of the school readers. I admire Professor Charles A. Beard, like all who have to do with American history; but, from the point of view of keeping alive a necessary patriotic glow in the juvenile breast, he has had an unfortunate influence. The school of social historians has substituted movements for personalities, conflicts of economic interest for dramatic events, sociology for the romance of personal endeavor, and 'citizenship' for hairbreadth escapes by sea and land. Some stories, it is true, have been spared. General Lee still rides sadly through the Confederate Army on Traveller, and Lincoln is still assassinated by the cowardly Booth. I have no doubt the school histories are sounder, better, and more intelligent books than Simms's parochial *History of South Carolina* or Ridpath's *History of the World*. I do not deny that to learn how the Puritans grew corn or what early railways were like is exciting. But I cannot picture a younger generation going into Armageddon, should that be tragically necessary, inspired by memories of railroad grants or aglow with accounts of the rise of sectionalism in the Deep South.

We debunked too much. During the iconoclastic twenties spirited biographers laid about them with a mighty modern hand. They told us that Lincoln was a small-town politician, Washington a land grabber, Grant a stubborn and conceited mule, and Bryan an amusing idiot. We learned that there was something to be said for Aaron Burr, but not very much for Sam Adams, Longfellow, or Harriet Beecher Stowe. In place of being Ameri-

can vikings, the pioneers turned out to be neurotic, dissatisfied fellows unpopular in their home towns, and Columbia, the gem of the ocean, was described as a sort of kept woman in the pay of millionaires. Apparently the only Americans who ever died to make the world safe for democracy died in 1917-1918, and made a mistake in doing so. I do not deny either the truth or the necessity of many of these modern biographies. I am no more comfortable than the next man in a room full of plaster saints. But, when the biographers got through, all the heroes had disappeared.

Meanwhile in Germany, Italy, and Russia the manufacture of heroes has gone steadily forward. There is no use in saying they are fake heroes. The only way to conquer an alien mythology is to have a better mythology of your own.

III

What we need is a patriotic renaissance, but we need not shut our eyes to the dangerous fact that a patriotic renaissance is exactly what a number of interested pressure groups are playing for. Advanced liberals are perfectly right in assuming that every patriot is guilty until he is proved innocent. Too many selfish interests have adopted the star-spangled manner. In fact, one of the difficulties of rehabilitating our mythology is that all the stirring phrases have been appropriated by organizations of the right or organizations of the left. The Liberty League, the American Legion, the Constitution Society, the American Minute Men, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the International League for Peace and Freedom, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Colonial Dames — the trouble is that most of these bodies have an axe to grind. They want to call somebody else un-American.

Patriotism may not always be the last refuge of a scoundrel, but it is too often a convenient disguise for a one-hundred-

per-center who wants somebody else to go back home. Nor are radicals without guile. If the La Follette committee has turned the spotlight on reactionaries whose favorite reading matter is the Constitution whenever they import plug-uglies to break a strike, I have noted a wonderful interest in the Bill of Rights among communists in danger of arrest and deportation. The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. There is scarcely a pressure group in the country that cannot cite Jefferson or Lincoln, Washington or Wilson, in support of a quiet little programme of its own.

It is not thus that a patriotic renaissance is to come about. Because the dictator countries have cleverly manipulated a patriotic mythology for sinister ends it does not follow, because we are not yet a dictator country, that patriotic mythology cannot be manipulated for sinister ends in the United States. We regard ourselves as a free and enlightened people, but so do patriotic Italians, Germans, and Russians regard themselves. If we think they are deceived, they have a right to retort the argument on us. I do not wish to be so deceived. I do not want any scientifically manipulated propaganda. I regret that Americans cannot sing their own national anthem, but if it comes to a choice between singing it under compulsion or remaining silent in a concentration camp I trust I shall not be too old to go to the concentration camp. If, as the overzealous believe, there is a red network over the land, God forbid that we should now create a red-white-and-blue network. I have no desire to echo Madame Roland's pathetic cry: 'O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!'

Neither do we want any unhistorical history. Official persons who suppress school texts in the interests of 'Americanism' because some honest historian has tried to tell the truth as he sees it are not only thoroughly un-American, but doing in a small way precisely what Messrs. Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin are

doing on a larger scale. If the 'Aryan' version of history is funny, or would be if it were not so deplorable, an 'American' version of history would be just as comic and just as disastrous. We want no legends marked: 'Approved by the Bureau of Propaganda, Washington, D. C.' I do not propose that on a given date all good Americans shall devoutly believe that Washington cut down the cherry tree, cheerfully remarking, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie.' But what seems to have happened is that in our enthusiasm for social forces we have omitted most of the thrilling anecdotes. We have modernized American history so thoroughly that it is everywhere up to date, and as a result John Smith, Thomas Jefferson, and Buffalo Bill are made to behave as if they were members of the Kiwanis Club looking for better business sites.

It would be idle to deny the economic motive which sent adventurers to the New World, but it seems to me equal folly to omit for that reason the tale of the lonely and heroic exploits which they wrought. I have no doubt that the Massachusetts Bay Colony was intended as a profitable commercial enterprise, but the Pilgrims and the Puritans both wanted to worship God in their own way. General Oglethorpe was really a noble soul, and Roger Williams is still a great man. The debtor classes and hardboiled merchants undoubtedly egged on the American Revolution; nevertheless Tom Paine was not writing nonsense when he exclaimed: 'These are the times that try men's souls!' Does the fact that Vergennes wanted to increase French prestige lessen the romantic gallantry of Lafayette? Washington did not cross the Delaware in the fatuous manner of the celebrated painting; nevertheless he crossed it, and it was full of floating ice. I may add that he and his ragged Continentals were likewise extremely uncomfortable at Valley Forge.

A whole regiment of researchers looking for sectionalism cannot rob the little American navy of glorious episodes dur-

ing the Tripolitan campaign or the War of 1812. Such, however, is our zeal for sociology and economic determinism that Mr. Stephen Vincent Benét seems to be the only American to realize that Daniel Webster was a great and thrilling man. If it was wrong for Jared Sparks to correct the erratic spelling of the Father of his Country, what shall we say of historical works which dismiss the Lewis and Clark expedition in a single phrase, send the Mormons to Utah in a sentence, and mention Custer's Last Stand in a footnote? We have a picturesque and romantic past, which we seem bent on making as dull and modern as we can.

IV

If we really want to believe that political democracy is worth fighting for, we need to be told over and over again what pain and suffering it has cost. Wiser than we, the nineteenth century kept its eye on that issue. Scientific historians we have in abundance; what we lack is a Macaulay, sure that the Whigs were right and the Tories wrong, and heartily concerned less political liberty might suffer. We need to be told about Magna Charta and Arnold von Winkelried and John Huss and Savonarola and Pym and Hampden and the Gray Champion and Sergeant Moultrie and the burning zeal of Calhoun and the fervid faith of William Lloyd Garrison and the quiet heroism of Grant's last years and the career of Fighting Bob La Follette. We need to know about the Watauga settlement and Boonesboro and Fort Bridger and the Oregon trail. We need to know these things, not as the products of economic forces, but as human drama. Men are but children of a larger growth. They will listen to a tale of D'Artagnan and Richelieu when a dissertation on the economic policy of Colbert leaves them cold.

Mr. Bernard DeVoto is a novelist and critic for whom I have a vast respect. Recently he argued that the historical

novel came to its full flower in the works of Mr. James Boyd, the theory being that Mr. Boyd is the first person to picture adequately the experiences and emotions of an average, inarticulate man participating in great events. This is what may be called the realistic theory of historical fiction, and there is a great deal to be said for it. But there is also a great deal to be said on the other side of the argument. There is such a thing as historical romance. Any practising novelist can write rings around Thomas Nelson Page and George W. Cable, but the practical result of the romantic school of Southern historical novelists was to make Southern history a living tradition in that region. What I should like to see is a school of writers and dramatists trying to make the history of liberty a living tradition.

Such a literature will fail, however, if it confines its interests to the Colonial Society of Massachusetts and the F. F. V.'s. 'Old Americans' (hateful phrase!) tend to take the point of view that American history is their private possession because they were here first. Aside from the fact that the only persons entitled to the benefit of this silly argument are the Indians, the assumption is not even true. In New England the French Canadians have a better claim, or at least as good a one; and as for the South, your proud first families will have to mingle with the Mexican descendants of Spaniards who pushed their frontier up into North Carolina if they are consistent.

It is unfortunate that neither the *Mayflower* nor Captain Smith's little fleet carried anybody by the name of Shimultowski, Cohen, Paladopolous, Tokanyan, Lauria, McGillicuddy, Swenson, or Schimmelfennig on their rolls,

because it is precisely the children and grandchildren of the millions who 'came over' some centuries after these earlier immigrations who need to have their imaginations kindled by American mythology. The gulf between the Boston Brahmins and the Boston Irish, old Detroiters and the swarming thousands of automobile workers, the first families of Cleveland and the Poles, the Armenians, the Czechs, the Ruthenians, and other racial groups, is not, however, going to be bridged by a bright recital of the French and Indian Wars.

No race or religion or group or nationality can be permitted to assume that it has a monopoly of American history, and no race or religion or group or nationality can be permitted to feel it is excluded, if political democracy is to survive. The founding fathers did not, unfortunately, include race-ism among the elements to be combated in the Bill of Rights; for in the eighteenth century men were men, not herds of stock for breeding purposes. Consequently, if democracy is to revive its living legend, it cannot confine that legend to the exploits of a favored few. We shall somehow have to include the drama of human liberty in our renaissance, no less than the drama of American democracy.

As the letter paper of the National Rededication Movement remarks: 'America is unbelievably undersold to its own citizens.' True, but who are the Americans? How shall we revive patriotism without chauvinism, economic self-interest, or racial snobbery? And if we do not revive the history of liberty as a living faith, how shall we combat an alien mythology of race, militarism, and an uncomfortable version of the heroic in history?

GREAT DAM

BY STUART CHASE

I

IN a desert in Egypt has stood for six thousand years the most massive structure ever built by man. In a desert in the State of Washington a new champion arises. The Great Pyramid weighs some 7,000,000 tons — say 120 *Queen Marys* piled together and squashed solid. The Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River already exceeds this total. When it is finished it will weigh 23,000,000 tons, over thrice the heft of Cheops.

One of these masses is built of cut stone, the other of poured concrete. One took 50,000 men twenty years to build, the other will take 5000 men six years, in a task not only three times greater but vastly more complex and dangerous. Both structures relied on the labor of those who would otherwise have been unemployed. Egyptian peasants in the off season built Cheops; American workmen and engineers shelved by a great depression are building Grand Coulee. Pyramids were houses for the dead. Dams are centres of energy for the living. It is better, I think, to live in the age of the Great Dams than in the age of the Great Pyramids.

Owners of stocks and bonds in utility companies, to judge by their dinner-table conversation, prefer pyramids. It is still too early, however, to calculate the final effect of cheap hydroelectric power on utility earnings. In the Tennessee Valley, to date, power from government dams has so stimulated consumption that some private utilities in the district are doing the best business in their his-

tory. The big dams, however, are not primarily power projects, but something more fundamental. In the last hundred years, man has all but wrecked the balance of nature in the North American continent. Flood, drought, dust storms, erosion, the destruction of forest and grass cover, are making hideous inroads on the organic stability of the United States. Some 10,000,000 Americans have already lost their living from natural resources. The chief purpose of the great dams is to restore equilibrium.

In the long run, it will be found that the TVA is not so much a power project as an attempt to replace a declining cotton culture with a more diversified agriculture. The proposed dams in New England and in the Ohio Valley are primarily for flood control. The dams in the far West are concerned with irrigation and water conservation in an area of limited rainfall. The two huge dams of the Central Valley project in California are designed to halt a declining water table, and, by a regulated flow of fresh water, to hold back the salt water of the Pacific, which is seeping in to ruin the rich farm land of the Sacramento delta.

Power companies build dams for one purpose — power. Sometimes the reservoir silts up because erosion on the watershed cannot be controlled, and then there is n't any more power. I have seen such useless reservoirs in Tennessee and Texas. The federal projects are of a different order altogether. They are coming to be known as multiple-purpose

dams. Consider, for instance, the Central Valley project, with one great dam on the Sacramento River in the north, and a second on the San Joaquin in the south. They will serve twelve purposes:

1. Flood control
2. Navigation
3. Irrigation
4. Power
5. Domestic water supply
6. Salt-water seepage control
7. Underground water-table control
8. Fisheries, especially salmon
9. Game conservation
10. Erosion control
11. Reforestation
12. Recreation

The Central Valley of California is one of the richest agricultural areas on earth, but it would be doomed if this project were not undertaken. The water table is dropping alarmingly, the Pacific is coming in. The dams would be dirt cheap at the price if hydroelectric generators were unknown. But if you have a dam and a river anyway, why waste the energy coming over it, especially when much of it will be needed to pump water around the irrigation canals?

Boulder Dam in the Colorado has already saved the lower valley from one disastrous flood. It will supply the Imperial Valley with dependable irrigation; it will supply Los Angeles with drinking water, and it will furnish cheap power in the Southwest. Incidentally, the power is all contracted for, and new generators are being installed to take care of the mounting demand. Meanwhile Lake Mead, backing up 110 miles into the Grand Canyon, is one of the loveliest inland seas in the world, and is surely destined to be a great recreation centre. When I was there in March, cowboys were taking to launches and sailboats.

Grand Coulee is primarily an irrigation project. The power will be used to pump water for that project. There will also be power for sale, plenty of it. The dam will control floodwaters down the Columbia 450 miles to the sea. It will

deepen the channel between Portland and Bonneville from two to three feet, and thus make navigation on the lower river more dependable. The great lake above the dam, reaching 151 miles to the Canadian border, will be used for fisheries and recreation.

If one looks on these vast and awful structures simply as bones for utility magnates to choke on, he misapprehends the age in which he lives. It is like thinking that the pyramids were built for the view. The utility magnates are not worth that much attention. These dams will be integrating the economy of a continent when utility magnates, and their quaint financial methods, will be museum and library curios, perished from the earth these hundreds of years, along with slums, trade-unions, and contract bridge. Like the Panama Canal, such projects are too vast, they involve too many public interests, to be promoted by private companies. They have to be undertaken by all the people, functioning through the Federal Government.

II

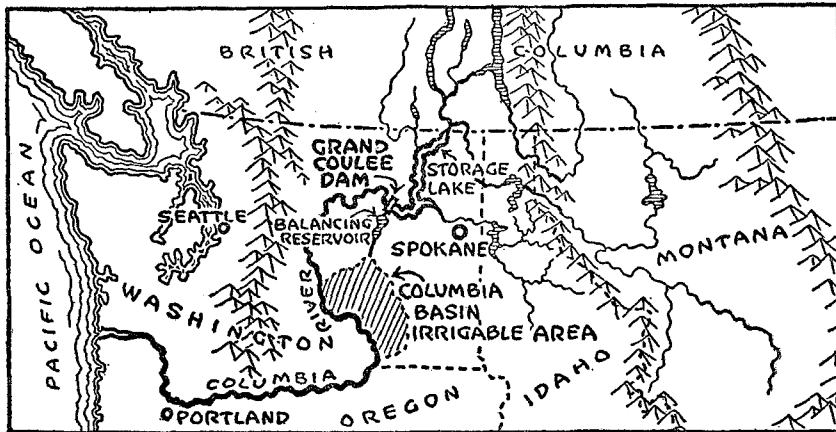
Draw a line on the map from Spokane almost due west to Seattle, a distance of some three hundred miles. A third of the way along lies Grand Coulee, a little to the north of the line, roughly one hundred miles from Spokane, two hundred miles from Seattle, one hundred miles south of the Canadian border.

I reached the site from Spokane by motor in about two hours. We crossed a dry, rolling plain, with a few prosperous farms and the scars of much erosion. It is always difficult for an Easterner to realize that east of the Cascade Mountains, which are not far from the coast, large sections of Washington and Oregon are natural cow country, arid as the Great Plains. The stereotype of the Northwest is a mixture of snowcapped mountains, towering fir trees, leaping waterfalls, and soaking rain. This is true enough of the coast, but one hundred per

cent wrong for much of the interior, where you find flat lands, sagebrush, bunch grass, and a ten-inch rainfall. Incidentally these areas, through overgrazing and overploughing for wheat, were rapidly turning into a nice little dust bowl until the men of the Soil Conservation Service went into action.

The sky has that luminous quality you see in the Southwest, but the landscape is not sculptured and painted. Suddenly

of private profit, but some incentive must have driven the colossal, earth-changing force which has been loosed here. There is a dump pile that could swallow the Empire State Building. There is a conveyor system to carry gravel from the dump pile to the cement mixers, of the general dimensions of Brooklyn Bridge. The mixers would dwarf a Minneapolis grain elevator. There are three distinct towns where as



the plain bursts open! We halt at the rim of a canyon and look down into the depths. At the bottom, one thousand feet below, the Columbia is doing a hair-pin turn, twisting from a southwest flow to a northeast flow. The canyon is scarred with mammoth excavations, and just beyond the twist is the clean white line of the dam. This is an urgent river, white-foamed and charging, quite different from the murky, placid Mississippi.

We wind down a steep switchback road to the bottom. Four years ago there was a sheep path here, one sorry little peach orchard, and a crude ferry to take the sheep across to pasture. Charlie Osborne ran the orchard, and Sam Seaton ran the ferry. They constituted the total population of the arid canyon. The walls and river looked much as they did after the last ice sheet moved north.

They look different now. When American engineers move, they move. Government dams may lack the incentive

many as 15,000 people have lived — workers and their families.

The dam is low, straight, and shouldered deep into scarred granite walls on either side of the canyon. The river is pouring through a series of cement grooves in the centre, arranged like huge building blocks. To the right and left, the walls are higher, and on the downside the emplacements for the twin power houses have been made ready. On the top of the dam I see an object which looks like a red box for thumbtacks. On closer inspection it turns out to be a standard box freight car. Only then do I begin to grasp the sheer magnitude of the mass.

Most of the work is underwater. The big job has been done. The cofferdams which shunted the river now to the east and then to the west, so that bedrock might be bared and the foundations poured, have accomplished their task and been removed. They were as long as the dam at Muscle Shoals. On the great

swelling foundation it now remains to build up the narrower top another three hundred feet; up to those marks on either side of the canyon walls where the big signs are posted: SAFETY PAYS. Pour, pour, pour, for three years more. The big job, the hard job, is done. It took thousands of sweating men; it took forty lives. Nothing like it has ever been accomplished in the world before. Grand Coulee is anchored for millennia in its granite cradle, its joints grouted by cement and water, under high pressure, to form one monolithic mass. Norris Dam is a toy compared to this. Boulder looks more dramatic, arched and dead-white in its narrower, blue-black canyon; but, for all its greater height, its bulk is only a third as great.

This dam, on the second largest river on the continent, may remain the grandest structure ever built by man for a thousand years to come. It has been designed to take the Columbia at full flood over the upper spillways — one million cubic feet per second, five times the flow of Niagara, and three times the height of the fall. That will be a sight to travel round the world to see! Will she hold? She will. We Americans may be poor hands at shuffling stocks and bonds and credit instruments in a manner to keep the economic structure from collapsing, but, by the eternal, we can build dams.

When one side of the excavation below the cofferdam threatened a major landslide, a quick-thinking engineer worked out a plan to freeze the tumbling earth. Pipes were laid, a refrigerating plant was swiftly built, and the earth was frozen solid until the dam's foundation was poured and set. When it was found that it would cost several million dollars to haul in agglomerate for the mixers, engineers discovered an adequate supply a mile away in the sloping canyon walls, rigged the most gigantic conveyor system ever heard of, and saved the freight charges. When the river went wild, and the steel cofferdam sprang a serious leak, they threw in a bulldozer — a sort

of tractor — to stop the hole until more formal repairs could be brought up.

I have tried to separate visual impressions from statistics. Personally, I prefer my statistics neat. Here is a jigger or two of them: —

Length of dam at crest.....	4,300 ft.
Width at base.....	500 ft.
Width at crest.....	30 ft.
Height above bedrock.....	550 ft.
Height above river.....	355 ft.
Spillway width.....	1,650 ft.
Generative capacity.....	1,890,000 kws.
Capacity of each turbine.....	150,000 h.p.
Annual firm power.....	8,320,000,000 kw.-hrs.
Annual secondary power.....	4,200,000,000 kw.-hrs.
Capacity of pumping system	16,000 cu. ft. per sec.
Concrete required.....	10,370,000 cu. yds.
Excavation.....	20,000,000 cu. yds.
Length of lake above dam.....	151 miles
Area of lake.....	82,000 acres
Capacity of lake.....	10,000,000 acre-ft.
Balancing reservoir — length.....	26 miles
Balancing reservoir — area.....	27,000 acres
Balancing reservoir — capacity.....	1,150,000 acre-ft.
Elevation of river above sea level.....	1,000 ft.
Mean annual runoff at dam.....	80,000,000 acre-ft.
Maximum required for irrigation	6,000,000 acre-ft.
Mean flow.....	110,000 cu. ft. per sec.
(exceeded only by Mississippi)	
Maximum recorded flow.....	492,000 cu. ft. per sec.
Minimum recorded flow.....	17,000 cu. ft. per sec.
Regulated minimum flow.....	35,000 cu. ft. per sec.
Drainage area above dam.....	113,000 sq. miles
(bigger than the United Kingdom)	
Cost of dam.....	\$186,000,000.00
Cost of irrigation works.....	\$209,000,000.00

Certain of these figures are especially interesting. I said earlier that the dam had been designed to hold a flood of one million cubic feet per second. The greatest flood so far recorded was less than half that total — 492,000 second-feet. In the driest period recorded, the flow was 17,000 second-feet. The dam and reservoir will double this. Hereafter the minimum will be at least 35,000 second-feet, refreshing the channel, keeping navigation going, keeping the turbines at Bonneville turning down below. The average annual runoff is 80,000,000 acre-feet — meaning eighty million acres of water, one foot deep. At their maximum, the irrigation works will require only 6,000,000 acre-feet, or less than 10

per cent. Secondary power — available only at high-water periods — is about half as much as the firm power, available twenty-four hours a day the year round. The pumps to the balancing reservoir will be operated exclusively on secondary power. While they run, 16,000 cubic feet of water will go tumbling into the reservoir every second. This balancing reservoir is the heart of the irrigation system. Let us take a look at it. The idea goes back to the last ice age.

III

We climb into the car again, and wind up the west canyon wall to the rim. Leading off to the south is another canyon, or coulee, which is dry. The bottom is perhaps seven hundred feet above where the river is now. It is about two miles wide, with sheer rock walls on either side. In the middle is a great mesa called Steamboat Rock. The walls are stained with orange and red lichens, and snow lies in the fissures. This is gaudy scenery, worthy of New Mexico. We follow the canyon down some thirty miles, where it ends in a 400-foot precipice, curved in a great bow three miles wide. These are the famous 'Dry Falls.' At the bottom are a few small pools of water, and many rattlesnakes.

What does it all mean? The geologists have carefully worked it out. When the last ice sheet crept south, it forced a huge pile of frozen debris into the Columbia canyon at approximately the site of the present dam. The river rose then as it is rising now, only nature's dam was higher and the river, fed by a continental ice sheet, was ten times its present volume. The rising waters reached the lip of the old canyon and tumbled out upon the plain, running to the south. In due time they cut the new and higher canyon through which we have just driven. At its end they went over a wall of hard rock and carved the Dry Falls. The volume is estimated at fifty Niagaras. That was a waterfall! For thousands of years it

thundered. Then the ice sheet began to shrink. The frozen debris in the old channel melted out. The river, no longer dammed, went back to its ancient course. The great falls went dry.

It is in the higher canyon that the storage reservoir is to be situated. *This technically is the 'Grand Coulee.'* A 70-foot earth dam will be built at either end, stretching from wall to wall. Steamboat Rock will become a flat-topped island. A battery of giant pumps, just behind the river dam on the west side, will lift water from the lower lake up into the Grand Coulee. The vertical distance is 280 feet. The balancing reservoir will then feed the irrigation area off to the south, by gravity canals, of which the longest will run for one hundred miles. Thus men are doing in a smaller way what the Ice Age did in a bigger way — spreading the waters of the Columbia over the plains below the Dry Falls.

Large sections in the arid region of Washington are excellent soil for the dry farming of wheat, notably the Palouse district south of Spokane. The area to be watered by Grand Coulee, with the present eight-inch rainfall, is too dry for any kind of farming. The lava soil, however, is very rich. Years ago the tract was opened up and settlers streamed in. They tore up the bunch grass with ploughs, and got fine crops for two or three seasons. Then the surface moisture in the soil was exhausted. The region turned to semi-desert, for after this assault even the faithful bunch grass dried out and died. It is a mournful trip to go about these three counties of Grant, Franklin, and Adams and see the abandoned homesteads, with machinery rusting in the front yard. It was mournful for the settlers to look over the edge of their burning plateau and see the Columbia, carrying unlimited water, five hundred feet below them. No feasible pumping system could get the water up.

After flowing through the dam, the river turns west and then south in a great bend, and forms the westerly

boundary of the proposed irrigation area. But to get water into the area the river must be tapped much farther upstream. It was Billy Clapp, eating ham and eggs in a cafeteria in the little town of Ephrata, in 1918, who is credited with solving the riddle. He thumped the table with his coffee cup and proposed to duplicate the geology of the Ice Age. They called him a crackpot until Colonel Goethals, after a careful survey, checked the plan. Hoover and Coolidge then fell into line. It remained for Roosevelt actually to start the dirt flying.

The area to be irrigated is almost as large as Connecticut. It is estimated that two grand canals coming down from the balancing reservoir, one to the west, one to the east, and their feeders, can transform 1,200,000 acres from semi-desert to a lush garden spot. The skeptic can cross the river and a few miles to the west see the Yakima Valley, as lush a garden spot as you please, already reclaimed from desert by irrigation. In 1900 there were 13,000 people in the Yakima Valley; now there are 110,000.

First and last, Yakima and many other irrigation projects have had a lot of trouble with land speculators. These fast-moving gentlemen discount the future work of farmer and God, harnessing the former with a staggering debt burden before he plants a crop. At Grand Coulee for once the dirt farmer will get a break. Congress has passed a law forbidding land speculators to practise here. The area will be condemned and valued as desert land. The bona fide settler will pay desert prices — say \$7.50 an acre. If he later sells, it must be at desert-land valuation — plus his tangible improvements, of course. The farmer will be charged by the government, without interest, for his share in the irrigation investment, plus his share of the maintenance cost of getting water on his land. A single man will be entitled to not more than forty acres; a family to not more than eighty. A total family investment for land, water costs,

house, barn, tools, machinery, electric power connection, has not been determined. Estimates run from \$8000 to \$10,000.

A well-run irrigation project is agriculture with the weather risk eliminated. No more droughts, no more floods. Water comes to the soil at the time it is needed, especially in the growing season, and in the amount needed. It is almost too good to be true that high water in the Columbia comes precisely during the growing season in June and July. This is the time that the vast Columbia Ice Field in British Columbia, the chief source of the river, begins to melt in earnest. So, when farmers need the water most, the Columbia has it to spare; and when the pumps to the balancing reservoir need power most, a maximum of water is ready to flow down the penstocks, furnishing cheap secondary power to the giant motors on the pumps.

IV

How about the financial and business aspect? Where is the money coming from? Who's going to pay for it? Why bring in more agricultural land when farmers all over the country have gone broke because they have produced so much? Who is going to use a billion kilowatts of firm power from the dam — grasshoppers, prairie dogs? If even part of the power is used, what is going to happen to the widows and orphans who have put their hard-earned savings into utility securities?

These are all relevant questions. But a long list can be prepared of questions equally relevant. The impartial conclusion as to the social and economic justification of Grand Coulee can be arrived at only after *all* the relevant questions have been taken into consideration. For instance: Why do Chambers of Commerce in the Northwest enthusiastically support the project? Why did Goethals, Hoover, and Coolidge favor it? If there are 10,000,000 unemployed persons in

the country who should be given work if possible, is it better to put them at building battleships, raking leaves, or constructing new energy stations for food, water, conservation, recreation, and electric power? If men must be fed anyway, is it better to get something useful for the taxpayer's money, or to get nothing, and let the men rot into the ranks of the unemployables? If investors in private power companies are really damaged, may it not be better to compensate them directly than to deny cheap power to millions of consumers?

What is going to happen to the 100,000 migrants from the dust bowl into the Northwest? Many of them are excellent farmers. Is it better to give them new land for the lands they have lost, and let them at least feed themselves, or to allow them to haunt the bread lines, the relief stations, and the factory doors of the Pacific States, while their families drift from bad to worse? I have seen them. I have talked to them. They want to be given a chance to go to work. They look to these new projects as the Israelites looked to Canaan.

Where are the crop surpluses which cause most of the trouble? In wheat, cotton, corn, and tobacco. What irrigated crops are grown in the Northwest? Apples, pears, nuts, celery, alfalfa, grapes, dairy products, and specialty livestock. Are American consumers surfeited with these products? They are not. They may be surfeited in some areas with hog and hominy, corn pone and sowbelly, but not with apples, celery, tomatoes, butter, and such products rich in vitamins.

Has the consumption of power in the Northwest grown at the rate of 9.5 per cent, compounded annually, in recent years? It has. Is population growing in this area? Owing to one of the greatest migrations in history, it is growing rapidly. Even if the growth rate of power consumption is cut in half, will all of the power from Grand Coulee be absorbed? Every kilowatt-hour, in less than fifteen years. Are there possibilities

of new electrochemical industries in the region? In Idaho is the greatest known deposit of phosphate rock on earth. Does increased power use follow a lowering of rates? Almost always. Does the cost of power drop with increased load? Almost always. Is it a good idea to build up more regional self-sufficiency, saving long freight hauls and excessive interdependence? Is it economic to mine ore in Washington and send it to Pittsburgh to be refined, to Bridgeport to be machined, and back to Washington to be consumed as a finished product? Is it wholesome or desirable to have the West and South in perpetual hock to New York?

These, also, are relevant questions. I have indicated some of the answers, but others require more study than they have yet received. Perhaps, on balance, the great dams are not justified by the financial folklore of 1928. Perhaps they are not altogether sound, self-liquidating investments at 6 per cent. But this, sigh as we may, is 1938, and, for better or worse, a different world. Nineteen forty-eight promises to be stranger still. We can never go back to 1928.

We are going hell-bent for somewhere, the like of which, financially, has never been seen before. This is also true of Europe — observe the financial innovations of Dr. Schacht. Concrete dams in granite cradles are solid. They are not like debentures and mortgages, which go up in smoke. Even companies owning skyscrapers go up in smoke, but the steel and concrete never quiver. In a time of disturbing transition, it may not be a bad idea to build solid things which add to the long-range wealth and energy of the people; that reduce flood and drought, water the desert, conserve soil, build up a 'protective' food supply, and release great blocks of light, heat, and power.

I may be wrong. Right or wrong, no American can stand below the spillways of the Grand Coulee and not be proud to belong to the nation which could rear this mighty thing.

BARBRO AND HER MENFOLK

BY HUGO JOHANSON

I

ON the day that Barbro had read, all in one sitting, the story of Tobias and the fish's gall as set forth in the Old Testament, the 'arrivals and departures' in the *Nautical Gazette*, and the morrow's tidal phenomena and planetary gyrations out of the *Royal Almanac*, and Ingjald, standing before her with his elbows resting in her lap, had asked, 'Read some more, Barbro' — on that day it was decided that something had to be done about the boy's education. The decision was reached without ado; no family conclave was held; no prospectuses from likely schools were sent for. Barbro removed her steel-rimmed spectacles, wiped them deliberately on her apron, and opined: —

'Bein' a parrot to you, boy, is gettin' to be too much for a body. To-morrow I'll lend you a hand with the alphabet.'

'Oh, Barbro, I never could!' said the boy, falteringly. Then, thrilled at the thought of the new adventure and a bit afraid that his scruples might be taken seriously, he burst out: 'Leastways not so loud as you, Barbro. You read beautifully.'

The boy spoke without malice. Barbro read very loudly, but, considering the text she invariably chose, her volume of voice was appropriate. The movements of Israel's tribes, of ships and of heavenly bodies, were weighty matters and were not to be treated or read of lightly. And yet the beauty of Barbro's voice was not its clarity or husky strength, both unusual in an old woman;

rather it was its warmth and intensity that fascinated the boy. When she read aloud, she let herself go recklessly — turned herself inside out, so to speak. It was a becoming trait, for the best of Barbro was her inner self. Her outer was a trifle forbidding, unless, as in Ingjald's case, she squandered upon one not elocution alone but love as well.

Now in the year 1900 Barbro was old — so old, in fact, that all that kept her alive was her feeling for the boy and an ambition to see the birth of the twentieth century and its twin, the *Royal Jubilee Almanac*, which the publishers had promised would be an extra-gala one, presented gratis, plus a complimentary scroll suitable for framing, to any subscriber of the past twenty-five consecutive years. As Barbro could qualify twice over, with something to spare, this was too good an opportunity to be cheated out of by such a common and, on the whole, trivial occurrence as death.

This attitude of hers was remarkable, as death had influenced the course of her life deeply. When a girl of eighteen, her man (Barbro, who was honest and strong on legal phrases, always said 'man,' never 'husband') had drowned while seafaring. Shortly thereafter her only son was born. Alone and destitute, she had been forced to turn the child over to the Seamen's Orphanage. To be near him, she became a charwoman in the institution. There she saw her son grow up to be sent to sea when his turn

came; there she watched the word 'Perished' being painted underneath his name on one of the many alumni tablets which covered the walls of the dingy mangle hall which fooled nobody by being designated as the 'aula.'

Barbro was still a young woman when her son died. Tall and strong, her pleasant enough face crowned with a shock of unruly flaxen hair, she might well have gone out into the world and found something more worth-while to bend over than cement floors and diapers. But it did n't seem right to her to desert the old stone buildings where the tinkle of the bell in the shielded entrance alcove and the hurried steps of a fleeing woman might at any moment announce that once again the wicker basket contained a whimpering parcel aching for the very necessities which Barbro was so well fitted to produce — namely, dry things, a bottle of milk, and something warm, pulsating, to cling to. So she stayed — and, as it turned out, for life.

At about this time it was noticed that Barbro had faults other than that of being too slow about having her marriage banns read. Now, people pointed out, she was too hasty and given to partiality when deciding important matters. It would be of little use to defend her: Barbro had become rash and partial — there were no other words for it. She would fall in love with some particular newcomer almost at the first moment she laid eyes upon him. These newcomers were all baby boys, of course, girls being of no earthly use on water. She attached herself to an infant for the most perverse reasons. The way he might try to kick her on the chin with his bare feet, or make passes at her throat with his small clenched fists, or mumble at her bare arm with a solitary glistening tooth, seemed to be quite sufficient grounds for Barbro to single him out and thereafter treat him as her own, no matter how ugly or gnomelike he might be.

The clothes the institution provided

were not good enough for the boy from then on. Barbro made his clothes in her spare time, which was late at night, and spent her meagre wages on toys and candy. When the superintendent decided that the boy had become ripe for caning (a matter of stamina only; the guiltiness was inborn, accruing perennially) her soul suffered more than the boy's sternpost; and she pulled all the slender ropes in her power so that he might join a well-thought-of ship when that day drew near.

Once on his own, the ward was gone for good; but as the supply was inexhaustible, and Barbro unable to withstand tampering with it, another adoption would be on the way soon. Her love and labor were by no means wasted. She had an album pasted three-quarters full with colored postal cards depicting tame aborigines and violent sunsets; and almost every Christmas the mail brought a fancy pincushion or an imitation ostrich plume, frightfully squashed in transit. Barbro was happy when she opened the clumsily sealed package and strange lovely odors from Tamatave or Talcahuano struck her. She had no use for the trinkets, as such, but the knowledge that someone across the globe remembered her to the extent of a week's wages was invaluable. Her little investments were paying huge dividends.

II

The *Jubilee Almanac* arrived and Ingjald could read after a fashion. Barbro, having felt poorly of late, was sitting up in bed listening to the boy as he wrestled, orally and physically, with the heavyweight Bible, printed in the days of Carolus XII. It was a warm day in the late spring. The exciting story and the sultriness of the air made perspiration stand out on the boy's forehead and stubby nose. The picture of the too-warm youngster kneeling on the thick counterpane, balancing an oversized book, was commonplace, the sound

of his shrill, eager, singsong voice was trying; but the tired, feverish old woman did not find them so. The Lord had sent a cherub with a gleaming halo circling his pink and white brow to comfort her with the music of trumpets and cymbals. When the boy shifted position and thoughtlessly nudged her pain-ridden body with a clumsy boot top, she felt thankful for his nearness and proud to have been given opportunity to teach cherubs to move about and produce heavenly sounds.

She ought not to be proud, though. Her life had not been perfect by any means. There had been deeds in that life that a more gifted person would have executed differently and far better than she had been able to do. She saw her failings clearly; nevertheless, she was not sorry for them; they had not hurt anybody that she could recollect — herself excepted, of course. And herself mattered little just then. The cherub grew dimmer and dimmer, and, as the boy noisily turned a leaf, it was only with difficulty that she could hear the soft rustle of his wings.

Ingjald suddenly stopped reading; he felt instinctively that Barbro was not listening. She had fallen back upon the pillow and seemingly was asleep. The boy closed the Bible without the customary bang and sat thinking awhile before going back to the dormitory. To-day's visit had been an eventful one. He had found Barbro 'putting her house in order,' as she called it. 'It's all yours,' she had said, pointing at the postal-card album and the exotic gifts which fought for space on the dresser. She had explained that in the office was an envelope with his name written on it, containing three one-pound notes. Barbro had inherited this money from her son — the amount his dunnage had brought when auctioned off on half deck according to law. Barbro was a liberal spender, but she had not had the heart to spend this sum or even exchange it into crowns.

She had torn her few letters into bits. One had been hard to part with; it was written in greenish ink on faded stationery embellished with a corpulent Eros, waving a starred banner as if in distress from overeating. The letter was dated, 'Baltimore, Md., U. S. A. 1836.' 'Who wrote it?' asked Ingjald. 'My man,' said Barbro. 'Is Baltimore in Afriky?' questioned the boy. 'If it ain't, it must be close to it,' answered Barbro, dreamily.

The boy did not know what to make of this reply. Barbro used to know for sure where every seaport in the world was situated. Her self-assurance must be failing with her strength. Her voice had changed, too. It sounded as if it came from a place where you had to speak carefully so as not to waken someone. She told him that she was going away soon, but that it really did n't mean anything. She would be around just the same — not exactly up here in her attic room or down in the dormitory, but still she would manage to look after him.

And her name would always be for him to see on the stone in the Admiralty parish churchyard, where she owned a plot. Ingjald knew this place well. Every Sunday, when the weather was fair, they had visited there. In the centre of the stone were Thomas Erlandson's and Erland Thomason's names and their ages, which if added together amounted to thirty-seven years, followed by the legend, 'Resting peacefully in foreign waters.' Way down in the left-hand corner it said, in smaller letters, as befitted a mere woman fated to die in bed:

BARBRO HARALDSDOTTER

1818

WHO RAISED THIS STONE

Barbro had planted two birches there, which grew up in slender, thoughtful simplicity. In the spring she bought assorted flower seeds and planted them in the earth. She and Ingjald never knew what kind of flowers were going to sprout. Somehow they mostly turned out to be forget-me-nots, which pleased

them both immensely. They never brought cut flowers; Barbro did not believe in breaking living things.

When they heard the organ play 'Our Lord is a staunch fortress,' they went into the church. Barbro timed their entrance expertly, for the main sermon was concluded by then. The carefree, smiling boy and the tall, gaunt old woman, with her seamed, still-ruddy face, marched unconcernedly up the main aisle and posted themselves opposite the pulpit. Their shamefully late appearance did not endear them to a congregation that worshiped by timetable, and, unless some new usher offered them a seat, they were left well alone. Barbro always waved him away. She had formed her own conceptions of how one should behave in the Lord's house and she followed these rigidly, kneeling or standing humbly, lolling never.

The semi-religious announcements were due to begin. Barbro lifted the boy in her arms so that he might get a perfect view of the captured, bloodstained battle flags from the Thirty Years' War, the blackened ship's models suspended high in the nave, and the stained-glass Moses cavorting in the bulrushes, while she listened to the reading of the parish news. First would come the past week's births and the churchings of the mothers; then the confirmations, if in season; then the betrothals, banns, and marriages; dissolved marriages from other causes than death; and finally the deaths and burials. It was this condensed record of life itself that she had come to hear.

One Sunday, Ingjald had felt Barbro press him close to her breast. This happened when the clergyman declared the crew of a missing trawler to be legally dead. Decenniums ago she had stood on that same spot and listened when first her man and later her son had been given the benefits of the same rati-
ing. The news of her birth and her confirmation had been read from that pulpit; so would be her demise in due time; only her banns and churching had been

omitted. When the pastor put away the legal documents and reached for the psalter, Barbro lowered the boy to the floor, took his hand to prevent him from excessive skipping, and strolled out.

Barbro was pious after her own fashion — a state of grace apt to irritate contemporary Sunday-Christians. She had endeavored to see things through and to work out her own special blend of salvation while scrubbing floors or sitting up with batches of small boys suffering from measles or mumps. She was so used to talking with an easygoing, weekday God, across the washtubs or with mop or needle in her hand, that when she encountered Him all dressed up, among stained-oak pews and plush-covered altar rails, He was half a stranger to her; and, anyhow, she was well-mannered enough to stand aside in order to give Him free scope for concentration on a flock that was more at ease among such trimmings.

Barbro read something out of the Old Testament every day in the week, but she read not in awe or because she was afraid to be caught on the wrong side of the fence in case of emergency. To her the Bible was a 'serial' of glorious, true adventures, written solely for entertainment. The catastrophes, love affairs, brawls, heroics, dastardly deeds, and the unlimited faith delighted her no end. She drew no lessons from the Bible; she got her lessons from her immediate surroundings. The Bible was her fountain of romance; the *Royal Almanac* and the *Nautical Gazette* she relied upon for hard-shelled facts. The house chaplain, who once had caught her in the act of closing the Bible and muttering enviously, 'Such goings-on!' esteemed her even if he did refer to her as 'the pious pagan.'

III

The following day everybody behaved mysteriously and said that Ingjald could not see Barbro; according to the matrons, she had gone away. Re-

membering that Barbro had hinted that she might go away, the boy took the news composedly and merely remarked that he knew all about it. The women stared at him incredulously and asked if he was n't sorry. 'No,' said he, tranquilly; 'why?' Heads were shaken and eyes, bulging with amazement, sought explanation of the ceiling. One woman blamed the spring season and gave him an adult dose of brimstone and treacle on the spot; another patted him on the head and cooed, 'Poor, poor mite!' The rest said, in undertones, 'That's what she got for working her fingers to the raw for an ungrateful child,' and, 'I always knew that brat had a cruel streak in him.'

The superintendent called him into the office and said that certain valuables were stored there for safekeeping until the day Ingjald should come of age; and that in the meantime (here, by the purest chance, the superintendent looked in the direction of the umbrella stand where the Malacca cane ruled the roost) he expected him to behave himself. The boy, knowing that Barbro had not intended that any strings should be tied to the envelope and the mess of pin-cushions, thought to himself that the final clause about behaving himself smacked of high-handed usury; but, knowing already how to finesse, he scraped his right foot twice, bowed, and said, 'Thank ye kindly, sir.'

The fat, jolly Carolus XII Bible was locked up in the library, and in its stead he was given a skinny tract called the *Longer and Shorter Catechisms*, with the picture of a dour fellow, named M. Luther, on the flyleaf. Ingjald tackled it with misgivings, and, true enough, the reiterated 'thou shalt' and 'thou shalt not' took all the joy out of life. He reverted to the *Jubilee Almanac*, which, miraculously, had escaped being forbidden fruit.

Life had suddenly turned dark and dreary. All that sustained him was the thought of the coming Sunday; he had

decided to visit the churchyard then and read Barbro's name on the stone. The happy hours they had spent together there haunted him. He knew the rules too well to ask for permission to go there alone; boys of six had no business outside of the institution. The walls were much too high to scale, but . . .

The gardener, who was expected to raise a great deal of various berries and whose faith in boys consequently had added, was not overly enthusiastic when a small inmate offered his services to help with the weeding of a pea patch next to the wall, where the earth was damp and soft. However, as the patch actually needed weeding and green peas were cheap and not likely to be eaten excessively, consent was given. The boy worked surprisingly well. Saturday afternoon the weeding was completed — and, incidentally, a small tunnel which was hidden by some old sacking. The boy was rewarded by a minor coin and the promise of the weeding monopoly of the spinach and horseradish department. He pocketed the coin, but did not commit himself about future work.

Long before breakfast on Sunday morning, Ingjald sneaked out of the dormitory and made for the pea patch. Nobody had discovered the tunnel — that is, nobody but some gophers, which made it necessary for him to do some more excavating, with the result that when he at last reached the street level he was covered from top to toe with damp soil. It did not matter. Being dirty during everyday humdrum circumstances had never handicapped him; and now, intoxicated with newfound freedom, it struck him as a fitting cloak of Liberty, to be worn proudly. The streets were empty so early on a Sabbath morning, and he trudged joyously away towards the churchyard, humming what little he remembered of a chantey Barbro had sung to him which sounded like

An' yer sorer of to-morrer,
Tamp 'em down.

Passing a bakery, he was tempted to go the limit and make a field day of it, so he invested the wages of sin and weeding in buns.

To welcome the small visitor, the two aloof birches unbent a little and swayed gracefully in the soft breeze, as faithful sentinels should do. The green sod was a magnificent, fragrant carpet; and, best of all, the familiar letters on the stone were there in all their golden glory to be spelled out and gloated over. To the '1818' under Barbro's name had been added '1901'; directly before the stone, the turf had been disturbed; otherwise everything was as before. Ingjald got busy right away, smoothing the earth and putting things in order. For a moment he felt a bit put out because he had no assorted flower seed, so necessary in planting time. Whoever attends to such matters must have noticed the boy's dilemma and suggested to him that common pebbles would do just as well if sown with the correct touch of deliberate seriousness and fantastic imagination. Middle-aged amateur horticulturists may snicker, but, nevertheless, things came out just right. The unpromising stones grew right then and there into forget-me-nots, lovelier and more pensive than any that are dependent upon fickle seasons and instructions on the back of the cover for their existence.

The hours melted away rapidly. Ingjald was lunching when the organ began thundering out the 'staunch fortress' psalm, reminding him that it was time to go to church. Following Barbro's custom, he walked up the main aisle and stopped in front of the pulpit. In his right hand he still held a partially eaten bun.

He really did not intend to eat in the Admiralty church; he knew much better than to do that; but in his hurry he had carried the remains of his lunch with him. Once inside the church, he was forced to keep on eating in order to get rid of the morsel, because his pina-

fore had no pockets and the slot in the almsbox was too narrow.

At first he enjoyed himself thoroughly. He compared the Oriental spryness of the stained-glass Moses with the Nordic heaviness that engulfed the pews set aside for the seamen from the Naval Barracks, who were commanded to represent the King's fleet and find solace in the Word, and who carried out their orders with bowed heads, closed eyes, open mouths, and queer noises. Then he spied a particularly weather-beaten Hanseatic cog hanging in the nave, and he was embarking for a voyage to Gothland when he felt the first pangs of discomfiture. Half hidden behind a pillar, a big man in shiny shoes and next-cousin-to-a-clawhammer coat was eyeing him sharply. Ingjald hastily swallowed the last bit of bun and embarked again — this time, as he thought, with unquestionable clearance papers. Meanwhile, the big man had edged closer to him. Ingjald moved, but the big man moved faster. He tapped the boy on the shoulder and whispered, 'Where do you belong, my little man?' Ingjald remembered Barbro's recipe for getting rid of unwelcome meddlers and executed a haughty 'go away' gesture with a grimy hand. It did not take so well; the big man refused to be impressed or to budge.

Ingjald still put up a bold front. Barbro had told him about churchgrith: how nobody had the right to touch you if you were in the Lord's house. In the old days you could enter a church that was frequented by your worst enemies and no harm would befall you. Even a hunted animal or a fleeing highwayman could find sanctuary there. But the tolerant spirit of the olden days apparently did not prevail in that year. The sexton (for that is who he was) kept his hold on the boy's shoulder. 'Have you run away from home, boy? Better come with me,' he whispered. Ingjald became panicky. He could imagine the heavy hand crushing him until he became a mere splotch disfiguring the white

marble aisle. Thousands of cruel white faces stared at him from the pews as though they would devour him. His lips quivered; then came tears and muffled sobs. 'Don't you dare! I'll tell Barbro!' he cried.

The sexton, taken aback by the mention of this unknown name, let go of his hold for a second too long. Ingjald turned around and scurried up the aisle toward the altar, hoping to find sanctuary there; but an usher blocked his way. At his wit's end, the boy dived headlong into the bottom of the nearest pew, among the stiff pleated skirts and the trousered legs. From then on he could not be seen, although his movements could be traced. Startled worshipers rose and sank rhythmically, in one row of pews after another, like waves, as something unknown and terrifying suddenly jolted their extremities and then quickly vanished. The sexton and the ushers followed frantically the crest of the wave, but, being poor surfmen, they floundered in the backwash.

If it had not been for the agility of the boatswain's mate in charge of the naval contingent, Ingjald might have remained at large indefinitely. This fellow, abruptly awakened by the commotion, readily grasped the fact that only by using the same means of locomotion employed by the phantom could a successful capture be effected; consequently he went into action on all fours. His disgust when he brought to light an urchin, whose face was disfigured with tears and grime, was clearly visible. He had, at the very least, expected to bag a dog crazed with rabies; or, if good luck so would have had it, a black panther

on rampage, as a traveling menagerie was just then visiting the city. When he glimpsed the crossed anchors and crown stitched in yellow on the boy's blue pinafore, he realized that he had been a misguided, if innocent, tool employed in the trapping of an embryo future seafarer, and he sympathetically thrust the boy back where he had found him. But the harm was already done. A more worthy upholder of the faith grabbed Ingjald and turned him over to the puffing, indignant sexton.

The clergyman had had an unobstructed view of the happenings from his post of vantage. But the actor in him prompted that, come what may, the show must go on, and he calmly read the announcements in his clear, rightly renowned barytone, without displaying the least sign of being cognizant of the vulgar tumult below. He had finished the reading of the names of those who had been joined in holy matrimony during the past week, and, reaching for the roster of the dead, he was too preoccupied with shifting his voice and features from jubilant to grave to be more than vaguely aware of a hopelessly forlorn boy child being carried down the aisle.

The badly shaken congregation settled down to enjoy the delivery, and the writhing bundle in the sexton's arms suddenly turned still and limp as the Heavenly and Royal Appointee, having found the true pitch, sonorously intoned:—

Deceased

BARBRO HARALDSDOTTER

Single

Age 83

RELIEF AND THE ELECTION

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

[THIS is a subject in the discussion of which the use of figures is unavoidable. The statistics seem to the *Atlantic* sufficiently important to call for immediate and impartial study. — THE EDITORS]

I

PUBLIC assistance for the needy is today the most extensive and costly function of government in the United States.

Considering local, state, and federal budgets as a national unit, appropriations for all forms of direct relief during the calendar year 1938 (exclusive of farm benefit payments) total roundly \$2.9 billions, or 17 per cent of all anticipated governmental expenditures.¹ No other item — neither public education, national defense, nor postal operations — will reach this figure. Public expenditures for education — elementary, secondary, normal schools and state universities — will aggregate roundly \$2 billions; national defense \$1.2 billions, and postal operations \$750 millions. To put it another way, public relief expenditures this year would operate the entire system of public education (including capital additions to plant and equipment), plus operation of the entire postal service, and leave a balance of \$150 millions. Public relief expenditures, local, state, and federal, for the five years March 1933–1938, were \$16.2 billions, or enough to reproduce three and one-quarter times the entire existing

telephone plant and system of the continental United States.²

As of July 1 this year the United States Civil Service Commission reported 25,815 full-time employees in the *administrative* service of the Works Progress Administration, which is about equal to the total number of employees in the Departments of State, Justice, Labor, and the Government Printing Office, combined.³ In addition, the states and cities maintain a combined administrative personnel in public assistance numbering 9600 full-time salaried employees.

In the period March 1933–1938, public assistance supported by federal participation averaged roundly \$200 millions per month. Since July 1 this year the figure has run approximately \$250 millions per month. In his testimony before the House Appropriations Committee on April 20, 1938, WPA Director Harry Hopkins submitted a table⁴ showing a monthly average of 19,600,000 persons receiving public assistance in the period March 1933–1938. The peak was recorded at 27,606,000 persons in February 1934.⁵ As of September 3, 1938, Mr. Hopkins announced a new high in

² *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, 1937, p. 343.

³ *Executive Civil Employment*, June 1938, U. S. C. S. C., p. 4.

⁴ P. 73.

⁵ This monthly average includes all dependents of those engaged in WPA work, but again does not include production-control or soil-conservation payments to farm families under the AAA programme.

¹ *Standard Statistics Study*, July 1938.

WPA employment alone of 3,167,558 against a previous high of 3,036,000 in February 1936.¹ In August of this year the total relief load was 21,192,000 persons.

II

At the top of this gigantic administrative pyramid stands Mr. Hopkins, recognized by all reputable observers as the new chief political mentor of the President. It was Mr. Hopkins, for example, who, contrary to the strong admonitions of Vice President Garner, Postmaster General Farley, and other elder statesmen of the Democratic Party, prevailed upon the President to launch his 'purge' campaign against Senator Walter F. George, of Georgia. Reporting the President's address at Barnesville, Georgia, on August 11, 1938, Felix Belair, a correspondent of the *New York Times*, wrote:—

Throughout the President's address Senator George sat silently between his junior Senatorial colleague, Richard B. Russell, and Harry L. Hopkins, Works Progress Administrator, who had been advising with Mr. Roosevelt almost constantly on the political complexion of Georgia since they came ashore together [August 9] at Pensacola.²

Citizens everywhere know that the problem of how to disperse relief funds without political discrimination is now under examination by a special committee of Congress, whose chairman is Morris Sheppard of Texas, fourth ranking member of the Senate in point of continuous service. At its first meeting on June 17, the committee adopted a resolution proclaiming its intention to inquire fully into the 'use or alleged use of any federal funds to influence votes.'

The objective is simple and clear—the maintenance of the integrity of the elective processes, the preservation of democracy at its most vital point, the ballot box; the free exercise of the voting franchise, and to that end the prevention of any improper use of

money and of any coercion or intimidation by any person, group, or agency outside or inside the government.

By September 1 the committee had sent its investigators into seven states. Petitions for a hearing on specific charges of political manipulation or partisan administration of public assistance funds had been received from sixteen states. Neglecting for the present the urgent economic problems bearing upon federal finances, as well as the far-reaching constitutional issues presented in federal-state relations in relief administration, the committee focused its investigation principally on the broad question of partisan encroachments, taking the ground that the relief system is a matter of public policy and that its administrative procedure should be honest, clean, and efficient—not corroded by political spoils or corrupted by a narrow, plundering partisanship.

III

That the relief machinery was in danger of being disorganized by political influence was clear two years ago. I recall the letter written by a WPA state administrative assistant in West Virginia to one of the county administrators, in March 1936. The text runs:—

I hand you herewith a list of doctors in Ohio County. Kindly separate the Democrats from the Republicans and list them in order of priority so that we may notify our safety foremen and compensation men as to who is eligible to participate in case of injury.³

After the lists had been compiled by the county administrator they were distributed to the safety foremen with the notation:—

Democratic doctors listed on the left-hand side and Republicans on the right.

Within a month of this naïve classification of medical proficiency in West

¹ WPA press release, September 15, 1938.

² *New York Times*, August 12, 1938, p. 1.

³ *Congressional Record*, Vol. 80, Pt. 4, p. 4557, March 30, 1936.

Virginia, a young man who had applied for assignment as physical education instructor at a New Jersey CCC camp received the following letter from the regional officer in charge: —

In reply to your letter of April 22: as stated in my letter of April 8, this office is unable, under binding federal instructions, to consider any nontechnical man for appointment to the supervisory work in the CCC camps unless his name is certified to us on the so-called advisors' list from Washington.

This is the list of names submitted by Senator — and Democratic representatives in Congress from New Jersey to the federal administration for employment in this CCC activity. The only way in which you can put yourself in a position to secure employment, therefore, is by making arrangements to have Senator — or one of the Democratic Congressmen request that your name be put on this advisors' list.¹

Through state legislative inquiries, through criminal proceedings in the state and federal courts, and in Congressional debates on five major relief bills since 1933, specific charges of political manipulation in relief have been aired in the public records from no less than 24 states. Much of this evidence has been reviewed during the last four months by the Sheppard Committee.

But long before the committee began its work public opinion had expressed a firm conviction on the broad charge of spoils and partisanship in relief. In April 1936, the American Institute of Public Opinion put the question in a sampling poll: 'In your opinion, does politics play a part in the handling of relief in your locality?' For the nation at large the answer was 65 per cent in the affirmative. The nays were 18 per cent, and those who held no opinion on the question 17 per cent. In Arkansas the yeas were 83 per cent; New Jersey, 78 per cent; West Virginia, 77 per cent; Louisiana, 76 per cent. The tabulation ran throughout the country, with 40 of

the 48 states showing an affirmative answer of 60 per cent or more.²

Seeking confirmation of this conclusion, the *Capitol Daily* polled some 500 newspaper editors, in June 1938, on the question, 'Do you believe WPA relief funds are dispensed fairly, without political consideration, in your community?' The returns gave 74 per cent 'no,' 15 per cent 'yes,' and 11 per cent undetermined.

A September poll this year, limited to women, asked, 'Do you think politics has influenced the giving of relief in this community?' The answer was 67 per cent in the affirmative. Among women themselves on relief the answer was 54 per cent in the affirmative.³

Frank, to say the least, is a letter written by Mr. Harry W. Fee, Chairman of the Indiana County Democratic Committee, Indiana, Pennsylvania, during the 1936 primary campaign, to a woman employed on a local sewing project. This letter is fairly representative of the partisanship which dominates WPA administration in several notorious states.

Dear Madam:

I am very much surprised that you have not responded to our previous letter requesting your contribution in the amount of \$28.08, to Indiana County Democratic campaign committee, as I was sure that you appreciated your position to such an extent that you would make this contribution willingly and promptly. I must, however, now advise you that unless your contribution in the above amount is received promptly, it will be necessary to place your name on the list of those who will not be given consideration for any other appointment after the termination of the emergency relief work, which, as you know, will terminate in the near future.

Please make your check payable to A. Lucile Baun, treasurer, and mail the same to her at 402 Indiana Theater Building, Indiana, Pa.⁴

² *Washington Post*, April 26, 1936.

³ *Ladies' Home Journal*, October 1938, p. 21.

⁴ *Congressional Record*, Vol. 80, Pt. 6, p. 6948, May 8, 1936.

¹ *Congressional Record*, Vol. 80, Pt. 7, p. 7306, May 14, 1936.

This and similar cases cited in that day's House debate on the 1937 relief appropriations bill moved Representative Ralph E. Church, of Illinois, to the conclusion which he stated on the floor:—

Politics play a part in the distribution of funds to the states. Politics play a part in the selection of projects. Politics play a part in the selection of administrative personnel, and there are innumerable instances during this Administration where political capital has been made of human misery and suffering.¹

In an interim report, August 3, 1938, the Sheppard Committee published its conclusions that the political mobilization of relief beneficiaries through coercive methods in the Tennessee and Kentucky primary campaigns did, in fact, 'imperil the right of the people to a free and unpolluted ballot.'

Commenting upon the committee's declaration, Senator David I. Walsh, of Massachusetts, a majority member, added as his personal observation, 'If conditions reported to the committee were disclosed, the American people would be shocked.'

IV

The relief rolls expand sharply during election campaigns, and decline almost uniformly during the corresponding months of non-election years. The *New York Sun* once described this phenomenon as 'the political rhythm in relief.' In 1934, during the national Congressional and Senatorial campaign, the relief rolls expanded from 20,475,000 persons in June to 22,758,000 in November, an increase of 2,283,000 during the decisive campaign months. Owing in part to this forced-draft relief operation, total federal expenditures increased from \$466,274,000 for July to \$758,453,000 for October, the last full calendar month before the general elections on November 6.²

¹ *Congressional Record*, Vol. 80, Pt. 6, p. 6955.

² House Report No. 2317, 75th Congress, 3rd Session, p. 42.

Moreover, this sharp increase in relief coincident with the national political campaign developed in the face of a relatively stable, and then improving, business situation. The Federal Reserve's seasonally adjusted index of industrial production stood at 76 for July, 75 for November, and 86 for December. The Department of Labor reported an increase of 3.3 per cent in private employment and 5.2 per cent in industrial payrolls for October over September.³ Yet Mr. Hopkins's official figures show an increase of 139,000 persons on the October relief rolls as compared with the previous month. This pattern of increasing relief coincident with improving employment conditions is difficult to explain. Observing this phenomenon in its first manifestation in the 1934 campaign, Mr. Alfred E. Smith, in September, wisely forecast the November result in the crisp apothegm, 'You can't shoot Santa Claus.'

When the votes were counted in November the Administration had gained 14 seats in the House, 10 in the Senate, and 12 new governors. In Pennsylvania, where the distribution of federal benefactions had been lavish, the Administration party elected a governor for the first time in 47 years.

But the next year, 1935, there were no general elections. Then the relief rolls declined from 21,042,000 in July to 18,604,000 in November, a decrease of 2,438,000, or more than 10 per cent. In this non-election year, total federal expenditures declined from \$727,535,000 for July to \$533,520,000 for November. Here, for the only time in the five years for which complete official statistics are available, the declining relief curve coincided with a sharply improving business situation, the Federal Reserve production index having advanced from 86 in July to 96 in November.

The next summer brought the presidential campaign of 1936 and the full

³ *Monthly Labor Review*, U. S. Dept. of Labor, Vol. 40, No. 1, January 1935, p. 184.

flower of political relief. Here, in the face of a strong upward movement of all the basic economic indices, the relief rolls expanded from 17,900,000 in July to 19,113,000 in November, an increase of 1,213,000 during the four campaign months. Total federal expenditures increased from \$417,109,000 in July to \$684,785,000 for October. Observe that this strong flushing of public assistance funds through the emergency agencies came at a time when business was booming. The Federal Reserve production index advanced from 104 per cent of normal in June (1923-1925=100) to 114 per cent of normal for November and 121 per cent for December. Confirming this vigorous recovery trend during the summer, the American Federation of Labor reported 3,910,000 fewer unemployed in December than in March. Yet, despite this roaring Bonus Boom, the relief rolls increased by more than 1,200,000 persons during the four campaign months.

The boom reached its peak at 121 on the Federal Reserve adjusted index in November and December, with several important industries reporting employment at 1929 levels, or better — yet the relief rolls carried an average of 19,000,000 persons, exactly the number reported in June 1933 and September 1935, when, on each occasion, the Federal Reserve index stood at 91! Stated another way, the relief load at the top of the 1936 boom was exactly the same as in June 1933, three months after the national banking holiday. The only essential difference in the two relief pictures was that 1936 was a presidential election year and 1933 was not. What is to be said of a public assistance policy under which a 33 per cent improvement in industrial production (to a point 21 per cent above normal) does not diminish, during a presidential campaign, the number of persons on relief?

That election, of course, was the historic Roosevelt Mandate. Proportionately, it reduced the opposition

party in Congress to the lowest point in American history.

Moving to the next year, when there were no general elections, we find that in July 1937 the Federal Reserve production index still was at 114, the level of November 1936, but now Mr. Hopkins's official report showed only 15,266,000 persons on the relief rolls — a decrease of 3,847,000 from the election-month total.

To summarize Mr. Hopkins's figures, we find that the relief load for the three non-election years, 1933, 1935, and 1937, shows an average *decline* of 2,116,000 persons between July and November, when seasonal employment in industry and agriculture combined are at a peak; but in the two election years, 1934 and 1936, these same months show an average *increase* of 1,748,000 persons on relief. And in each election year this increase in relief developed contemporaneously with a stable or upward-moving business index. In two of the three non-election years, however, 1933 and 1937, we find a decreasing relief load in the summer coincident with a sharply declining business curve. This is the established non-election year pattern — less employment, less relief. But in the election years the normal pattern is more employment, more relief. The tabulated figures tell the story:—

SUMMER FLUCTUATIONS IN THE RELIEF LOAD IN
RELATION TO BUSINESS CONDITIONS
(ELECTION YEARS IN ITALICS)

Year	Increase or decrease in relief November vs. July (persons)	Points change in FR production index between July and November
1933.....	-3,243,000.....	-28
<i>1934.....</i>	<i>+2,283,000.....</i>	<i>- 1</i>
1935.....	-2,438,000.....	+10
<i>1936.....</i>	<i>+1,213,000.....</i>	<i>+ 6</i>
1937.....	- 669,000.....	-26

Again in 1938 we have experienced an increasing summer relief load coincident with an upward-moving business index. Mr. Hopkins's published statistics always are about three months behind the

fact, but a few sample figures will illustrate the 1938 trend: in September 1935, the AFL reported 11,789,000 unemployed, and at that time the public assistance rolls carried 18,998,000 persons. In March 1938, the AFL reported 11,226,000 unemployed; but, as we come to the threshold of the purge primaries and the general Congressional elections, the public assistance load rises to 20,112,000 persons. In other words, with 563,000 fewer unemployed in March this year than in September 1935 (a non-election year), we yet have 1,114,000 more people on the relief rolls.

Similarly, we find an increase of 12,893 persons on the Pennsylvania relief rolls during the first week of May this year. This increase was reported by the Department of Public Assistance at Harrisburg on May 16, the day before the pivotal Pennsylvania primary elections, in which a CIO candidate publicly endorsed by the Postmaster General pressed that party's first bid for an important governorship.

Reflecting the same skillful coördination of relief and the necessities of the political campaign, the official figures of the Ohio Division of Public Assistance showed an increase of 25,379 persons on WPA work in that state between April 15 and June 15 this year — an increase of more than 11 per cent in two months. The Ohio primary was held on August 9.

These samples are not conclusive, but they do appear to warrant the tentative judgment that wherever figures are available they point a rising relief curve during the campaign months of 1938, even though they are coincident once more with a steadily improving business situation. Between April 1 and September 15 the public assistance load increased by roundly 1,000,000 persons, and Roger Babson's weighted index of general business conditions advanced by 11 per cent between the June low and mid-September.¹

There is no concealment in the Capi-

¹ *Babsonchart*, September 10, 1938.

tal's informal political discussions concerning the political manipulation of relief. Everybody accepts it as a matter of fact. Have the nation's normal sensibilities to corruption, waste, and political spoilsmanship been dulled and blunted during the last five years? Occasionally the relief manipulation is a matter for humorous bantering, as was illustrated by an incident in one of Postmaster General Farley's press conferences soon after the 1936 election. When the Postmaster General had completed his formal statement and submitted himself to questions, the first pleantry from the circle of newspaper men was 'General, whatever became of the relief administrators in Maine and Vermont?'

A few days earlier Relief Administrator Hopkins had been asked in a press conference for an expression on the election results. He answered, 'That was no election; that was a census!'

Again, we find Mr. Jay Franklin, sometime assistant to Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell in the late Resettlement Administration, writing in the *Washington Evening Star* for May 27, 1937: —

Indeed, much of the political success of the New Deal is due . . . to a shrewd use of relief funds and federal projects to keep the faithful in line.

Pointing this immeasurable power of patronage directly at the heads of those Senators who were at the moment fighting desperately to defeat the President's proposal to pack the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Franklin continued: —

For now the fight is in the open on the Senate floor . . . where the quiet lure of patronage and pork can woo the Western wobblers from their uncomfortable position of permanent political pole-sitting.

V

Where noble humanitarian policies are involved, money is no consideration. Mr. Thomas G. Corcoran, a trusted

White House advisor and now chief in the 'Georgetown Cabinet,' epitomized the spending ideal in a conversation with Mr. Amos Pinchot, early in 1934. A vacancy having occurred in the directorate of the RFC, Mr. Corcoran had traveled to New York to sound Mr. Pinchot on his availability for the post. In a letter addressed to President Roosevelt under date of May 17, 1938, Mr. Pinchot recalled his conversation with Mr. Corcoran, as follows: —

Business conditions were almost as bad then as they are now, and I told Mr. Corcoran it would be difficult, if not impossible, for me to leave New York. Also, I pointed out that it did not seem to me that I was fitted for such a responsibility, either by training or experience. The conversation which ensued is one which I shall not soon forget.

Mr. Corcoran replied that, so far as training and experience were concerned, I need not worry. All that was required was an obstinate man who would stand up in the meetings of the Reconstruction Finance Board and oppose the policies of the chairman, Mr. Jesse Jones, who, he explained, was disposing of Government funds in a stingy fashion. And, in particular, he was refusing to part with public money unless he believed there was a fair chance of getting it back.

Such a policy, Mr. Corcoran maintained, dictated as it was by business considerations, was precisely what the situation did not demand. He said that the right way to restore buying power and bring recovery was to pour money into circulation in the greatest possible quantities and at the highest possible speed. And to illustrate his point, he remarked that the ideal thing would be for fleets of airplanes to fly over the country discharging money as they went so that anyone needing cash could pick it up from the ground.¹

Where such an attitude toward wealth and money prevails in the highest councils of government, it is not surprising to discover in the principal spending agency a loosely jointed and undisciplined administrative arrangement. It

is at this point that WPA breaks down. The political corruption which thrives in relief to-day increases principally because the administrative machinery in Washington is not designed or geared to stop it. Spending for spending's sake, when adopted as a national policy, at once breaks down every natural impulse toward local administrative efficiency. It was this fundamental flaw in the national relief policy which, in the first instance, invited the political spoilsmen to take possession of the administrative machinery in the states and cities. Only a few scattered exhibits are needed to illustrate this breakdown in WPA to-day.

During the 1938 Democratic primary campaign in Kentucky, in which Governor A. B. Chandler sought unsuccessfully to unseat Alben W. Barkley, the majority leader in the United States Senate, charges of coercion against and campaign fund solicitation among WPA workers emerged as a pivotal issue of the contest. In a letter to President Roosevelt, under date of May 23, 1938, Brady M. Stewart, Governor Chandler's campaign manager, charged: —

Employees of the Works Progress Administration have been approached for campaign donations for Senator Barkley, and they have been sharply informed that if they did not give the amounts demanded, they would be discharged immediately from their jobs. Very competent men and women have been released from the Works Progress Administration because they would not consent to use their positions and influence to force people to vote for Senator Barkley. . . . A system of espionage has been established which constantly checks up on the political loyalty of federal employees in the Works Progress Administration. WPA trucks are being used openly to haul relief workers to the County Court Clerk's office to register.

After sending its own investigators into the state, the Sheppard Committee, in a special report issued August 3, said in part: —

It is certain that organized efforts have been made and are being made to control

¹ *Congressional Record*, May 23, 1938, p. 9569 (temporary binding).

the vote of those on relief work, and that contributions have been sought and obtained from federal employees in behalf of one of the Senatorial candidates.

It is equally certain that state officials, charged in part with the distribution of federal funds for old-age assistance and unemployment compensation, have been required to contribute from their salaries and of their services in the interest of another candidate for the United States Senate.

A week after the primary election on August 6, Senator Carter Glass's *Lynchburg News* commented editorially: 'The Kentucky primary, like that in Tennessee, is a stench in the nostrils of the country.'

A few days earlier the *Richmond Times Dispatch* had remarked: 'Representative democracy cannot survive unless the sort of thing which has been going on in Kentucky and Tennessee is brought to an end.'

Addressing the Senate on May 26, 1938, Senator Holt of West Virginia said of the 1936 campaign: 'Five weeks before the primary election in my state there were 56,403 employees on the WPA rolls. Five weeks after the primary election there were only 43,457 persons on the WPA rolls, a decline of 13,000.'¹

VI

In the spring of 1936 Mrs. Eugene Meyer, wife of the publisher of the *Washington Post*, devoted some three months to an exhaustive inquiry into WPA operations in her home county of Westchester, New York. She brought to the task an experience of thirteen years as Chairman of the Westchester County Recreation Commission. In the town of Mamaroneck she listed 26 WPA project foremen, identifying 8 as district leaders in the local Democratic organization and 13 more as certified Democratic workers in the wards. Of the 5 remaining foremen, 3 were identi-

fied as former district leaders. Project MA79 carried 20 workers, supervised by 4 foremen. Project MA71 carried 23 men and 5 foremen. In the town of White Plains, Mrs. Meyer itemized \$400,000 worth of projects. When 61 per cent of the federal allotment had been expended, the work was approximately 25 per cent completed. In New Rochelle she reported an excavation project managed by WPA at a cost of \$4.85 per cubic yard, which local contractors offered to take at \$1.63 per cubic yard. At Mount Pleasant, a rock-blasting project handled by WPA at \$18.32 per cubic yard was estimated by local contractors at \$3.08 per cubic yard.

In her 30,000-word report, as published in the *Washington Post* in May 1936, Mrs. Meyer concluded on the note:—

I accuse WPA of using large sums of public money intended for the alleviation of unemployment to build a Democratic political machine. I accuse WPA of discriminating between American citizens in a most despotic way for political purposes. I accuse WPA of petty extortion from defenseless relief cases to finance local political organization. I accuse WPA of waste, extravagance, and rank incompetence.

On October 26, 1936, a week before the presidential election, Dick Donahue, Democratic Chairman for Minnehaha County, S. D., wrote to John Biehn, WPA director for District #3: 'Please place this man on WPA, on the special setup you have that can take care of rush men, as Welfare will not certify. Have looked into affair — has nine votes in family.' A photostatic copy of this communication is in the hands of the Sheppard Committee.

Another photostat, dated March 31, 1936, on the letterhead of the United States Senate, is addressed to Eugene A. Russell, of Boone, N. C., an applicant for a WPA job. 'In reply,' the Senator wrote, 'I beg to state that if you will furnish this office with a letter of recommendation from the Democratic chair-

¹ *Congressional Record*, p. 9940 (temporary binding).

man of your county, or Reynolds manager, I will be more than glad to take up your case with the Works Progress Administration in Watauga County and do everything I can in an effort to help you. This procedure is followed in all instances.'

A third photostat is an 'Application for Endorsement by the Kalamazoo County Democratic Committee,' of Michigan. All applicants for jobs are required first to petition the county organization for endorsement. On this form one group of questions runs: 'Have you contributed to any Democratic organization in Kalamazoo County? — How much since August 1, 1932?'

In the House and Senate debates on the five major relief bills since 1933, and in the records of the Sheppard Committee, are similar exhibits from Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New Jersey, Washington, Maryland, West Virginia, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Florida, Texas, Wyoming, Minnesota, and the District of Columbia. The only reason, apparently, that all these local exhibits have not merged into a national scandal is that most citizens are unwilling to believe the manipulation they see at home is part of a general national pattern. In each instance the citizen seems instinctively to regard local abuses as peculiar to his own community.

In Mr. Hopkins's handling of these recurrent abuses two policies emerge; first, investigations shall be made only by members of the WPA staff; second, every power of patronage and persuasion shall be brought to bear in Congress to prevent the return of relief administration to the states, supported by direct federal grants. In no case to date have charges against WPA been reported

upon affirmatively by Mr. Hopkins before the next ensuing primary election in that state. In the House or Senate, during the last four years, no less than eight specific proposals to return administrative responsibility to the states have been rejected, always with the leadership under the White House lash to maintain direct federal control. In at least two cases of record, special assistant attorneys general were sent from Washington to resist court proceedings which would have made public the state-wide WPA payrolls. Several attempts in the Senate to force publication of all relief rolls, as a matter of running public record, were defeated by the Administration. Every attempt in Congress to place WPA under Civil Service rules and regulations has been resisted vigorously by Mr. Hopkins's spokesmen on the floor.

It was this repeated official resistance to impartial public investigation which moved the Senate last June to authorize the Sheppard Inquiry, an enterprise which, in the larger aspects of policy, must command the cordial support of the President. In a national broadcast from the White House on April 28, 1935, Mr. Roosevelt solicited good citizens everywhere to help keep WPA honest and efficient. 'I therefore hope you will watch the work in every corner of this nation. Feel free to criticize. Tell me of instances where work can be done better, or where improper practices prevail. . . . Neither you nor I want criticism conceived in a purely faultfinding or partisan spirit, but I am jealous of the right of every citizen to call to the attention of his Government examples of how the public money can be more effectively spent for the benefit of the American people.'

E. V. LUCAS

The Passing of a Wit

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

MORE years ago than I care to remember, Horace Traubel, Walt Whitman's Boswell, showed me a letter written by Emerson to Charles Sumner, then Senator from Massachusetts, introducing to him the 'Good Gray Poet.' On the back of the letter Whitman had written: 'I never presented this letter, I presented myself.' The sight of this human document confirmed in me an existing prejudice against all letters of introduction — calling upon a stranger with such a letter seemed too much like a request for something which might easily cause embarrassment to both parties. So from that day to this I have made it a rule never to give or present letters of introduction if I could avoid it. Before leaving the subject, may I refer to a recent experience?

My telephone rang one evening and a lady at the other end of the wire informed me that she would like very much to see my library, that she had a letter of introduction to me from — I did not catch the name. Now 'seeing a library' is a silly business — one can see a picture gallery, but seeing a library is a difficult matter: books have to be shown. Wearily I said that my home was eighteen miles from Philadelphia, from whence the call originated; however, if the lady could have herself conveyed by train or motor to my house I should be glad to show her any books in which she might be interested.

The next day a very large woman presented herself at my house with a letter. I put the letter aside for future reading and got down to my work. Did my caller have any special interest? Was she interested in any particular author? No, she merely wanted to see my library. 'Well,' I said, 'here it is, look at it.' She said it was a nice library. I agreed. Looking at a portrait of Boswell, by Reynolds, she remarked, 'That's George Washington, I presume.' I asked her what was the occasion of her visit to Philadelphia, and she told me she came to play hockey, and that, while she did not wish to boast, she was the champion woman hockey player of the world. 'It is a game, I think,' I said. 'Game!' screamed the Amazon; 'I should rather think it is.' 'Do you play it with cards or dice?' I inquired, sweetly. The lady snorted — and soon had seen enough of my library. After she had gone I opened the letter of introduction, and I could not make out the signature of the writer or the name of the person introduced.

And now let me recall that when someone — I have forgotten who (it was over forty years ago) — gave me such a letter to the late E. V. Lucas, I, in the words of Walt Whitman, presented myself, telling him the story. I found him to be a quiet, reserved man, somewhat younger than myself, occupying a desk in the office of *Punch* in Bouverie Street, London. I soon made clear that the only excuse I

had for calling on him was my interest in Charles Lamb, which, while it might not equal his, was nevertheless very keen. Gradually Lucas overcame his reserve and finally asked me to have lunch with him, which invitation I, of course, declined. In talking to him I told him that I had recently sought the grave of Charles Lamb and that of his sister in Edmonton Churchyard, and I was shocked to find them, after considerable search, overgrown with weeds and nettles. He said that it was disgraceful that the grave of perhaps the best-beloved author in our language should be so neglected. In this complete agreement we parted.

Upon my next visit to London I again called on Lucas, and he asked me if I would not make another journey to Edmonton Churchyard and tell him if I was pleased with the way in which Lamb's grave had been cared for. I told him that I had done so and expressed my great satisfaction; although Lucas would not admit it, I felt quite sure that it was he who had had the grave put to rights. I offered to make a contribution to a fund the income of which should keep the grave in order in perpetuity, but I was told that he did not think this would be permitted. In brief, I got the impression that Lucas did not wish to share his pious undertaking with anyone.

We had another common interest — our love for London, which he of course knew well, although I remember that years later I caught him up on the 'Old Vic.' It became my habit whenever I was in London to call on Lucas, but in those days my visits to London were infrequent; he was a very busy man, always working, perhaps in the reading room of the British Museum, or frequently he would be out of town securing data for his 'Wanderer' books. The result was that our acquaintance languished, and finally ceased altogether.

Then came the war, after which Lucas made a trip around the world, entering this country by the Golden

Gate. *Roving East and Roving West* was the result. In New York he met Eugene Saxton, of the firm of Harper and Brothers, and I am indebted to Saxton for bringing him to see me; it may be that Lucas had forgotten my name and only thought of me as a man having some interesting Lamb material which he would be glad to see. In any event, one fine Sunday afternoon, to my great surprise, I saw Saxton and Lucas walking up the drive to my house. Lucas was as amazed to see me as I was to see him, and his first words were 'I do not need an introduction to you at this late day; we have known each other for years.'

In the course of conversation it developed that he was in search of material for his monumental *Life of Edwin Abbey*, upon which he was then engaged. Abbey's frescoes in the new Capitol at Harrisburg, left unfinished at the time of his death, had been completed by Violet Oakley, and Lucas wanted to see them. I insisted that he stay with us, and I am able to date the time of this visit exactly, for I then got him to sign my well-worn copy of the first edition of his *Life of Charles Lamb*, which he did 'on the first day of Spring, 1920.'

Although a book collector, I had never made a point of collecting Lucas; his output was so enormous. An indefatigable writer, he put his name to an immense number of books of travel, essays, verses, anthologies, and tales which can hardly be called novels, so gentle and reflective is their movement. When I came to know him well, he made no secret of the fact that he could not write a novel; he called his little fictions 'stories' — for the most part without plot and with small attempt at character drawing, but nevertheless delightful reading. In his stories nothing much happens; someone misses a train, perhaps, or is caught without an umbrella in a heavy shower, but this serves the author's purpose admirably, enabling him to charm his readers with his pleasant fancies — kindly, wise, witty, and frequently illuminating.

I never cared much for Arnold Bennett; we usually met — when we met at all — head on, but one day at his club in London, under the soothing influence of an excellent lunch, he spoke of Lucas in the highest terms, and it was his habit to praise few. He said his *Life of Lamb* was a masterpiece, better than Boswell, and of his novels, so-called, the best was *Over Bemerton's*. In this opinion I agreed, putting in a word, however, for *Rose and Rose*.

Presently, as a book collector will, I set out to discover what was Lucas's first book, and finally I found it: a tiny little volume of verse entitled *Sparks from a Flint*. I cannot now remember when or where I secured this rare item. Lucas, in his autobiography, *Reading, Writing, and Remembering*, refers to the joy of every author upon the appearance of his first book. No author, he says, can possibly enjoy twice the thrill of seeing himself in print for the first time, but frequently this pride of authorship gives way to a feeling of shame, and so it was with him and his *Sparks*. He did everything he could to conceal its existence, and told me he was overcome with agony at the mere mention of it. He had made it a rule to buy up all the copies he could find and destroy them. But a few copies escaped — they always do; mine is one of them, and when I asked him to sign it for me, this is what he wrote: 'With shame I confess that this was my first book. E. V. Lucas. Jan. 17, 1923,' accompanying it with a note of the same date, which reads: 'You old devil, how dare you dig up this old book. I spent £17 in suppressing it about five years ago. Tell me when you come back from Paris because I *always* want to see you (*plural*). E. V. L.'

Some years later he gave me a copy of his second book, *Catherine Anwill: Her Book*, privately printed for Arthur L. Humphreys, MDCCCXCV. The inscription in this reads: 'To A. E. N. from E. V. L. September 26, 1935, forty years late.' This was also verse, and in

his autobiography he says: 'I seem to have written no prose before I was twenty-one.'

II

But when all is said and done, Lucas's books are ephemera — had he not made himself the authority on Charles Lamb, they would have no value whatever. His visiting card to posterity is his *Life of Charles Lamb*; originally published in 1905, it, with his *Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb* (three volumes, 1935), will never be superseded. I had an opportunity of making this declaration of faith at a dinner in London several years ago; the occasion was a meeting of the Johnson Club: it was an anniversary of an event of importance in Johnson's life — I have forgotten just what. A memorial sermon was preached in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Dean, from the text, 'Let us now praise famous men.' The bells of the city churches were pealed, filling the air with their confused melody; there was a meeting of Johnsonians, followed by a dinner in the Barber-Surgeons' Hall, one of the smallest and certainly the most beautiful of the Guild Halls in London. It was built by Inigo Jones, and boasts a famous picture by Holbein, 'The Presentation of the Charter by Henry VIII' (surgeons were originally barbers); it is a large oblong picture showing the King on a sort of throne in the centre, while on each side of him the recipients of the charter, eighteen in number, are kneeling — all are portraits. Lucas told me that barbers and surgeons (and physicians) were not legally separated until 1745, since which time surgery is regarded as a distinguished profession, while barbers have become tradesmen.

Lucas, not long before, — I think upon the death of Sir James Barrie, — had been made one of the trustees of the Johnson House in Gough Square. Be this as it may, we sat down to an excellent dinner, which was followed, inevitably, by speeches in praise of Johnson

and his biographer. The general opinion was, in the words of Macaulay, that 'Boswell had no second.' When it came my turn to say something I begged leave to differ with this generally accepted opinion: there was, I said, a second biography and a second biographer, and this place of honor I claimed for my friend Mr. E. V. Lucas, whose *Life of Charles Lamb* filled the most exacting requirements. I opined that it had become a mere convention to place Lockhart and his biography of Scott second to Boswell; that it might once have been entitled to second place, but that was before Lucas's *Lamb* had appeared. So saying, I looked across the table to where Lucas was sitting, and to my surprise I saw him get up and leave the table and the room, not to be seen again that evening. Early next morning I received a note from him, saying he could not sit still and hear himself so bepraised — or *it might have been the fish*.

This is a long introduction to the simple statement that Lucas continued to be the most modest, the most retiring man I ever met. One of the best-known men in London, interested in everything, he went everywhere, and was a member of many clubs: literary, social, sporting, and otherwise. As evidence of the catholicity of his tastes, I have seen a series of caricatures by Max Beerbohm of Lucas discussing the church with a bishop at the Athenæum, the stage with an actor at the Garrick, cricket at Lord's, food at the Beefsteak, and so on.

One day Lucas called on me and said that he proposed to give me a little dinner, by way of return for something I had been able to do for him. He asked me to choose the place and name the guests; after some consideration I chose the Garrick Club and I told him that the man I most wanted to meet was Augustine Birrell. I think I also mentioned Barrie's name, but Lucas said Barrie was a nonconductor, and he was not invited; and when, subsequently, I met Sir James at the table of my dear friend

Cecil Harmsworth, I understood what he meant. I forget now just who were at that dinner, — which was, to quote Dr. Johnson, the kind of a dinner to ask a man to, — but I sat on Lucas's right, and next to me sat Augustine Birrell, whose essays have been one of the joys of my life since I first made his acquaintance in *Obiter Dicta* as far back as 1884. When I said that I had a copy of the first edition of this book, Birrell snorted that I had n't. To prove my statement I described the book to him and told him what I paid for it, whereupon he called me a jackass, but was pleased nevertheless. After that the ice was broken and we became friends.

I shall never forget that pleasant little dinner, and I recalled how upon my first visit to London, in 1884, I had walked by the Garrick Club and wondered whether I should ever be permitted to enter its doors, and here I was in one of its private dining rooms, the honored guest of an intimate friend, sitting next to Augustine Birrell (upon whose essays I may now say I have formed my own literary style — if I have one), cracking jokes with Sir Walter Raleigh, who had visited us at 'Oak Knoll' and had come up from Oxford to grace the occasion.

Sir Walter was a very tall man; Lucas always referred to him as 'the long Knight.' His visit to 'Oak Knoll' was the result of an invitation extended him through our old friend, Professor Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania. 'How shall we entertain him?' we asked. 'Very largely by leaving him alone,' was the reply. 'Your Scotch whiskey is excellent, and he will want tea, of course. I suggest to every half pound of tea a quart of boiling water.' We served tea of the consistency of spinach and our guest was delighted. 'First proper tea I've had in this country,' he said.

In reply to a question: 'I shall go home as soon as they have a gun ready for me. I expect to spend the next year or two with a rifle across my knees, guarding a culvert; however, this will

give me time to think up a few more lectures for you Americans.'

Next to Sir Walter sat Sir Squire Bancroft, the fine old actor, the vainest and certainly the handsomest man in London — he would be the first to admit it. . . .

The dinner passed off pleasantly; the thing I chiefly recall was a remark made by Sir Squire, who in a momentary pause of the talk, which had been rapid and continuous, observed, 'It was in this room more years ago than I care to remember that I first met Charles Dickens.' Whereupon we talked Dickens, and I remarked that as a great English genius I ranked him next to Shakespeare. I expected to have my head blown off, but to my surprise Sir Walter bowed his acquiescence, and Birrell said, 'My enthusiasm for him burns as brightly as ever — but I don't read him much.'

As an outcome of this dinner I subsequently joined the Garrick Club at the suggestion, as I remember, of Sir Arthur Pinero, backed by Lucas; and just before Birrell's death it was my privilege to give a luncheon to him in that same room. It was a pleasant occasion, and Birrell stayed on talking — and how wonderfully! — with Holbrook Jackson long after the other guests had gone. Finally I put my old friend into a taxi and took him home; I never saw him again. Having Jackson's amazing *Anatomy of Bibliomania* in mind, I still am of the opinion I expressed when I first met him, that he is not one man but many.

III

But I am presumed to be writing of Lucas. He had a wife and a daughter, but we never saw either of them. The daughter has recently published several novels, of which I know nothing. Unlike many men, Lucas seldom told a story of which he was the hero; he always spoke in a very low voice, and I remember his once saying to my wife in a restaurant, — Hatchett's in Piccadilly; two hundred

years ago it was the 'White Horse,' — 'Can you not prevail upon Eddie to lower his voice?' He had just said that Hatchett's was where a man made a rendezvous, with another man's wife. 'And that is the reason, E. V., that you have accustomed yourself to speak in so low a voice — you are afraid of being overheard. Now I have nothing to fear.'

Lucas never presided at any formal function. On March 29, 1825, Lamb wrote his friend Crabb Robinson, 'Give me great joy, I have left the India House forever.' He had been for thirty-three years a clerk and had been retired with a generous pension. The story is told in the well-known essay, 'The Superannuated Man.' One hundred years later the occasion was celebrated by a 'Charles Lamb Superannuated Centenary Dinner' in Inner Temple Hall, Augustine Birrell in the chair. The souvenir menu, a copy of which Lucas sent me, was skillfully arranged by him, but he was not one of the speakers — in fact, although he was the prime mover of the occasion, his name does not anywhere appear. Lucas could write with interest and charm upon anything, upon a broomstick, but if he found himself in a company in which he might be called on to say a few words, one looked around and found that he had disappeared.

Our friendship, having got its second wind, grew apace. My wife and I were much in London after the war, which is another way of saying that Lucas was a frequent visitor to our flat in Jermyn Street. His humor was so subtle, so entirely the reverse of the obvious, that one had to be very alert not to miss some sly and witty innuendo. He was very fond of dogs. Is not the title of one of his books *The More I See of Men?* He came in one evening about teatime, bringing with him a very fine Pekinese to which I may have spoken somewhat harshly; whereupon Lucas said, 'Eddie, you are not speaking to a dog; my friend has never been spoken to that way before.' His verses, 'The Pekinese National An-

them,' illustrated with the daintiest pen-and-ink sketches, tell of his love and devotion to these Chinese aristocrats.

It was upon one of Lucas's little visits to us in Jermyn Street at teatime that someone asked him if he would have a chocolate eclair. 'I never wish to see or even hear of one of those abominations,' he replied, almost with violence.

'Why this heat?' I inquired.

'A few days ago I was drinking tea with the Queen. I thought I knew how to eat one of those horrid things. Imagine my horror when I discovered that I had decanted one right down my shirt front.'

"Hold still a minute," said the Queen, at the same time coming to my rescue with a napkin.

'But no one,' said Lucas sadly, 'can dust a chocolate eclair from a shirt front, not even Majesty. I think, but for my clumsiness on this occasion, I should have been made a Knight instead of a mere C. H. [Companion of Honor].'

IV

For many years Lucas contributed to the *Sunday Times* a column under the caption of 'A Wanderer's Note Book.' It was a popular feature of that excellent newspaper, and on one occasion he made me the subject of his column. He had a seeing and remembering eye; he described my library, my books 'lapped in steel,' with especial reference to my Lambs, and he poked fun at me for my many enthusiasms. We did not agree about Trollope, but he elsewhere refers to our chance meeting on a steamer going from Marseilles to Port Said. I had insisted that he read *The Small House at Allington* — in fact, I lent him my copy as we parted for the night. Sometime after midnight a lascar steward stuck his head into my cabin and handed me a note which read: 'Johnny Eames has just saved the Earl's life from the bull. Fine work! E. V.' And at dawn the next morning I received another note:

'Johnny Eames has just blacked Crosbie's eye at Paddington Station. Praise God from whom all blessings flow. E. V.' Indeed, if Lucas never spoke, he never ceased writing. One time when in London, my wife had occasion to go to Paris for a few days, and, not wishing to leave me alone, she asked Frank Morley, Kit's brother, to occupy our spare room. The result was a party — in fact, two. The first night we three — Lucas, Morley, and I — dined together, and thoroughly. The next night Morley had an engagement, and to Lucas, when he called for me about eight, I felt bound to say that I did not feel quite up to a late sitting; nevertheless we went out. Sometime about midnight Lucas suggested our going to the Drury Lane Theatre to meet friends then acting there. Further details have escaped me, but about noon the next day the valet came to my room with a note, which read: —

They met to dine and each was firm
To be for once the early worm,
At half-past ten I go to bed,
That is what Eddie Newton said.

Me too. No more late nights for me.
The ultimatum of E. V.

At four o'clock, behold the twain
Filling their glasses up again.

Lucas was the last man to call himself a poet, but he could write excellent rhymes about as fast as his pen could travel. He was never idle. When he went with me from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, he had a table put up at his seat in a parlor car and wrote during the entire journey — what I do not know. Lamb wrote some papers for Moxon called 'Peter's Net,' with the motto, 'All is fish that comes to my net.' So it was with Lucas: he turned everything he saw or did into copy. As someone has said, —

It all comes out of the books we read
And it all goes into the books we write.

Some years ago a French college professor discovered that Wordsworth,

when in France in 1791, had an affair with a French lady by whom he had a child; Lucas immediately wrote a sonnet which begins:—

O priceless lapse, supreme incontinence!
This brings thee nearer, Master. In our view,
No more a cold white peak against the blue,
Superior, unscalable, immense
Art thou, but one who once bade virtue hence
Even as ordinary mortals do.
Lucky for thee that Byron never knew.

And so on.

Lucas drove his pen with as much pleasure as other men drive fast horses or fast motorcars. As he himself says, 'Few authors have been as lucky as I in blending recreation with livelihood. Writing, which for many men is drudgery, is for me a pleasure.' His one recreation was cricket; I suppose when a boy he played himself, — every English boy does, — but when I knew him he had given over the exercise and contented himself with constant attendance at Lord's. He knew the game thoroughly and rejoiced in the company of the players; he said that he had to keep a constant check on himself not to talk and write cricket to the exclusion of everything else. He loved sport, and when in Philadelphia a group of us took him to see some baseball games, which he followed with the keenest interest; it was only necessary to explain once the fine points of the game — the tempo of which he thought characteristic of American life, as indeed it is.

V

Edward Verrall Lucas came of good Quaker stock — it may well be that there is no bad Quaker stock. Charles Lamb, as a very small boy, walking through a churchyard with his sister and spelling out the epitaphs, inquired: 'Mary, where are the bad people buried?' So one may look in vain for bad Quakers.

Lucas spent his early years in or near Brighton. His forbears being unable or perhaps unwilling to give him the ad-

vantages of a university education, he was, after attendance at several private schools, apprenticed to a Brighton bookseller. For a boy with his tastes and fondness for reading, it may be doubted whether he could have received a better training; he, however, all his life continued to regret the loss of a classical education, which means so much more to an Englishman than it does to us. I think his stay in a bookshop was brief, for we soon hear of him on the staff of a Brighton newspaper. The life of a reporter makes for speedy writing on any and all subjects; I take it Lucas must have written well, for a kindly disposed uncle came along and gave him two hundred pounds, which was thought sufficient to keep him in London for two years while attending lectures at University College.

He had now to make his way in what, in one of his anthologies, he calls *The Friendly Town*. I wonder if he found it friendly when, without friends, he had to support himself for several years while he was making a place for himself. He had, however, the two requisites, ability and industry. He worked early and late, and haunted the reading room of the British Museum — of how many men of letters may this not be said? I never enter the great rotunda presided over by Arthur Ellis, the friend of everyone who has to do with that noble institution, without thinking of the hundreds and thousands of men and women whose Alma Mater it is.

I fancy that it was in these early years in London that Lucas decided to write a life, the *Life of Charles Lamb*. At that time the authority on Lamb was Canon Ainger, the Master of the Temple, but 'he had avoided spadework,' Lucas says, as was perhaps natural in an old gentleman occupying a fine residence with an adequate salary and few duties — and those performed by others. The residence of 'The Master' is not too easy to find by tourists, which perhaps makes life in it especially attractive. 'Spade-

work' was exactly the sort of work Lucas was prepared to do; he qualified for the job by discovering, reading, and digesting an immense amount of material to be found in many volumes of reminiscences and recollections. Indeed, Lamb's letters, until Lucas took them up, were scattered almost as widely as their recipients. Think of a man (Talfourd) having the temerity to publish a volume entitled *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb* — *final*, indeed, in 1848! Lamb's essays themselves are a mine of biographical material, but it requires skillful handling, for in many cases it is purposely misleading.

The supreme merit of Lucas's biography is the bringing together in proper sequence of thousands of utterly disconnected sentences and paragraphs culled from many different sources, and so skillfully assembled that the reader hardly feels that he is engaged upon a mosaic, but upon a narrative which flows uninterruptedly and delightfully from the first page to the last. If ever a man wrote his own life it was Charles Lamb. Indeed, in a sense, every essayist is for the time being an autobiographer. And while Lucas was engaged upon this exacting work he was supporting himself by writing stories, essays, and guide-books without end, and compiling the delightful anthologies with which we are so familiar, and which had an enormous sale. Nor did all this prevent his becoming a publisher's 'reader.' His chief work was done for the firm of Methuen and Company; finally, in 1924, upon the death of Sir Algernon Methuen, he became chairman of the firm he had long served so well.

Is that all? By no means. He early became a contributor to *Punch*. Its present editor in chief, Mr. E. V. Knox, in an obituary note, says that having joined the famous 'Round Table' in 1904, — which, by the way, is oblong and not round, — he was seldom absent from the weekly meetings of the staff, and that he contributed as many words

to that journal as any other man 'on the table,' if not more. To be 'on the table' is a very different thing from being an occasional contributor. It is Mr. Knox's considered opinion that Lucas wrote more words than he spoke — of the written word Lucas was, indeed, a master.

VI

I am not pleased with the subtitle I have chosen for this appreciation of my friend. Indeed, as I understand the word, it may be doubted whether Lucas was a wit at all. A wit, I take it, sparkles. Lucas did not. He very quietly — under his breath, as it were — gave a humorous and unexpected twist to some well-known phrase; as, when looking at a picture of Charles Laughton as Henry VIII, he murmured, 'Every ounce a King.' And if his war song, 'When We Wind Up the Watch on the Rhine,' is no longer remembered, it deserves to be.

It will be recalled that when Roosevelt the First retired reluctantly from Presiding this country he went to Africa to hunt big game, and he blazed his way especially by shooting lions. When he reached the Sudan and Egypt, he in a few — or not so few — well-chosen words told England how these countries should be governed, and finally he reached London. Now in Trafalgar Square there stands a statue of Nelson upon a shaft almost two hundred feet high. At each of the four corners of the square pedestal upon which the shaft stands is an enormous lion hewn out of a block of granite, the work of Sir Edwin Landseer. To greet Mr. Roosevelt when he came to the Square, as everyone must who comes to London, was a sign: **THESE LIONS MUST NOT BE SHOT**. It is said that the suggestion was Lucas's. The execution of this happy idea was doubtless left to another.

Lucas differed from most Englishmen in that when he came to this country he did not come to lecture. Was there not

in *Punch* some years ago a picture of a callow youth rushing into his mother's drawing-room, exclaiming, 'Rejoice with me, Mother! My novel has been accepted at last,' with her retort: 'Splendid, my boy; now you can go to America and lecture.' Some of us may remember the younger Churchill's efforts in this direction. We are, indeed, the most bel lectured people in the world.

VII

Something over a year ago, I was unlucky enough to attract the attention of an inquisitive surgeon (I had almost written acquisitive) from whose tender mercies I am only now slowly recovering. Acting upon advice, I have traveled much, and last spring saw me in London. Lucas came to see us, as was his habit, and his last visit was of several hours. When a new edition of his *Life of Lamb*, in two small volumes, first appeared in 1921, he gave me a copy with a pleasant inscription. One day, perhaps a year ago, I gave this copy to my daughter, and when Lucas called I asked him to

send me another. This he did upon the following day, with an inscription which reads: 'To A. Edward Newton, this book's best friend, from its proud author, E. V. Lucas. May 5, 1938.' He was grieved to find me enjoying such miserable health and said so; indeed, his rather long stay was for the purpose of cheering me up.

We talked of many things, our pleasant meetings in the past, and he prophesied that I should soon be back in London again; my spiritual home, he called it. I hope I shall be, but, alas! I shall never see him again. We sailed the next day, and a few weeks after my return I was shocked, upon picking up a newspaper, to read of the passing of my friend in one of those English abominations, a 'nursing home' (may I never see the inside of one). E. V., my junior by four years, who seemed in excellent health when I last saw him, has gone. His passing will be regretted by his many friends and by thousands who knew him only in his books — in which after all, as Dr. Johnson says, the best part of every author is to be found.

WILL YOUNG ENGLAND FIGHT?

BY VERA BRITTAIN

I

ON February 9, 1933, the Oxford Union carried the famous controversial Resolution whose supporters refused to fight 'for King and Country.'

This historic debate was followed by a howl from die-hard opinion throughout the world. Stalwart colonels from Egypt and India flooded the press with letters deploring the corruption of modern youth by white-livered 'pacifists'; hard-bitten planters wrote from Ceylon and the Gold Coast comparing contemporary undergraduate 'degeneracy' with the patriotic he-men of their nobler times. All over the British Empire, Conservative newspaper editorials denounced young Oxford as decadent, neurotic, effeminate, and 'yellow.'

Astonished by this outburst of noisy publicity but unshaken in their convictions, the youthful critics of time-worn slogans continued their demonstrations in Oxford and elsewhere. The 'King and Country' debaters followed their motion by protests against the military character of the Armistice Day service, and against the circulation of Officers' Training Corps propaganda through the University. Where the discussion of the Oxford Resolution was permitted by other university authorities, it was nearly always passed by large majorities. Out of twenty-three universities and colleges which debated the motion, it was lost only in three.

Unorganized and spontaneous though it was, the movement spread to the British Dominions and America. Uni-

versities in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa followed England's example by carrying the Resolution. In the United States a ballot of over 20,000 students was taken. The result showed 6347 who proclaimed that they would fight for their country whenever they were called upon, 7742 who stated that they would fight only if their country was invaded, and 8938 who declared that they would not fight in any war whatever the circumstances.

These demonstrations of five years ago were significant in terms of the international background against which they occurred. The economic depression which hit America in 1929 did not strike England until 1931. That year, which ended the improvement in international relationships since 1925, saw also the first Japanese invasion of Manchuria, and the beginning of the League's long series of failures to prevent 'aggression.' The guns sounding from Shanghai, and the triumph of German Naziism during the spring of 1933, were hardly favorable auguries for the success of the so-called Disarmament Conference, then holding its Laodicean sessions. By the following October, Hitler's Germany had left both the Conference and the League of Nations.

Of these disturbing events, and their possible consequences for themselves, the young men and women of 1933 were conscious with an acute intelligent awareness which is perhaps the chief and is certainly the most valuable qual-

ity that distinguishes modern youth from the ignorant, idealistic, and too easily exploited generation of 1914. In an essay published in 1934, the twenty-two-year-old President of the Oxford Union, Keith Steel-Maitland, — son of the Right Honorable Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, a Conservative M. P. and former Minister of Labor, — expressed his views on war and peace in words which remain equally true in these present critical days both of his own contemporaries and of the younger men and women still up at the universities.

It may be necessary for Britain to embark upon a fresh war, but one thing is certain: that upon the merits of the case our contemporaries will not have their minds made up for them. It is becoming all too obvious that the experience of 'our elders' in foreign policy is synonymous with their particular prejudices. We have far too acute a realization of the vexed uncertainties, the disappointed aspirations, and the grinding injustices that are abroad in Europe to-day to believe that a divine solution of our difficulties can be arrived at by the fortuitous declaration of a war in which we don't believe and won't share. . . . The spread of informed knowledge ought to be the aim of all Progressive Conservatives, for it is the best possible insurance against those attacks of hysteria which are most likely to cause war.

The Oxford Resolution was important because it brought into the open, not only the strong anti-war feeling existing amongst the youth of 1933, but their clear-headed repudiation of the sentimental slogans by which their less critical predecessors had been deluded. Far from being entirely composed of uncompromising pacifists, the supporters of the 'King and Country' motion included economic sanctionists, military sanctionists, and believers in an international police force.

They were united by their refusal to respond to an old form of cant with an emotional patriotic appeal; they perceived the falsity of the time-worn propaganda which asserts that, whatever other nations may do, England fights

only for her honor and has nothing to gain from war. The experience of the war generation, and the national perplexities which surrounded their own youth, saved the post-war generation from living half a lifetime before they discovered that material aims not only enter into but dominate the war policy of Britain in exactly the same way as they dominate the policy of other nations, and that our arms are raised for purposes of 'defense' only because we have nothing further to gain from attack.

This skeptical pacifism was attributed by the young son of a Liberal M. P., Michael Foot, an Oxford undergraduate at the time of the debate, to three sources, the chief being youth's reaction to the deterioration of international affairs. Already, in August 1932, the Communist-inspired World Anti-War movement had sprung into being at the Amsterdam Conference as a protest against the apathy of statesmen. The Oxford Resolution was a similar gesture of exasperation with the 'old men' whose policy of drift had brought international relations to the edge of a Gadarene slope. This impatience was increased by a widespread reaction amongst undergraduates against the English public-school system, with its tendency to strengthen class loyalties and uphold the existing world order.

Finally, the released spate of war literature during the previous half decade had produced its effect. Scientific symposia describing the probable consequences of gas, aircraft, and bacteriological warfare were widely read and debated, and the most discussed personal war books of 1933 — such as Storm Jameson's *No Time Like the Present* and Beverley Nichols's *Cry Havoc* — appeared to be equally welcomed by all sections of the student peace movement. Nobody foresaw that in another five years these young men and women and their undergraduate successors would be divided into half a dozen or more varieties of controversial opinion.

II

The first event which severely tested the faith of pacifists both young and old was Mussolini's invasion of Abyssinia. Curiously enough, this act of aggression which proved the complete unworkableness of a sanctions policy led to an outcry for sanctions on the part of many peace workers who had hitherto questioned their ethical justification.

'Until then,' writes an undergraduate who went up to Oxford the year after the 'King and Country' debate, 'I was confident of my pacifism, because it meant to me that I would not fight to gain national or imperialist ends. But when Italy made her cowardly and scientifically barbarous attack on Abyssinia a new emotion was aroused in the hearts of many pacifists. . . . I wanted to protect Abyssinia, the weak, from Italy, the strong; I wanted my country to take the lead in enforcing a respect for the law of nations upon the aggressor — and that entailed the threat of force. I knew that the chief motive of the British Government might be the preservation of the Mediterranean as a highroad of the Empire, but I was willing to ignore that if Italy would be prevented from massacring a defenseless native people.'

Unhappily, the Abyssinian invasion was only one of a series of provocative policies and campaigns on the part of the 'aggressive' or 'Have-not' powers. Since the repudiation of the Hoare-Laval agreement by the House of Commons, many Liberals and Socialists have been brought dangerously close to new manifestations of war hysteria by the Jewish persecutions in Germany, the reoccupation of the Rhineland, the capitulation of Danzig to the Nazi terror, the Japanese massacres in Shanghai and Nan-king, and, more recently, by the German invasion of Austria and the acute threat to Czechoslovakia through her Sudeten German minority.

Faced by these catastrophes, the British Labor movement has split into three

sections, of which the first two have become increasingly bellicose with each new crisis. Major Attlee and the Parliamentary Labor Party demanded sanctions against Italy; under the leadership of Dr. Hugh Dalton and Sir Walter Citrine, the Trade-Union movement has since supported the Government's rearmament programme. Other Socialists, such as Professor Noel Baker and Denis Pritt, K. C., have declared in favor of rearmament provided that the arms be used to further 'League action.' In the third place a small but powerful minority, led by George Lansbury, Lord Ponsonby, and Dr. Alfred Salter, have joined the pacifist Peace Pledge Union.

Amongst the younger generation, one result of these events has been a steady hardening of opinion against Germany since 1933. Five years ago the supporters of the Oxford Resolution, like a large section of older British opinion, deplored the decade and a half of German misery which followed the Treaty of Versailles. The persecution of Germany and her democratic leaders, Stresemann and Brüning, was a recent and remorseful recollection; the inept provocations offered to German statesmen at the Disarmament Conference were contemporary occurrences.

To-day the universities house a generation which had barely reached political consciousness at the time of Hitler's accession to power. These young men and women associate Germany, not with the poverty, hunger, and humiliation which she suffered at the hands of the 'victors' in the war, but with Jewish atrocities, violated treaties, and threats to the security of democratic nations. The fact that the one situation arose from the other tends to be overlooked by those whose political memories are less than five years old. Like some of their elders they have largely been captured by the new jingoism and its attendant slogans, which present 'our Spanish brothers' and 'little Czechoslovakia' (the direct psychological de-

scendant of 'little Belgium') as the 'defenders of culture' and 'the bulwarks of civilization' against 'war and Fascism.'

A second consequence of the darkening international scene has been the disintegration of the peace movement itself into different groups, so that 'pacifism' in 1938 means something quite other than the 'pacifism' of 1933. Professor C. E. M. Joad has remarked that when he spoke at Oxford in favor of the 'King and Country' motion nobody realized that the Pacifists and the supporters of Collective Security were two classes and not one. Much less did anybody imagine that by 1938 these two groups would have become opponents, whose leaders would be too deeply divided by a difference of principle to appear on each other's platforms.

Thus the now immediate question 'Would the youth of England fight in another war?' must be considered in terms of the principal alignments in Great Britain to-day — not only in the peace movement, which in any case represents a small though very articulate minority, but throughout the country as a whole. It cannot be answered except by a comparison of these alignments, with a view to discovering which opinion is most likely to prevail if war succeeds the present crisis.

III

One of the largest permanent groups of British opinion is still that of the militaristic patriots whose motto for living, unshaken by the progress of thought and the lessons of history, still remains 'My country, right or wrong.' Low, the cartoonist, has satirized them — probably for all time, since the name is becoming part of our vocabulary — in the world-famous figure of 'Colonel Blimp.'

The influence of this group is apt to be underestimated because it is less articulate than the rest; its ranks are composed of persons who feel and act rather than think. Their strength lies chiefly in their

wealth and hereditary power, combined with the robust health and physical attractiveness which spring from these advantages. Their ideas, in so far as these can be distinguished from their emotions, centre round the time-worn belief that the way to maintain peace is to prepare for war.

Disregarding the fact that the pre-war international anarchy made Armageddon inevitable sooner or later, these militarists argue that if Britain had made it clear in 1914 that she would stand by France the Great War would have been averted. Their conviction that peace can always be secured by our own nation's being stronger than any possible combination of hostile powers was expressed during the war in a jingoistic rhyme printed on the cover of the militant magazine, *John Bull*: —

Come the four quarters of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to herself will be but true.

Those who use this argument complacently disregard the fact that exactly the same thesis is being advocated in Germany, Italy, Japan, Russia, France, and the United States, thus causing their calculations to be based upon an arithmetical impossibility. Their policy may postpone war but can never abolish it, since competitive armaments, secret treaties, and the other ingredients of international anarchy are all part of their stock in trade.

A second group, which is equally uncompromising from a precisely opposite angle, is that of the Communists and near-Communists, whose numbers have greatly increased since the foundation of the Left Book Club in May 1936. This club was formed by a powerful triumvirate, composed of the publisher Victor Gollancz, Professor Harold Laski (two leading representatives of English Jewry whose policy, in the light of Nazi anti-Semitism, is inevitably influenced by racial resentment), and John Strachey, now widely known as Exponent Number One of British Communism.

The exact number of genuine Marxists in the Left Book Club cannot easily be estimated, since many Socialists loyal to the Labor Party belong to the movement owing to the educational value of its publications. British Communism has many of the same aims as British Socialism, but its strategy is entirely different. The Socialist believes that Socialism, particularly in a democratic country like Great Britain, can be achieved through the expanded framework of the Parliamentary system; the Communist holds that even in England it can come only as the result of violent revolution and the forcible overthrow of the propertied classes.

British Communists, whose chief adversaries are the patriotic militarists of Group I, fervently desire the ultimate abolition of war, but they believe that permanent peace will be attained only when the whole world has been transformed into a Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Since international war is thought to serve this purpose by creating a revolutionary situation, pacifism is no part of present Communist policy. The chief service of the Communists to peace lies in their emphasis upon the economic causes of war, since these are liable to be overlooked by the average half-informed citizen who does not read such illuminating documents as the Van Zeeland Report.

The third large body of political opinion is derived from those who still stand by the League of Nations and 'collective security.' Ten years ago this group, whose members were and are still gathered within the now diminishing ranks of the League of Nations Union, represented in embryo a world of united law-observers who would combine in overwhelming numbers to restrain an aggressive disturber of the peace. Even in 1933 the supporters of the League included many real internationalists and pacifists, who regarded it as the finest example of peace machinery devised by the mind of man, and believed it — de-

spite the warning lessons of Manchuria and the Disarmament Conference — to be still capable of use in the interests of a new international system.

During the past five years the gradual weakening of the League by the defection of various powers has changed it from the object of pacifist hopes into a Balance of Power alliance of the old type. Germany and the other defeated powers of the Great War have always regarded the League as the Allied instrument for maintaining an unjust *status quo*. Since the establishment under League auspices of the International Peace Campaign, with its insistence upon the 'sanctity of treaties' even when these were the product of most unholy emotions, this is exactly what the League has become. The object of its supporters, like that of the supporters of the Balance of Power, the Holy Alliance, the Concert of Europe, and other similar historic expedients, is to gather a preponderance of power behind their own interpretation of 'justice.'

A 'punitive war' waged on behalf of 'the League' would differ neither in character nor in results from the old punitive wars of an imperialist type, since 'collective security' is to-day no more than a sanctimonious name for an anti-German alliance, cherished by its upholders as a combination of the 'democratic' powers (which so strangely include Russia) against 'Fascist aggression.' The pious talk prevalent a year or so ago about 'a Franco-Soviet Pact supported by Great Britain to guarantee collective security through the League of Nations' barely disguised the fact that this gilded angel of internationalism was merely the ghost of the Triple Entente sitting crowned upon the grave of the Covenant. To-day even Geneva enthusiasts have all but ceased to pretend that when they talk of 'a League of peace-loving powers' they mean anything but Britain, France, and Russia allied against Germany, Italy, and Japan.

Since they occupy an increasingly discredited position, the 'pacifists' of the

League of Nations Union have recently lost many members both to the Communists, who still regard the League of Nations as a capitalist institution which Russia has joined merely as a strategic expedient, and to the genuine pacifists, who now perceive in 'collective security' one of the time-dishonored moral camouflages behind which the profiteers of power politics reassemble their forces. Many pacifists who for years supported the League of Nations in the belief that it was a genuine and hopeful experiment in internationalism suffered months of mental conflict when they discovered that their erstwhile colleagues were busily, if blindly, betraying the cause of peace. The failure of the League has at least taught them that they can never find a spiritual home amid the 'compromise' policies of those who begin their campaign for 'peace' by advocating war.

The exponents of present-day British pacifism are chiefly drawn from the Society of Friends, the survivors of the wartime conscientious objectors, and the men and women who were converted — like Siegfried Sassoon, Max Plowman, and Storm Jameson — to a belief in pacifism by their war experience. But the rank and file of the movement is largely composed of university students and young men and women in many businesses and professions, who are old enough to understand the political and economic lessons of the Great War, but too newly adult to have ever been deceived by the once plausible face of 'collective security.'

The organizations which have enlisted their support include the Friends Peace Committee, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the numerous Anglican and Non-conformist Peace Fellowships, and the large and rapidly growing undenominational Peace Pledge Union, with its membership of 120,000, founded in 1936 by Canon H. R. L. Sheppard and George Lansbury. There is a peculiar significance in the fact that the Left Book Club and the Peace Pledge Union were started

within a few weeks of each other by personalities whose response to the growing danger of the international situation took a diametrically opposite form. The first group made use of existing hatreds to foster the development of a particular ideology; the second took the view that hatred itself is an evil which can only lead to evil results.

Contrary to popular misconceptions, pacifist policy is based upon a belief, not in passivity before an aggressor, but in nonviolent resistance such as Gandhi has successfully carried out in his non-coöperation campaign in India, and the disarmed Germans maintained during the French invasion of the Ruhr. Its interpreters hold that unilateral disarmament, though admittedly perilous, is infinitely less dangerous than the provocative competition in armaments which has never led to anything but war. In their view, the world is divided, not into 'virtuous' and 'wicked' powers, but into possession-loving nations who will fight with equal ferocity either to defend the territory that they have already seized or to acquire that which they covet.

The members of the Peace Pledge Union, whose pledge requires their signature to the words 'I renounce war, and never again will I support or sanction another,' believe that 'fighting Fascism' by arms can only result in the imitation of its methods and the consequent downfall of democracy in the democratic countries which go to war. They advocate instead the abandonment of power politics in favor of sincere and constructive provisions designed to achieve social justice, and 'to meet the economic requirements of the large masses of poverty-stricken people to be found in varying degree among all nations of the earth.'

IV

The part likely to be played by British youth if this latest crisis leads to war depends upon the relative strength of

these different groups. Their liability to permutations and combinations of outlook has been illustrated by a recently published Oxford symposium entitled *Would I Fight?* in which eleven contributors, all recently undergraduates, reveal not only their own diverse views, but the cross sections of opinion into which British youth is now divided. They agree only in being strongly humanitarian, clearly conscious of their international background, keenly perceptive of all forms of humbug, and unmitigatedly contemptuous of the Church of England for the inglorious 'compromise' which attempts to combine lip service to Christ with the championship of rearmament.

From other parts of the country comes evidence which endorses both the variety and (in some cases) the confusion of thought characteristic of these Oxford essayists.

'I have never known young men so thoroughly international in spirit as these young men,' writes a Manchester business man, the father of three sons between eighteen and twenty-five, whose work brings him closely into contact with the younger generation. 'They have no prejudices against other nations and no hatreds; the idea of killing young men of other countries seems just "damned silly" to them. . . . They definitely think war is silly and bestial. It never enters their heads that they would not instantly respond to a call if war broke out — for they firmly assume that war could only come about by England being attacked. . . . Our pacifist young men have the ideas, but my group have virility and character — with an inadequate analysis of moral cause and effect.'

Farther north, the association of pacifism with nonvirility is no longer substantiated. In October 1937, when

Canon Sheppard stood as pacifist candidate for the Rectorial election at Glasgow University, where the students are notoriously 'tough' and 'Red,' he was elected by a large majority over his three opponents, Winston Churchill, the left-wing Professor J. B. S. Haldane, and the Scottish Nationalist Professor Macneile Dixon. At the new Rectorial election in October, made necessary by Canon Sheppard's tragic death a week after his success, the candidature of Mr. Laurence Housman, the famous playwright who has been a lifelong pacifist, will again test the sincerity of Scottish pacifism. If war by that time has actually come, or is obviously unavoidable, the test will be severe.

Unless England is attacked — a possibility definitely repudiated by Hitler's final Nuremberg speech unless she herself chooses to enlarge the field of conflict — there will be little enthusiasm for war among the 'under thirties,' who agree with most of their elders that the collapse of European civilization is a somewhat disproportionate price to pay for Czechoslovakia's possession of a strategic frontier. But if, as is more likely, the problem is magnified by war hysteria into a 'League' struggle to defend 'collective security' against 'Fascist aggression,' the influx of volunteers will probably be greater than the British Government could have hoped for at the time of the Oxford Resolution.

Nevertheless, the number who will refuse to fight is likely to be greater than in 1914. At the moment it is sufficient to overtax the resources of existing British prisons, and the twenty years' background of deplorable error out of which the present catastrophe has arisen is unlikely to convert any serious pacifist to patriotic enthusiasm for a new attempt to save democracy at world cost.

TO A COMPANY OF SCHOLARS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY MAURICE B. CRAMER

WE are the brazen-bottomed ones
In patient sedentary pants;
We cut our cake with filing cards
And count the commas of romance.

Our voices ever soft and low
With unction like a hierophant's,
We lave each word with amorous tongue
Anointing all the consonants.

With grasshopper garrulity
We sometimes gossip of the wrecks
The living make, of war and death,
As pent-up schoolboys talk of sex.

We have no cheerful human lust,
Too timid for the genial bed,
But fumble in the startled dust
Of the unimpassioned dead,

And gender from this stale embrace
By concentrating all our skills
A half-pint can for measuring
The yellow mist on Malvern Hills.

FIVE O'CLOCK HOUR

BY MILDRED BOIE

Stop on the five o'clock steps, the door
Closed on the tidy desk, the notes
Holding to-morrow asleep; once more
Breathe the night's peace into your throats
And look at the lights blossom on tree,
On shining street; the neon signs
Like wheels of fire impossibly
Real and diurnal; willows and pines
Lacing the pink and citied sky
With the water, free of boat and swan,
With the grass yellow to darkened eye,
The benches empty, the strollers gone.
This is your hour, hung between
Office and home, efficiency filed
And love to come. This is your scene,
Free of demands, undomiciled.
Oh working women, hide your bright
Handcuffs beneath your little night.

WE SAIL AT DAWN

BY C. F. MACINTYRE

BETWEEN the black warehouses, dull to dawn,
towards funnels, masts, and the dock where cotton bales
bulge for pecunious looms down time, and bulls
bellow to have eventual landing done . . .
behind the bleak hills lurks legitimate sun.

Fog sleeps on the wharves. Cabmen, fishmongers
smoke in the dying darkness, desperate to dock rats.
The stowaways that escaped the three weeks' hunger
crawl from under the pier where flotsam rots
and want to ship eastwards at the cheapest rates.

Gesticulate Portuguese have bought the dead,
Jews in lifeboats paddle behind the wake
to salvage refuse and the soon subdued;
the Chinamen have shrewdly bought the weak,
counting upon abacus those that have died.

.

But now the sun, the song when anchors rise
to the screeching winches on the forward deck.
The helmsman takes the orient in his eyes,
the mate shouts 'Anchors aweigh,' and the crew 'Aye-ayes' . . .
the aliens count their profits and finger their dirks.

Surf-scum, garbage drifting, and gifts to gulls.
The coffee-smell from the galley, tall sails unclewed,
the purser checking the bales and the bawling bulls,
the hatches closed, the ship in a canvas cloud
before a wind on the beam, and the harbor cleared.

Holystone the deck. Get up the paint
to revirginate the ship before the ice
thrusts growling towards the prow by Malice Point.
The cook is mending his pants by the crew's advice.
The captain commands the wind with a calm clear voice.

PROFITS AND PROSPERITY

BY SUMNER H. SLICHTER

FOR a second time the government is experimenting with 'pump priming' as a method of reviving business. During the current fiscal year, federal expenditures will reach a new peacetime high — 500 million dollars above 1936, the year of the soldiers' bonus. The deficit will be 3.5 billions, possibly more. This huge deficit, coming at a time when inventories are being worked off and when housing shows signs of improvement, may be expected to produce encouraging gains in business. But will the improvement last? Or will the experience of 1936-1937 be repeated? Under the impetus of large government spending shall we have a brisk but brief bulge in business followed by another collapse? Plainly the generation of a real carry-over from government spending to a self-sustaining and enduring expansion of private business is the most urgent economic problem of the day. How can we achieve such a carry-over? What can we learn from the experience of 1936 and 1937? What must we do to avoid past mistakes and to make this second attempt to prime the pump produce a sustained recovery?

I

The best way to begin the answers to these questions is to ask why the boom of 1936 and 1937 was so brief and the collapse so severe. The most significant fact about the business activity in 1936 and 1937 is that it was based almost entirely upon short-term expectations.

In 1937, for example, when industrial production was about the same as in 1928, purchases of capital goods by industry were 20 per cent below 1928. In 1936 industrial production was 5 per cent above the 1923-1925 average, but business bought 29 per cent less of capital goods than its average annual purchases during 1923-1925. Even more important, capital goods in 1936 and 1937 were bought almost entirely to make replacements rather than to execute long-term plans. This is indicated by the fact that purchases of many kinds of industrial equipment reached new highs but industrial and commercial construction remained very low. Machine-tool orders, for example, early in 1937 touched a new peacetime peak, while expenditures on new stores, warehouses, and factories were dragging along at less than two thirds the level of the depressed year 1924. That the purchases were mainly for replacements is indicated also by the fact that the money for capital goods came almost entirely from unexpended depreciation allowances rather than from the sale of new issues in the open market. Indeed, only about one dollar out of every four spent for capital goods was raised by new security issues.

With the volume of business activity fairly high, but based almost entirely upon short-term expectations, the American economy was in an exceedingly vulnerable position in the winter and spring of 1937. There was no substantial cushion of demand, based upon long-

term plans and expectations, to limit the drop in business in the event of an unfavorable turn in the short-term outlook. We discovered this to our sorrow when the speculative buying of commodities collapsed in April 1937. When work on old orders ran out, the ensuing drop in production was one of the sharpest in the country's history. Contrast the low level of long-term buying in 1937 with the situation during the depressions of 1921 and 1924, when demand based upon long-term plans went far to cushion the decline. The purchase of capital goods and housing by business and private individuals in 1921 was only 25 per cent below 1920, and in 1924 it was actually above 1923. Furthermore, new security issues by domestic corporations in 1921 were nearly two thirds as large as in 1920, and even during the two worst quarters of the depression in 1924 were actually larger than in 1923.

II

Why was the buying of capital goods based upon long-term plans so low in 1936 and 1937? Some people cite as explanation of the situation the disturbed labor conditions, the Supreme Court fight, or the generally unsatisfactory relations between government and business. Doubtless these conditions had some effect, but they were, I believe, of secondary importance. Business men do not worry too much about their relations with labor or the government when profits are fairly satisfactory and the outlook for profits is favorable. The all-important fact about 1936 and 1937 is that profits over large parts of industry were either dangerously low or absent altogether.

This is a fact which has generally escaped attention because most of us get our impressions of profits from the reports of several hundred large companies which issue published statements. There are, however, about 400,000 active corporations in this country, and the

bulk of business is still done by small concerns which issue no public reports. Until one knows how the 400,000 are faring, one does not know the real condition of American industry. Unfortunately the latest figures available on the profits of corporations in general are for 1935. Professor W. L. Crum, who has reworked the Treasury figures, estimates corporate earnings in 1935 at 1.7 billion dollars. The profits of 168 industrials reported by the New York Federal Reserve Bank in 1936 were 62 per cent above 1935, and, during the first three quarters of 1937, 25 per cent above 1936. If we may assume that corporate earnings as a whole increased at the same rate (an optimistic assumption), then the total for 1936 would be 2.7 billion dollars, and during the first three quarters of 1937 the annual rate would be 3.3 billions.

To judge the adequacy of profits in 1936 and 1937, it is necessary to compare them with other years. Let us take the year 1924, a year of mild depression, when industrial production was 5 per cent above 1935 but 10 per cent below 1936, and nearly 15 per cent below 1937. Professor Crum estimates corporate earnings in 1924 at just under 5 billions, which is nearly three times the earnings in 1935, 84 per cent above the apparent earnings of 1936, and 50 per cent above our rough estimate for 1937! In the remarkably low level of profits even as late as 1935, 1936, and 1937 is found the chief explanation for the disposition of managers to confine the buying of capital goods to replacement needs and their reluctance to embark on long-term programmes of improvement and expansion.

That profits were dangerously low is confirmed also by the fact that as late as 1935 only one out of three active corporations reported any net earnings, and also by Dun and Bradstreet's studies of business births and deaths, which indicate that not until 1936 did births of business enterprises begin to

exceed business deaths in appreciable number. In 1935 the number of enterprises was almost stationary. The balance between births and deaths is always a good means of judging whether a given form of life is flourishing.

III

This survey of the situation in 1936 and 1937 shows plainly the problem which confronts us. Achieving a carry-over from 'pump priming' to sustained recovery depends essentially upon restoring business profits to a safe level. That is the core of the problem of recovery. It means that the problem, although of great concern to the government, is primarily a responsibility of business managements, because only they are able to do very much about costs, selling prices, volume of sales, and profits.

The dangerously low level of profits presents a different problem for different industries. In some cases where the demand for the product is very sensitive to price changes and where producers have much idle capacity, profits would be increased by reducing selling prices. There are probably many such situations because sellers of all kinds, whether they be business men, labor unions, or organizations of farmers, seem to suffer from a mental bias that leads them to underestimate the response of demand to lower prices. As a result, when the seller is able to fix the price (whether of goods or of labor), he usually sets it a little too high even from the standpoint of achieving the maximum net income for himself.

This situation is probably less prevalent to-day than is usually the case, because most industries have not yet had time to adjust their costs to the drop in prices that has occurred since 1929. Since that date the price level of finished products has fallen 10 per cent, but the average price of factory labor has risen 21 per cent. At the present moment,

therefore, the low level of profits in most industries seems to be a result of costs which are too high relative to selling prices, rather than selling prices which are too high relative to demand.

If selling prices in most industries are too low in relation to costs, why not restore profits by raising selling prices? On this particular point the experience of 1936-1937 is illuminating, for it indicates that the American consumer is strongly disposed to resist higher prices — even when his income is growing comfortably. Between the fall of 1936 and the early summer of 1937, non-agricultural labor income increased 6.2 per cent and the cost of living about 3.3 per cent. Despite the fact that consumer incomes were outrunning living costs, the distribution of goods to consumers actually declined during the period by 2.7 per cent. The strong disposition of consumers to resist higher prices is likely to defeat efforts to restore profits in most industries by raising prices.

If neither price decreases nor price increases promise in most industries to raise profits to safe levels, only one alternative remains — reduction in costs. This sentence may cause some readers to jump to the conclusion that wages should be cut, but that does not follow. There are many ways of cutting costs, and, except in some desperate situations or in a few cases where a prohibitively high price of labor is seriously restricting labor's earnings (as in the building trades in many cities), general wage cuts would be a mistake. They would unsettle prices and induce postponement of commitments. Furthermore, the good will and coöperation of labor are worth more to most employers than a 10 per cent reduction in wages.

This does not mean that adjustments of many individual rates are not needed, or, more important, that new rates are not needed for new lines and types of work. The other day I was in a large clothing factory where a progressive union is making it possible for the em-

ployer to get into a new market by giving him new rates on a new line of goods. Several days later I visited a furniture factory where the inability of the management to negotiate new rates for a new line with the union is keeping the company out of an attractive market and depriving the men of much-needed employment.

In some instances the wage structure of an industry is obsolete, and compensation is computed by methods which discourage employers from making improvements in their methods, product, or service. This has been true in the hosiery industry, and the hosiery workers' union is now working out new wage scales for the purpose of encouraging manufacturers to buy new and better equipment. The example of this union might well be followed by the railroad industry, where the methods of computing the compensation of the train service employees are obsolete and not well designed to encourage the roads to run a larger number of faster and lighter trains.

In general, however, the much-needed reductions in costs must be achieved by better management, improvements in methods of production, and the use of more and better equipment. Savings by these methods take time, and it would be a remarkable accomplishment for managements in two or three years to cut costs sufficiently so that profits in general would be up to the level of 1924 in the absence of artificial inflation of incomes by a government deficit. Observe that the purchase of new labor-saving equipment is particularly useful in raising the volume of employment, because the labor required to make a machine is several times the amount of labor it saves each year. In order that the gain in employment should continue, however, business managements must maintain expenditures at the new high level by promptly passing on the savings in costs and the increases of profits in the form of new expenditures for capital

equipment or increases in dividends. Later, after reasonable profits have been restored, prices should be reduced as new savings are made. Unless one of these courses is followed, the reduction of costs becomes a process by which money gravitates into idle deposits held by business enterprises, and the volume of spending and employment in the community drops.

IV

Although the task of producing a carry-over from 'pump priming' to a sustained revival of private industry is primarily a responsibility of business, the help of the government is urgently needed. This is the seventh successive year of a huge budget deficit. Obviously the Federal Government cannot go on indefinitely supporting our economy — for notice that it is our whole economy that is on the dole, not merely the unemployed. Furthermore, the very fact that 'pump priming' failed to produce a sustained carry-over in 1936 and 1937 will make one more difficult to achieve this time. When business improves, enterprises will be cautious about responding to the improvement because they will fear that it will not last. What, then, might the government do to promote a carry-over?

Let it endeavor to speed up a resumption of the normal flow of capital into the important fields of railroads and electrical utilities. For some years enterprises in these fields have been buying capital goods only on a hand-to-mouth basis, and, even at the best, two or three years will probably be required to restore a normal demand for capital goods by the railroads and the electrical utilities. The greatest need of the railroads is more traffic. Revival in business and the imposition of adequate taxes on trucks and buses (which do not contribute enough to pay their share of the cost and upkeep of the highways) will help the roads to get more business, but the roads also need lower rates, which means

that they must have lower operating costs, and better credit, which also means lower operating costs and, in addition, greatly reduced fixed charges.

The receivership of a third of the mileage offers a golden opportunity to scale down fixed charges drastically at the points where they are most excessive. Technological change and better management must be the main reliance for reducing operating costs. Substantial savings, however, could be achieved in many instances by pooling traffic, consolidating terminals, changing obsolete methods of computing the compensation of employees (which often result in a man's earning a day's pay or more in from three to five hours), and by modifying certain exorbitant charges for extra service — charges which usually benefit no one because they prevent the service from being performed.

Powerful special interests among security holders, managements, and employees have prevented reform of capital structure, pooling of traffic and terminals, and methods of compensation. Indeed, scarcely a single major recommendation of the recent coördinator of transportation has been adopted. Determined and persistent leadership from the government is needed to show the several groups in the industry that they are undermining their own interests.

The electrical utility industry is in the midst of being reformed by the government after large parts of it have been the footballs of financial adventurers. The reforms are necessary and will take several years to complete. Until they are made, much of this young and rapidly growing industry will buy capital goods only for its immediate needs. The industry could hasten the process of reform by retiring from office in some holding companies executives whose past record entitles them to the confidence neither of the government, of the consumers, nor of their own stockholders. It is important that the government speed the reform of the industry.

It is also important that the government increase the attractiveness of the industry to private capital by accepting some rather elementary rules of fair competition between public and private plants.

For the Federal Government to offer large gifts to induce municipalities to duplicate private plants does not make sense. Certainly each city should pay for its own plant. Recently the Federal Government announced that it would give private companies an opportunity to sell out at a fair price before it gave or lent the money for a competing plant. It turns out, however, that this offer applies only to distributing facilities, and that the 'fair' price is set by a cabinet officer. The offer should be broadened to include generating and transmission facilities, and the fair price should be made by a quasi-judicial body such as a special board of arbitration appointed by the buyer and the seller.

Let the government sponsor reforms in the income tax designed to encourage capital to take risks in private industry. Obviously it is ridiculous to penalize capital heavily when it creates jobs by entering private industry and to reward it generously by exemption from taxation when it seeks safety (and too often non-productive employment) in state or municipal bonds. The law should be modified to tax income from all future government bond issues (federal, state, and local) the same as income from private bond issues. In order to encourage corporations to procure funds by stock issues rather than to pile up debts, income from dividends should be taxed at a lower rate than income from bonds.

Let the government foster the launching of new business enterprises by retaining the recently liberalized features of the capital-gains tax and by increasing still further the allowable deductions for capital losses provided the asset has been held five years or more. The reader can appreciate the importance of generous

offsets for capital losses on assets held for a few years if he will recall the origins of business enterprises in his own town. Many of them were started by a local capitalist's picking a young business man of promise, backing him with funds, and giving him a chance to buy a share in the business out of profit. Thousands of factories, stores, mines, and real-estate developments began in this manner. No bank, no insurance company, no government agency, could afford to put money into brand-new ventures of this sort — the risk must be taken by someone who backs his judgment with his own funds.

The venturesome capital which starts new enterprises is particularly deserving of encouragement because it helps keep industry dynamic and competition vigorous. It deserves better treatment than it has received from the tax laws. The income-tax law has been niggardly in permitting the backers of risky ventures to charge the losses from their bad guesses against the income from their good ones. If we wish to encourage them to take chances and to start new enterprises rather than buy gilt-edge bonds, we should permit them to charge capital losses generously against income, particularly after the asset has been held for several years.

Most important of all, let the government use its influence to bring about a substantial reduction in the cost of building. As a goal I suggest a reduction of 20 per cent by the end of 1940. This is particularly important because for several years at least the country must rely upon the building industry to offset the low demand for capital goods by the railroads and electrical utilities.

The potential demand for housing is very large — it might easily be 3.5 or 4 billion dollars a year (as it was from 1922 to 1928) instead of 1.3 billions as in 1937. American consumers are huge purchasers of durable consumers' goods — furniture, radios, refrigerators, as well as automobiles. Last year they

spent 5.1 billions for durable consumers' goods *in addition* to their expenditures for new houses and automobiles! This was substantially more than all the factories, mines, and railroads of the country spent for capital goods! The diversion of only half a billion dollars a year from the buying of durable consumers' goods would represent the annual payment on several billion dollars of new housing. There is no reason why the housing industry should not get a substantially larger share of the huge market for durable consumers' goods provided it were willing to give the consumer much more for his dollar.

During the last fifteen years radios, automobiles, refrigerators, and other durable consumers' goods have been greatly reduced in price and improved in quality. Houses have been improved, though not enough, and their price is little changed. Building materials average only 5 per cent below the level at the peak of the building boom, and building wages in most places are now actually 10 to 20 per cent higher than at the crest of the boom! As a result, housing has been losing out in competition with automobiles, refrigerators, and other durable consumers' goods ever since 1926. Even during the last two years, despite the low level of activity in the housing industry, the Federal Home Loan Bank Board estimates that the cost of a six-room house has advanced 13 per cent.

Labor might make its contribution to lower building costs by accepting a 10 per cent reduction in hourly rates and by guaranteeing a 10 per cent increase in efficiency. A cut of 20 per cent in the price of houses might reasonably be expected to raise the annual earnings of workers in the building trades by one fourth to one third, and possibly even more. In addition it would create many thousands of jobs outside the construction industry proper, and would afford an attractive outlet for the investment of hundreds of millions of dollars of idle savings.

V

Few people realize it, but we have been living in a shrinking economy almost continuously since the end of 1930 — that is, we have been consuming private capital faster than we have been replacing it. The net shrinkage in industrial equipment since that time is about six billion dollars. Industry now has about four million more potential wage earners than in 1929, but much less capital. In relation to man power, capital is far scarcer to-day than it was ten or even more years ago. We tried to stop the shrinkage of our economy by raising the price of labor in the hope that this would enlarge consumer markets and thus stimulate expansion of plants, but unfortunately we made costs so high and profits so low that, except for a brief period in 1936 and 1937, industry did not buy new equipment as fast as old equipment wore out. The higher price of labor limited employment so that in 1937, when wage rates were from 10 to 25 per cent above 1929, labor incomes, exclusive of relief payments, were 43.5 billion dollars against 50.2 billions in 1929. Even at the lower cost of living in 1937, labor incomes would buy slightly less than in 1929.

Our survey indicates, however, that there is no reason, at least as far as domestic conditions are concerned, why we should continue to endure a contracting economy and the huge volume of unemployment that goes with it. Only the unsatisfactory outlook for profits prevents industry from becoming busy making up the huge deficiency in its equipment. The special obstacles to the flow of funds into the railroad, electrical utility, and housing industries can all be removed. The high costs which keep down profits and obstruct expansion throughout industry in general can be reduced by better management, improved methods, and the purchase of more modern equipment. The very process of reducing costs will increase

employment in the capital-goods industries and thus raise the demand for consumers' goods. Several years, of course, will be required to do these things, and, more important, a certain capacity for action on the part of the community, a determination to overcome obstacles to expansion and to insist that conditions be made attractive for investment. The government will undoubtedly have to support our economy on a large scale until 1940 or later, but domestic obstacles to a self-sustaining revival of private business are not irremovable.

Recent foreign developments, on the other hand, raise grave doubts as to whether even a substantial improvement in domestic conditions will bring about a satisfactory recovery of business. The rapid rise of a powerful and imperialistic Germany compels all business managers to adjust their plans to the possibility of a European upheaval. The great risks introduced into business by international uncertainties may prevent even a substantial improvement in profits from producing a large increase in investment. In that case we may face the necessity of fundamental changes in our economy.

Neither the taxpayers nor the unemployed are likely to tolerate indefinitely more or less unproductive public works and the dole as devices for offsetting the deficiency in private investment. Sooner or later they are likely to put someone in office with a blank mandate to 'do something' to relieve the taxpayer of the necessity of supporting the unemployed. That something is likely to be an attempt to compensate for the deficiency in private investment by the entrance of the government into industry on a substantial scale. This situation will raise the crucial question of how the government can engage in production without discouraging private investment — in other words, how it can compensate for the deficiency in private investment without aggravating the

very deficiency which it is trying to offset.

As revival occurs and as incomes expand, the people of the country will attempt to increase their savings. As they do, it is important that they promptly find attractive opportunities for investment. Otherwise their efforts to save more will cause the volume of spending to decrease, and with it the volume of production and employment. Rough estimates indicate that, in the light of the disposition of Americans to save, annual purchases of capital goods and housing of roughly 14 billion dollars will be necessary in order that production and employment may continue to rise until all nonseasonal unemployment is eliminated. This assumes that the government will buy about 2.5 billion dollars of capital goods a year — the usual amount.

Given reasonably favorable conditions, such as a moderate reduction in costs throughout industry and a 20 per cent cut in the price of houses, an annual private expenditure of 14 billion dollars for capital goods and housing is far from fantastic. It is only three billions above the level of 1929, which was nearly ten years ago. Industrial equipment and housing are wearing out at the rate of 7.5 billion dollars a year. The annual net increase in the wage-earning population is about 500,000. A new investment of at least two billion dollars a year and possibly much more is needed simply to give the new entrants into industry the shelter, power, equipment, and tools they need. Not until we spend more than this amount in addition to replacements do we begin to raise the productivity of industry per employee. Whether or not

we shall escape the necessity of developing public enterprises in order to supplement the deficiency of private enterprises will depend upon whether private purchases of capital goods and housing within the next few years rise fairly close to 14 billion dollars a year.

An annual expenditure of 14 billions on capital goods and housing would mean about 8,000,000 new jobs. It would keep the steel industry operating at capacity; it would more than double employment in the construction industry; it would give forty hours of work a week to hundreds of thousands of men who are now getting two or three days; it would give real jobs to at least two out of three WPA workers; it would open real opportunities to thousands of high-school and college graduates who now feel themselves caught in blind-alley jobs; it would increase the demand for farm products by at least 10 per cent and probably much more.

It is an objective within the country's grasp provided we are willing to insist that domestic conditions be made reasonably favorable to investment, and provided the international situation is not too unfavorable. It is a reform no less worth striving for than insurance for the unemployed, decent security for the aged, adequate care and insurance for the sick. If hope of accomplishing it in the foreseeable future becomes dim, then we must face the problem of how the government can make up the deficiency in private investment by entering industry in such a way and on such terms that the expansion of public enterprise will also encourage the expansion of private enterprise.

CORPORAL HARDY

BY RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

I

IN those days, during the haying season, it was my duty to keep the men in the fields supplied with sufficient cooling drink to enable them to support the heat and burden of the day. According to our established practice, this cooling drink consisted of cold water from the spring, flavored, for some obscure New England reason, with molasses, and it had to be freshly renewed every hour. We had plenty of ice in the icehouse, but there was a stubborn tradition that ice water was 'bad' for men working in hayfields under the hot sun.

So every hour I carried down a brown jug containing the innocent mixture of 'molasses 'n' water' to the hands, each one of whom would pause in his work, throw the jug over his upper arm, drink deeply thereof, wipe the sweat off his forehead, say 'Thanks, Bub,' and go on making hay. I was only ten years old, but it was no hardship to carry the jug, and it was fun to see their Adam's apples working as they drank.

This was routine practice on our Connecticut farm. Mostly the farm hands — 'hired men,' we called them — came back to the house at noon and ate in the kitchen, after washing up at the pump outside. But in haymaking season each man sought a patch of shade, and his meal was carried to him there, to be eaten in the fields. I suppose the men's overheated bodies cooled off in the wisps of breeze drifting across the scorching 'mowings' more effectively and comfortably than would have been possible

in a hot summer kitchen. I am sure that my father did everything he could to make their lot as comfortable and healthy as possible. He worked with them, under the same conditions, setting them an example of careful, efficient labor. He differed from his men only in the fact that he was always cleanly shaved, that he gave orders and directions, and that he wore a silk shirt even in the hayfields. Nobody objected in the least to this token, for he was 'the owner,' and he had been to college, and everyone admitted that he was fair and square.

On such occasions, when the men were given their 'dinners' out of doors, I always carried his victuals to Mr. Hardy, because I liked to sit with him while he ate and listen to his stories. I think he enjoyed talking, in his racy Connecticut vernacular, to such a fascinated audience of one. He was a Civil War veteran, like my father, who, however, had been too young to enlist until the last year of the war and had seen almost no active service. But Mr. Hardy was a soldier. Congress had given him a medal — of honor — and all men regarded him with respect.

As I look back and remember his stories, I think he must have been the most modest man I have ever known. Certainly he never thought of himself as a hero. He would accept no pension. 'I'm able-bodied. I can work, can't I?' But, alas, he was not really able-bodied. He had been grievously wounded several times, and in 1895, when I fetched and carried for him and sat at his feet, it was

pitiful to see his valiant efforts to fork hay on the wagon or do the other farming tasks which require muscular strength. He was thin and bent, but his face was brown and clean and his blue eyes bright and indomitable.

My father employed Mr. Hardy whenever there was work to give him, and treated him — I did not, at that time, know why — differently from the other hired men. He was poor, he lived alone, he was unsuccessful, and in New England then we rated people by their comparative 'success.' But he worked stoutly and asked no favors of anyone. It was generally conceded that Mr. Hardy, if a failure, was nevertheless a good man.

I remember the last day I served him. I brought him his dinner in a basket — cold meat 'n' potatoes, 'n' bread 'n' butter, 'n' cold coffee, 'n' pie. He was seated in the shade of an oak tree, leaning against a stack of hay. I put the food down beside him and sat down, hugging my knees and rocking back and forth. It was pleasant there, with the smell of the hay and the drone of the bees, and the good, warm feeling of the earth.

Mr. Hardy lay back against the haymow. 'Thanks, Jackie,' he said. 'I don't seem to be hungry to-day. It's hot and this tree don't give much shade. Why, dammit, it's like that mean little oak tree down to Chancellorsville.'

I said, 'Oh, Mr. Hardy, you've told me about Antietam and the Wilderness, but you've never told me about Chancellorsville. What was it like?'

He said slowly, 'I ain't never told nobody about Chancellorsville, and I don't aim to tell nobody — grown-up, that is. But I'd kind of like to tell somebody that don't know nothing — like you — about it, for the first and last time. You'll forget it, and it would kind of ease my mind.'

II

Mr. Hardy hoisted himself a little higher on the haymow and made a pretense of eating some bread and meat.

'Chancellorsville,' he said, 'was a bad battle, an awful bad battle. We did n't fight good and they was too many of them and I lost my captain.'

'Who was he?' I asked.

'Why,' he said, incredulously, 'you oughta know that! He was Captain William Armstrong, commandin' Company B, 39th Connecticut. 'N' his twin brother, Ezra, was lieutenant. He was younger by an hour or so, and they was identical twins. They never was two men as much alike — in looks, that is, for they was quite unlike inside. The lieutenant was always stompin' around an' shoutin' an' wavin' his arms, an' the captain, he was always quiet an' soft-spoken an' brave an' gentle. He was a good man — he was an awful good man. I guess he was the best man I ever knowed.'

He paused and took a sip of his cold coffee. Then he said, 'Why, when we come to leave town to go in the cars to Hartford and then to Washington, their father — he was old Judge Armstrong, who lived in that big place up on Armstrong Hill — the Judge come up to me and says, "Nathan, you look after my boys," he said. "They're younger than you be. You kind of keep an eye on them, for my sake," he says. "They is good boys," he says. "I will, Judge," I says. "I'll do my best." An' he says to me, "I know you will, Nathan Hardy."'

'But tell me, Mr. Hardy,' I broke in, for I was not interested in the Armstrong twins, 'what happened at Chancellorsville?'

'It was a bad battle, as I said. Them Rebs come charging out of the woods, hollerin' and yellin' and helligolarrupin', and they was too many of them. The lieutenant, he kept stomping up and down, shouting, "Never give ground, boys! Stay where you are! Take careful aim! Never retreat!" Those was his words. I will never forget them, because he meant them. But my captain — I was next to him — says, "They're too many; we can't stop 'em. Tell the men

to retreat slowly, firing as often as they can reload." Just then it hit him right in the chest. *Thunk!* was the noise it made; just like that — *thunk!* I caught him as he fell, and the blood began to come out of his mouth. He tried to speak, but he was vomiting blood dreadful, so all he could do was to make faces, and his lips said, "Tell Elizabeth . . ." and then he died. I put him down and noticed we was under a mean little oak tree on the edge of our trenches.

"Then they was around us, hairy men with bayonets, stabbin' and shootin' and yellin', and we soldiers had kind of drifted together in groups and the lieutenant was shouting, "Don't retreat, men!" and he got hit right in the knee and fell down; and so I picked him up and put him across my shoulder and started for the rear. He kep' hittin' me in the face and swearing. "You damn coward! You left my brother there and you're making me retreat!" I says to him, "Ezra, be reasonable; I'm takin' you to an ambulance. You ain't fit to fight, and as soon as I can I'm goin' back to bury William. They ain't goin' to shovel him into no trench," I said. So he stopped hitting at me.

"I was strong then, and I must a carried him a mile or a mile and a few rods when we come to some stretcher men near a house, and I said, "You take this officer to the nearest surgeon. They got to saw his leg off." And they said, "We ain't carryin' no wounded. We're a burial detail." I said, pulling my pistol out, "You will be if you don't carry this man. I'm kind of tuckered, but I ain't too tuckered to shoot." So two of them carried him, and I went along with my pistol till we come to a place where surgeons was carving men up and I handed over the lieutenant. He come to as I did so, and said, "You scoundrel, you made me retreat. I'll never forgive you!" I said, "Ezra, they're going to saw your leg off and you'll never fight again, but I'll bury William if it's the last thing I do." He says, "Is that a promise?"

And I says, "That's a promise. But it ain't a promise to you — it's one I made to your pa."

"So I stayed with him and helped hold him while they sawed his leg off. They havin' run out of chloroform, it took four of us to hold him. And when it was over he was unconscious, and they put him in a cart with some others and took him away. So I went back to the house where the burial men were loafing. It was pretty ruined, but I found a shingle that was almos' clean and I wrote on it, in the light of a fire, 'cause it was dark then: —

CAPT. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG
COMMANDING CO. B., 39 CONNECTICUT

He was an awful good man

"Then I borrowed a spade from this burial party. We had an argument about it, but I persuaded them with my pistol and I started off toward the Rebel lines. I had n't gone very far when I come to a place which was thick with men moanin' and screamin' and lots that was n't sayin' nothing at all. I did n't want to walk on them an' I could n't help them, having nothing on me but a shingle and a spade and a pistol, an' I decided I could n't find the captain in the dark anyhow, so I set down and tried to sleep, for I was tuckered. I threw away my pistol. I set there the rest of the night waitin' for the dawn. It was a long time comin'.

III

"When it come gray, I started out with my shingle and my spade and I went along till I was challenged by the Rebel pickets and sentries. I answered, "Union burial detail. I'm comin' for to bury my captain." They begun shootin' at me and I don't know as I blame them. I was comin' out of the mist and they could n't see that I was alone an' was n't armed. So they shot real hard, and one bullet struck me in the left thigh and I fell down. Fortunately I had a belt, and I sat up and took it off and strapped it real tight over my wound, and my

britches was tight at the waist so they did n't come down, and I got up and went on.

'They stopped shootin' and a man with a bayonet got up and said, "Yank, you're my pris'ner." And I said, "I know I be, but I ain't your pris'ner till I bury my captain." And I held up my shingle and spade. He said, "Where's he lie?" And I said, "About quarter mile from here and maybe a few rods, under a mean little oak tree; and," I says, "you take me there and I'll bury him and then I'm your pris'ner. They ain't goin' to stuff my captain into no ditch," I says. He says, "You may be crazy, Yank, or you may be a spy. You come with me an' I'll turn you over to the captain."

"Your captain alive?" I asks.

"I reckon so," he says.

"Mine's dead," I says, "and I aim for to bury him."

'So he tuk me away with his bayonet in my back and the blood was squilchin' in my boot, but I got along to where his captain was and the captain asked questions, and the Rebel soldier, he tol' all he knew, an' the captain says, "Where's he lie?" An' I says, "By a mean little oak, where our lines was yesterday mornin'."

'An' the captain says, "That ain't far away. I'll send a detail to bury him." I says, "Ain't nobody goin' to bury the captain but me," I says. "After that, I'll be your pris'ner."

'They was a young man dressed up all pretty with gold braid on his uniform, and he laughed kind of loud and he says, "Saves us the trouble of buryin' him!" an' the captain turns on him, real stern, and says, "Lootenant, this is a brave soldier," he says, "who come back under fire and was wounded to bury his company commander and give himself up as pris'ner. I will not have him insulted or laughed at," he says. Then he turns to me an' says, "What is your name an' rank?"

"Corporal Nathan Hardy, Co. B, 39th Connecticut," I says.

'An' he says, "Corporal, you and I an'

these men," turnin' around to the five or six Rebs who was listenin', "will go together to find your captain."

'So we went and I found him, underneath that mean little oak tree, and he looked dreadful. His eyes was open and they was an awful lot of blood on his shirt where his coat was open, and he was lyin' all sprangled out an' undignified. An' the first thing I done was to straighten him out. I spit on my sleeve and wiped the blood off his mouth the best I could. An' I closed his eyes an' buttoned his coat an' crossed his arms. They was kind of stiff, but I done it, an' I brushed him off and layed him out regular.

'Then I started diggin', an' it would have been easy if it had n't been for my leg and all the blood in my boot. Six foot four or thereabouts it was, and three foot deep — not as deep as I wanted, but I could n't dig no deeper, I was so tuckered. But it was an honest grave, for I was real handy with a spade in them days. Then I stood up and said, "Will two o' you Rebs hand the captain to me?" Which they done, and I laid him in the grave. An' as I stood lookin' down at him lyin' there, I says to myself, "Ain't nobody goin' to shovel no dirt on the captain's face — nobody, nobody, nobody at all, not even me!" So I took my coat off and laid it over him, coverin' up his face best I could. I did n't want to go to no Rebel prison in my shirt, but I would n't have no one shovel dirt on the captain.

'Then the two Rebs pulled me out of the grave, real gentle and considerate. An' then I noticed they was a Rebel general there settin' on a blood horse. How long he bin there I don't know. He looked at me and see I was wounded and peaked, and he says, stern an' hard, "Captain, what's the meanin' of this? This man's wounded and weak," he says. "Do you force wounded men to bury the dead?"

'The captain went over to him and began talkin' to him low and earnest, seemed like, all the time I was fillin' in

the grave. An' when I had patted the mound even, so it looked good, and had stuck the shingle in the new earth at the head of the grave, I come over to where the general was, limp'in' and leanin' on my spade, an' I saluted, — could n't help it; I kind of forgot he was a Rebel, — an' I says, "General, I'm your pris'ner. I buried my captain. I ain't a great hand at askin' favors, an' your captain and these Rebs has been real good to me. But I wanta ask one more. I was raised Episcopal, which was unusual in our town, and so was the captain. I'd kind of like to say a prayer before I surrender . . ."

IV

Here Mr. Hardy seemed to doze for a little. 'Where was I?' he asked, rousing after a few minutes.

'You had just gone up to the general and asked if you could say a prayer before you surrendered.'

'Yes, yes, so it was. The general said, "Corporal Hardy, I am an Episcopalian too, and you shall say your prayer."

'So he dismounted and took off his hat, and he and I kneeled down by the grave, and it was awful hard for me to kneel. And when we was there kneelin' I looked up for a minute and all them Rebs was standin' with their caps off and their heads bowed, nice and decent, just like Northern people. An' then I had a dreadful time, for to save my life I could n't remember a prayer, not a line, not a word. I had heard the burial service often enough and too often, what with Pa and Ma an' all kinds of relatives, but my brains was all watery an' thin, seemed like, an' I could n't remember nothin' at all. I don' know how long 't was till somethin' come driftin' into my mind. It wa'n't from the burial service; 't was somethin' we used to chant in Evenin' Prayer. So I says it, loud as I could, for I was gettin' awful feeble.

"Lord," I says, "now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according

to Thy Word . . ." An' I could n't remember or say any more. The general, he helped me to my feet, spade an' all, an' I looked him in the face and, by creepers, they was tears in his beard. Soon as I could speak I says, "General, you've been real good to me and I thank you. An' now I'm your pris'ner, wherever you want to send me."

'An' he says, "Corporal Hardy, you will never be a pris'ner of our people as long as I live and command this corps."

'An' I broke in, awful scared he had misunderstood, and I says, "General, you don't think I was prayin' for *me* to go in peace! I'm your pris'ner; I'm not askin' for no favors. I was thinkin' of the captain — and me too, perhaps, but not that way. I can go anywhere now. I —"

'He cut me short. "Corporal Hardy," he says, "I know to Whom you was prayin' and why, an' I have n't misunderstood you at all. Captain," he says, "I want a detail of six men an' a stretcher and a flag of truce to take this brave soldier an' — an' Christian gentleman back to the Union lines; an' I want this message, which I have dictated and signed, delivered to the commanding officer to be forwarded through channels to the Secretary of War or the President. Those people can hardly decline this courtesy, under the circumstances. . . . Wait, Carter, I wish to add a few lines." So he put the paper against his saddle and he wrote for some time.

'Then, kind of in a dream, I heard the Rebel captain say, "Sir, if the General permits, I would like to lead this detail to the Union lines and ask to be blindfolded and deliver your message to the Division Commander."

'An' the General says, "Captain, I am very glad you made that request, and I commend your behavior. It is only fittin' that the officer escortin' Corporal Hardy with my message should be of field rank, and I shall put in my order for your promotion. You are a pretty good

soldier, yourself," he says — only he did n't say it that way.

'All this time I was kind of waverin' around, but I heard most all they said; and because I was feeble from losing blood an' the battle an' buryin' the captain an' a kind of feverish feelin', things begun to spin around, and I started walkin' this way and that way with my spade, tryin' to stand up, knowin' I could n't much longer. I heard someone yell, "Catch him!" An' the next thing I knowed I was in a bed of straw and they was probin' for the bullet in my leg. Then I don't remember nothin' till I woke up in a bed, a clean bed, with a nice-lookin' woman leanin' over me, wipin' my head with a cold, wet towel. I says, "Where am I?"

'An' she says, "You're in the hospital of the Sanitary Commission in Washington. An' oh, Corporal Hardy," she says, "I'm so glad you're conscious, for to-day the President is comin' to give you the Medal of Honor." An' I says, "Listen, sister, I gotta get out of here. I don't care for no President or no medal — I gotta bury the captain. He's lyin' down there under a mean little oak. Gimme my clothes," I says; "I want a spade and a shingle." An' she says, "Corporal, you buried your captain an' buried him fine. That's why the President is comin' to see you. Now you just drink this and go to sleep for a while, and I'll wake you when the President comes."

'So I drank it and kind of slept, and when I woke up there was Old Abe, the ugliest man I ever see, leanin' over and pinnin' something to my nightshirt, an' he says, "Corporal Hardy, even the enemy call you a brave soldier and a good man. Congress has voted you this medal. God bless you," he says.'

V

Mr. Hardy yawned and closed his eyes, and leaned against the haymow. He had told the tale he had to tell — once, to one person.

'But, Mr. Hardy,' I said, 'what happened to the lieutenant, and who was Elizabeth?' I wanted the story all tied up in ribbons.

'Who?' he said. 'The lootenant? Oh, Ezra come back and married Elizabeth and they went to live in Massachusetts. Seems he went aroun' sayin' he could n't live in no town where people pointed at him and thought he had run away leavin' his dead brother. Naturally no one done so or thought so. But, for all his stompin' and shoutin', he was sensitive, an' he bore me a grudge for takin' him away. I don't see as how I could a done different. I'd promised the old Judge I'd look after his boys an' I've allus aimed to keep my promises.'

Just then my father came up to us. It was unlike Mr. Hardy to sit in the shade while other men had started to work again, and Father looked worried. 'How are you feeling, Nathan?' he asked.

'Why, John, I'm plumb tuckered out, and that's a fact. I don' know as I can do much more work to-day. Seems like I never did fare good under these mean little oak trees,' and he glanced sharply at me with an expression that was almost a wink. We shared a secret.

Father looked startled, as if he thought Mr. Hardy's wits were wandering.

'I tell you what, Nathan,' he said, 'You've had all the sun you need. I'll send the wagon and they'll take you up to the house, where you can be cool and rest for a while.' And, for once in his life, Mr. Hardy made no protest over having 'favors' done for him. Father took me aside. 'Jackie,' he said, 'you run up to the house and tell your mother to make the bed in the spare room ready, and then you go to the village and tell Dr. Fordyce he's wanted. I don't like Nathan's looks.'

Before I started running I glanced at Mr. Hardy, and I saw what Father meant. He was pale and flushed in the wrong places, though I had n't noticed it at all when he was telling me about Chancellorsville.

So Mr. Hardy was put to bed in the spare room, and given such care and aid as we knew how to give. For several days he lay quietly enough, and, as I look back on it after all these years, I think that the weight and burden of his long, valiant struggle must suddenly have proved too great. He could n't go on forever. Mr. Hardy was tuckered out.

Then for some time he alternated between unconsciousness and a mild delirium. He kept mumbling phrases: 'Take that quid out o' your mouth. 'T ain't soldierly!' . . . 'Ain't nobody goin' to bury the captain but me.' I knew what lots of his bewildered sayings meant, but there were many which were obscure. I sat with him every day for an hour or so when the rest of the household were busy, and I had instructions to call my elders if Mr. Hardy needed help or became conscious.

One day he opened his eyes and said, 'Here I am and I'm real easy in my mind — but I can't just remember what I said.' I went out and called my parents, who told me to stay outside. But I listened and I heard Mr. Hardy say, 'Call the boy in. He knows what I want

said and I can't remember. He's young and 't won't hurt him and he'll forget.' So Mother beckoned me to come in and I said, 'What can I do, Mr. Hardy?'

'You can say what I said for the captain when I knelt down with the general.'

So I knelt down, and, having the parrotlike memory of childhood, I said, 'You knelt down and so did the general, and then you could n't remember any of the words of the burial service, but you did remember something that was sung in the evening, and you said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word . . ."' And I began to cry.

'That's right,' he said very faintly, 'that's right; that's it. Yes, Captain . . .'

My mother gathered me up and took me out and held me very close, rocking back and forth with me while I wept out how I loved Mr. Hardy and what a good man he was.

And that was why I was sent to my aunt and cousins at New London, where I could swim and fish and forget about battles and wounds and Mr. Hardy. But I did n't forget.

SNORING AS A FINE ART

And the Claims of General M. I. Kutusov As an Artist

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

WHAT colossal irony!' I said to myself as I closed Caulaincourt's memoirs of the Russian campaign of 1812. 'It seems that Napoleon was utterly ruined and Napoleonic France was utterly destroyed, all by a man who actually did nothing about it but snore through staff meetings, write sprightly letters to Madame de Staël, read French novels, and hold his army back as tight as he could from aggressive military operations of any kind. What a distressing thought to carry to St. Helena!'

The rationale of the Russian campaign seems to have been a standing puzzle to historians on both sides. Some seventy years ago Count Tolstoy published a book called *War and Peace*, in which he undertook to show that both the Russian and the French historians were equally all wrong, and that the real rationale of the campaign was something quite different. Later historians, with the usual fine professional contempt for secular learning, paid little attention to Count Tolstoy's views, and, as far as I know, have never thought them worth discussing.

But now comes Caulaincourt's journal, which backs up Count Tolstoy's conclusions with astonishing particularity, and makes it pretty clear that the old Count was right. I was so struck by this that I got out my dog-eared copy of *War and Peace* and penciled cross-references between it and Caulaincourt's journal,

with results which convinced me that in all essential respects the old man had a large edge on the historians. If any reader has curiosity enough to put the two books side by side and read from one to the other, as I did, I believe he will come away with the same opinion.

This Caulaincourt was Napoleon's right-hand man in the campaign. They saw it through together, and when at last Napoleon deserted the pitiful remnant of his soldiery and ran away to Paris, Caulaincourt went with him and loyally stuck by him to the last; he was about the only one who did. Throughout the campaign, Caulaincourt kept a full journal of each day's doings; it is one of the most fascinating books I ever read. This journal did not see daylight for a century; it was supposed to be lost. It was discovered, I believe by accident, five or six years ago; it was then published, and has lately been translated into English.

The one thing which perhaps has been most bothersome to historians, especially Russian historians, is that if the Russian commander had done everything that they all assume a good general should have done, he could have made a most spectacular military success. He did none of those things, however, though everyone expected them. The Tsar expected them; so did the court and all Russian officialdom, and the entire

Russian staff; and so, above all, did the French. Nothing in Caulaincourt's whole story is more interesting than his naïve disclosure of French bewilderment at Kutusov's¹ actions.

Early in the campaign, when Kutusov took up an impregnable position at Maley-Yaroslavetz and then most unaccountably and unreasonably abandoned it overnight, Caulaincourt reports Napoleon's saying, 'That devil Kutusov will never make a fight of it.' Nor did he. On the great retreat from Moscow, he could have captured Napoleon, Murat, Davoût, Ney, anyone he liked, a dozen times over. He could have cut off the retreat, devastated the French army, slaughtered thousands, taken prisoners wholesale and raised the devil generally, all to the praise and glory of holy Russia. At the campaign's end, Napoleon walked straight into a nutcracker at the Berezina; he had Wittgenstein's army closing in on his right, Kutusov's own army on his left, and waiting for him in front, on both ends of the Berezina bridge, was Tchitchagov; but Kutusov did not close the nutcracker. Instead, he ordered Wittgenstein to slow up a little, slowed up his own march, and sent word to Tchitchagov to keep his eyes open and take it easy.

Nobody understood these tactics. After Maley-Yaroslavetz, Napoleon said to Caulaincourt, 'I beat the Russians every time, but that does not get me anywhere.' From then on, Caulaincourt reveals the amazement of the French at almost every step. Why abandon one good position after another? Why not follow up the advantage at Tarutino, Krasnoe, Vyazma? Why not cut off the retreat at this, that, or the other point? Why above all, since Tchitchagov had kept the French under close observation

¹ Field Marshal Prince Mihail Ilarionovitch Kutusov-Smolensky (1745-1813); served under Suvorov, gaining a great military reputation; twice governor of Vilna; commanded the Russian forces against Napoleon at Austerlitz; commanded against the Turks, 1810-1811; commander in chief against Napoleon, 1812. — AUTHOR

at the Berezina for thirty-six hours, did he not send out a stand of cannon and blow them to Jericho while they were crossing the river on their improvised bridges?

The Petersburg court and the official set were equally mystified, and also disgusted; no more so than the Tsar, who never liked Kutusov, and had repeatedly blistered him for his inaction. Kutusov's own staff had given him up as hopeless. They would meet, discuss aggressive strategy, urge attacks, plan battles, suggest forays, and all that sort of thing, while the old man's nose sent forth loud trumpeting sounds which betokened a complete lack of interest; and when at last they had it all out of their systems, he would wake up and mutter something to the effect that the supplies had not come up yet, or the soldiers' boots were worn out, or the troops did not know how to execute such complicated manœuvres; and that would be that.

So some historians put it that Kutusov was no better than an 'old dowager,' as Napoleon called him, an incompetent and crafty courtier, not worth his salt as a soldier. The trouble with that theory is that he had a gilt-edged record all the way down from Suvorov's time to his conclusive windup of the Turkish war in 1811, only a few months before Napoleon crossed the frontier. Others put it that he was a weak and dissolute old man, too far gone in his dotage to know what he was about; but that will hardly wash either, for, hang it all, he got results. When his lackadaisical campaign was over, Napoleon was finally and completely done in; done in for good and all — Waterloo was only a *coup de grâce*. Napoleonic France was also permanently done in; and when the *Grande Armée* straggled across the border there was not enough of it left to be worth counting.

What more could one ask? Even the Tsar had to bottle up his chagrin in face of the fact that, even if his

old general's management had not been exactly what one would call stylish, it had nevertheless somehow turned the trick in the cheapest and most effective way.

II

Two things revealed by the composite Tolstoy-Caulaincourt narrative struck me with peculiar force. The first is that from the moment Moscow was captured and occupied Kutusov seems to have known exactly what Napoleon was going to do. Moreover, it is clear that he was the only one who did know. Caulaincourt shows beyond peradventure that through the whole month spent in Moscow Napoleon himself had not the faintest idea of what his own next move would be; nor, naturally, had anyone on the French side, and of course no one but Kutusov on the Russian side had any idea of it, especially in view of circumstances which I shall presently mention.

Something like this had happened once before. Kutusov commanded the Russian forces at Austerlitz; and there too he knew exactly what Napoleon was going to do. He warned the Russian and Austrian emperors that if they took the offensive, as they and the Austrian strategists were keen for doing, the battle would be a total loss because Napoleon was not going to do anything like what they were expecting, but something quite different. If his advice had been taken, it is anybody's guess what might have been the outcome. He was overruled, however, and the thing turned out precisely as he had said it would. He presided at the staff meeting held the evening before the attack, and throughout the two hours consumed by the Austrian general Weyrother in reading the disposition of the troops he was sound asleep and snoring manfully. In the battle next day he acted with great energy and ability, but he knew that no matter how the troops were disposed the battle would be lost by reason of con-

tingencies which he, and no one else, foresaw.

After the occupation of Moscow, however, the case was different. Kutusov could not tell the Tsar or anyone else what he knew, because it was something so fantastically improbable that he would instantly have been deprived of his command, if not certified to an asylum as a hopeless lunatic. Napoleon was a good officer; he was supposed to be the best general in Europe. He had already conquered a large slice of Russia and had taken Moscow. After that, there were several courses equally open to him, any one of which a good officer might creditably choose. The course which he actually did choose, however, and which Kutusov apparently knew he would choose, was one that no kind of officer, even a shavetail lieutenant just out of West Point, would ever dream of taking.

Napoleon could have wintered in Moscow, where, as the French historians admit, he had six months' supplies available, despite the fire. He could have rested and refitted his army there for a week or so, and then pushed on to threaten Petersburg (which Alexander I thought he would do) and negotiated an advantageous peace. He could have moved over to Nizhni-Novgorod, or, if he wished to shorten up his communications, he could have fallen back on Smolensk or Vilna for the winter. The road into the rich southern provinces was open to him; so was practically any road anywhere, in fact, for Kutusov was encamped in front of Kaluga, offering him no obstruction, but merely lying low and waiting for the outcome which he had foreseen as inevitable, and on which he was confidently risking the whole fate of Russia. Again, if Napoleon had decided to retreat, he might have retreated through a region well furnished with supplies, by the road along which Kutusov subsequently pursued him; or, as one might better say, chaperoned him.

With all these choices before him, what Napoleon actually did was to remain idle in Moscow for a month; then march out, ill-prepared and at the very worst time of year, in a half-hearted search for the Russian army; and then, after the indecisive collisions at Maley-Yaroslavetz and Tarutino, which Kutusov did his best to avoid, he broke into a headlong stampede for the frontier by the worst route he could have chosen — the road by Mozhaïsk towards Smolensk, which led through utterly devastated regions. Who could possibly have predicted anything like that from the greatest military genius of Europe? Yet, as I say, apparently Kutusov knew Napoleon would do just that, and knew it so well that with Tsar and court and his own staff all against him he staked the future, not only of Russia but of Europe, on his knowledge.

Kutusov seems to have been one of those peculiarly and mysteriously gifted persons of whom one can say only, as we so often do say in our common speech, that they 'had something.' Such people appear in history all the way from Balaam the son of Beor down to contemporary examples which I shall presently cite; there are more of them, perhaps, than one would think. They 'have something,' but nobody knows what it is or how they got it; and investigation of it is always distinctly unrewarding. In the late J. A. Mitchell's story called *Amos Judd* — one of those sweet and unpretentious little narratives of the last century which I suppose no one nowadays could be hired to read — Deacon White says, 'There's something between Amos and the Almighty that the rest of us ain't into'; and that is about as far as scientific inquiry into these matters has ever carried us, or probably ever will.

Yet the something is there. We can all cite instances of it in our most commonplace experience, without troubling to look up impressive historical examples. A friend who was wading through the

Barchester series last winter remarked to me that it had an inordinate number of dull pages, 'but the odd thing is that one does n't skip them.' Another friend not long ago asked me what makes Edward FitzGerald a great letter-writer. The answer is, of course, that nothing does; he simply is n't. Yet if you start reading his letters, trivial and actually uninteresting as they are, you keep on reading and rereading; and I do not believe Oxford's whole Faculty of Literature, in council assembled, could account for your doing it in terms which would boil down to anything more scientifically respectable than 'because you do.' What makes Madame Mertens, contralto at the Brussels opera, a great artist? Again, nothing; she is n't; not voice, not method, beauty, grace of movement, sex attraction, dramatic power, nor any combination of them. Like Trollope and FitzGerald, she simply has something; some fascinating endowment which keeps your recollection of her fresh and clear long after the memory of this-or-that really great artist has faded.

The peculiar something which Kutusov had, the 'something between Amos and the Almighty' which made him so confidently aware that the unlikeliest thing in the world was the thing which was going to happen, seems to be entirely dissociated from intellect and personal will. Count Tolstoy says that young Prince Bolkonsky went away from an interview with Kutusov feeling greatly reassured about the old general's conduct of the campaign, because 'he will put nothing of himself into it. He will contrive nothing, will undertake nothing. . . . He knows that there is something stronger and more important than his will; that is, the inevitable march of events; and he can see them and grasp their significance; and seeing their significance, he can abstain from meddling, from following his own will and aiming at something else.'

The whole passage in *War and Peace* which describes this interview is worth a

great deal of close meditation; it is the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Part X.

I shall return to this aspect of the matter in a moment. Before doing so I wish to remark that the gift (I call it a gift only for convenience, to save words) which we are discussing is not only dissociated from intellect, but also from conventional morals. Certain Old Testament characters who unquestionably had it, and on occasion let it put itself to good use, were nevertheless what by our conventional ethical standards we would call pretty tough citizens; our old friend Balaam, for instance, and Elisha. It has been said, and I believe it is accepted in some quarters, — of course there is no knowing, — that Joan of Arc was not in all respects a model of sound peasant character; but granting it be so, she still most conspicuously 'had the goods.'

Kutusov himself, like Lieutenant-General Bangs in Kipling's amusing ballad, had the reputation of being 'a most immoral man.' At sixty-three, very big, very fat, with one eye blinded and his face scarred by a bullet in one of Suworov's wars, he seems somehow to have kept his attractiveness to the ladies, for his friendships with them — some of high degree, some not so high — were many and close. Even during his fourteen months' stay in Bucharest while he was starving out the Turks, he passed his enforced idleness in dalliance with a handsome and spirited Wallachian gal; rumors whereof got back to Petersburg, to the great scandal and discomposure of Alexander's court, for which he seems to have cared not a button. 'The Spirit breathes where it will,' said the *Santissimo Salvatore*; and oftentimes the breath of its most intimate inspiration blows upon persons whom we, in our modesty, would at once put down as morally disqualified.

The other striking impression which I got from the Caulaincourt-Tolstoy narrative was of Kutusov's attitude of com-

plete quiescence towards the something which he had. Not only is that something, as I said, dissociated from intellect, but also if the intellect be applied to it in any attempt at rationalization, however cautious and tentative, it refuses to turn its game for you and leaves you in the lurch.

The case of the poet Wordsworth, for example, strongly suggests that this is so. Wordsworth unquestionably had something; and when he was content to leave that something in full charge of his poetical operations — when he resolutely bottled up the conscious and intellectual Wordsworth, and corked it down — he was a truly great poet. When he summoned up the conscious Wordsworth, however, and put it in charge, as unfortunately he too often did, the conscious Wordsworth was such a dreadful old foo-foo that the poetry churned out under its direction was simply appalling.

Kutusov seems to have done everything he could to keep his consciousness from playing upon the sequence of events which he alone knew was going to take place. In the chapters I have referred to (and I repeat, they are a great study) Count Tolstoy says, 'All Denisov had said was practical and sensible; what the general was saying was even more practical and sensible; but apparently Kutusov despised both knowledge and intellect, and was aware of something else which would settle things — something different, quite apart from intellect and knowledge.' In view of this, he took every means to keep himself as nearly as possible in a state of complete selflessness. He attended to routine, watching everything, putting everything in its place, holding everything up to the mark; but beyond that he kept his mind as far off the actual course of the campaign as he could. He read French novels, corresponded with his lady-friends, meditated on all sorts of non-military matters; and, most effective and rewarding of all conceivable relaxations, he snored.

Like nearly all old persons, he dropped off to sleep easily, almost at will; and being big and fat, he snored; and when a person is snoring he is about as inaccessible and unsuggestible and selfless as a living human being can become.

I once had an acquaintance whom I shall call Smith, for that is not his name; he is still alive and flourishing, I believe, and would presumably boggle at this kind of publicity. It was he who really completed my understanding of Kutusov's elaborately purposeful quiescence; not consciously, however, because, as I found out later, he had never even heard of Kutusov. Smith's career was unusual. He had great intelligence, ability, energy, determination, and in his earlier years he had thrown the whole sum of these into various enterprises, all of which went wrong. He wanted money, quite disinterestedly too, for he had some highly commendable semi-public purposes in view; but money ran like a scared dog whenever it saw him coming. Rather late in middle life (this is his own account of it) he discovered that he 'had something,' or that something had him; something, as Tolstoy says, quite apart from intellect and knowledge, which — provided he kept his conscious self in complete abeyance towards it — would really settle things. After that, everything he touched went right. I do not know how his affairs came out in the long run, this being some time ago, but at the period I speak of he appeared to be raking in money with both hands.

Smith told me most extraordinary stories of his prescience concerning the course of certain business operations; and since, like Kutusov, he had the goods to show for it, there seems no reasonable doubt that the stories were true. One which I remember particularly, since it brought Kutusov to my mind at once, was that he had just come from an important conference where the one thing most unlikely to happen had happened,

precisely as he knew it would. 'I was so sure of it,' he said, 'that when I went in I merely took my seat, said nothing, kept my mind as much as possible off the discussion, and waited for things to turn out as I expected; and so they did. If I had told anybody they would turn out that way, I should have been laughed at, but they did.'

What most interested me about Smith was this attitude of studied quiescence. He had somehow, quite independently and off his own bat, formed the idea that the effort to do any examining or analyzing or rationalizing would be ruinous. I never saw a man who had such a nervous horror and hatred of 'psychical research,' or any kind of experimentation with spiritism, clairvoyance, telepathy, and the like. Rather to my surprise, since I did not suspect him of knowing our American classics, he cited Mr. Jefferson's remark about the virtue of resting one's head contentedly on the pillow of ignorance which the Creator has made so soft for us because He knew we should have so much use for it. Smith's philosophical position, as I understood it, was that of an intensively ignorant and incurious pragmatism. There the thing is, and it works; that is all one knows, and for all practical purposes it is all one needs to know. The attempt to discover anything about what it is, or how or why it works, is unfruitful, and apparently will always be so; and it seems also to be invariably damaging. Besides, Smith asked pointedly, if you should conceivably get anywhere with this sort of research, or even supposing you got as far as you can possibly imagine yourself getting, what good would it do?

Association with Smith kept continually bringing to my mind the profound saying of Joubert, that 'it is not hard to know God, provided you do not trouble yourself to define Him.' Smith carried his diffidence even to the point of having a great dread of verbal symbols; he never used them. They might be all right, he

said, if it were clearly understood that they had no definite significance, but it was hard to keep up that clear understanding even with oneself, because, as Goethe says, man never knows how anthropomorphic he is; therefore one had best steer clear of them. The old prophet spoke of 'the word which the Lord hath put in my mouth'; Socrates and Marcus Aurelius spoke of 'the intimations of the dæmon.' Such symbols might be all well enough, Smith said, as long as one were sure they were not being made to mean something; but it is hard to be always sure of that, and anyway they are unnecessary, so why not give them a wide berth? Organized Christianity, for example, had put a good many such symbols into currency and had attached definite meanings to them, or tried to, and see what a terrific lot of damage it has done!

With one exception, I am sure that Smith is the only man who ever discussed this subject with me. The other one was a retired gambler; it is really quite embarrassing that both my prize exhibits should be such as the righteous would at once frown upon as men of sin, for Smith also was no great shakes at either conventional piety or conventional morals. The ex-gambler told me he perfectly understood what I was driving at. Quite often in his career of skinning the unwary, he said, — not always, but fairly often, — he had sat into a game with a clear presentiment of how it would turn out. If he knew he would lose, he lost in spite of all the skill and brainwork he could put into the effort to beat his presentiment; but he had discovered that if he were due to win he could do so only if he resolutely kept all brainwork off the game and played it out mechanically, simply 'going along.' If he did that, he said, he never failed to win.

III

And now I ask myself why I have burdened the printing press with this

rather rambling and inconsequent recital. I hardly know. What I have written is not at all the kind of essay for which editors believe our 'reading public,' whatever that is, to be always thirsting. As the good and great John Bright said of Artemus Ward's lecture, 'its information is meagre, and presented in a desultory, disconnected manner.' As I rake over the débris of my thoughts, the only semblance of a purpose I can discover is to suggest that possibly, under certain circumstances, snoring should be regarded as a fine art and respected accordingly. If this be admitted, I might suggest further that our civilization does not so regard it, as it should, and gives the practice no encouragement, but rather the contrary.

Consequently one might with reason think that there is too little snoring done — snoring with a purpose to guide it, snoring deliberately directed towards a salutary end which is otherwise unattainable — and that our society would doubtless be better off if the value of the practice were more fully recognized. In our public affairs, for instance, I have of late been much struck by the number of persons who professedly had something. The starry-eyed energumens of the New Deal were perhaps the most conspicuous examples; each and all, they were quite sure they had something. They had a clear premonition of the More Abundant Life into which we were all immediately to enter by the way of a Planned Economy. It now seems, however, that the New Deal is rapidly sinking in the same Slough of Despond which closed over poor Mr. Hoover's head, and that the More Abundant Life is, if anything, a little more remote than ever before.

I do not disparage their premonition or question it; I simply suggest that the More Abundant Life might now be appreciably nearer if they had put enough confidence in their premonition to do a great deal less thinking, planning, legislating, organizing, and a great deal

— oh yes, a very great deal — more snoring.

‘Counselors and counselors!’ said Kutusov to Prince Bolkonsky. ‘If we had listened to all of them, we should be in Turkey now. We should not have made peace, and the war would never have been over. . . . Kamensky would have come to grief there if he had n’t died. He went storming fortresses with thirty thousand men. It’s easy enough to take fortresses, but it’s hard to finish off a campaign successfully. Storms and attacks are not what’s wanted, but *time* and *patience*. Kamensky sent his soldiers to attack Rustchuk, but I trusted to them alone — time and patience — and I took more fortresses than Kamensky, and I made the Turks eat horseflesh.’

He shook his head. ‘And the French shall, too. Take my word for it,’ cried Kutusov, growing warmer, and slapping himself on the chest, ‘I’ll make them eat horseflesh!’

What in any case it all boils down to, I suppose, is the rather trite fact that merely ‘to have something’ is by no means enough. If one is sure one has something, the next thing is to know what to do about it; and in most circumstances — in more, at any rate, than is commonly supposed — snoring is a sovereign procedure. It is presumable that many persons who have something, and know they have it, lose out on it by a futile effort to coördinate ‘the intimations of the dæmon’ with suggestions of desire, curiosities of intellect, impulses of will. Thus they come to disbelieve in the something which they actually have, and to regard it as mere fantasy; and from this most unfortunate disability a resolute devotion to snoring would have saved them.

But I did not intend to moralize, knowing myself to be uncommonly puny at that sort of thing; so, in fear of being led further, I shall end my prosaic disquisition here.

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. Space has been reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty. The letters should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITORS]

ON A SHOESTRING

Kenosha, Wisconsin

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

Perhaps one should not get married when one has n't a job. But we did! I had been working at brush cutting on the county road. My wife had been teaching for a low salary and maintenance at a private school which was hanging by its financial fingernails over a chasm of insolvency. We were married in September 1936.

An ad for domestic work as a couple placed in the *Chicago Tribune* brought us several answers. Our first job, in a North Shore suburb at \$60 a month and maintenance, we kept one month. We quit to try to find store or office work.

The day we started to look it rained hard. Chicago was dismal. In our discouragement we stumbled into a North Side domestic agency. Inside of two hours we had agreed to take another couple job at \$75 a month, in town. We were jubilant because our prospective employers thought I could arrange to attend night courses at Chicago University downtown.

The job did n't pan out that way. We stayed three months. We left when I was offered a \$3.00-a-day office job in a government office in Madison, Wisconsin. This was to have lasted three months, but it stretched out into five, leaving us out of work in July.

In July we canvassed all the private employment offices in Chicago. I was too old for beginning jobs in an office, and neither my wife nor I had enough experience to qualify for better jobs. Couple work was to be had, but we did n't want to take it. Down to our last \$20, my wife took a temporary nurse-maid job in northern Michigan at \$15 a week and maintenance.

With heavy heart I put her on the train in the old I. C. station and went back to Wisconsin. A week later I got a job picking sweet corn for a cheap canning concern in Rock County.

My wife returned in October. A job as lime slacker in a beet-sugar refinery kept us going for a month. During this month I wrote a state civil-service exam for the position of junior interviewer in the state employment service.

I finished at the Sugar Beet at two o'clock one afternoon. The next morning at seven I started as filling-station attendant in a garage. This job demanded my time from seven in the morning to nine at night, with lunch and supper eaten on the job — Sundays and holidays included.

One Monday at ten o'clock came a call from Madison: Would I accept a temporary, ninety-day appointment in the Kenosha Employment Office?

Skeptics that we are, we felt like falling on our knees to thank Divine Providence for our deliverance!

At this writing, seven months later,

we are still in Kenosha. I receive \$125 a month; my appointment is still temporary and may end next Saturday. I like my job.

We would be content if this job could continue on a permanent basis anywhere in the state. Granted this economic security, our plans for the future would include a family of four children, a house and garden of our own, a varied, gradually accumulative library, and cultivation of a few straight-thinking, realistic friends.

We do not crave an automobile, seldom attend the movies, do not drink alcoholic beverages. My wife does not smoke, while my pursuit of this pastime is adequately satisfied by a corncob pipe and a ten-cent can of tobacco a week. Yet we are not churchgoers or reformers, and count some very unconventional people among our friends.

We feel that we are fortunate to be living in the United States, with its intellectual freedom and comparatively high living standards. Our reason insists that, with our advanced knowledge of production techniques and possession of rich natural resources, the mass of people of our country should have more of the necessities of life and a chance to work. We are not ready to suggest a panacea for our economic stalemate, nor do we hold up the methods of any foreign country as an example of what we should do here.

One dark cloud on our horizon, as on that of the world, is the repeated threat of a new 'Great War.' We tell ourselves that our generation lives in an age of transition which calls for ready adaptability, occupationally and emotionally. We have a ready humor which we rely on to carry us through many an impasse.

Another of our strong points, which gives untold aid to our married harmony, is that we are both divorced from emotional loyalties to relatives. Our early experience at domestic work taught me that it takes a good man to do a

woman's work, and the experience we got in managing a household is valuable now, although getting it was not so enjoyable.

My wife just looked over my shoulder and told me to write: 'If we were religious we would pray, "Dear God, give us our health and fifty years of married life and we will do the rest."'

K. HOOVER

[Mr. Hoover has a B.A. and M.A. from the University of Wisconsin, where he majored in sociology. He is twenty-seven, and his wife is twenty-six.]

TESTAMENT OF EXILE

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

I am twenty-five, trying to face the complexities of a modern world. To make matters more involved, I am a Jew who spent the major part of his life in Germany.

I partook, as did the majority of my generation, in the general unrest of our time. I knew the word 'peace' only from hearsay, and only in its particular connotation of 'the time before 1914.' I remember the war and I remember it as bringing more hardship than just reduced portions of the daily sugar supply. I remember the days when we had raw carrots for lunch, boiled carrots for dinner, and nothing for breakfast; when we arose in the middle of the winter at four in the morning to wait ten or twelve hours in line for our ration of a tiny bit of margarine; when we wore paper shoes that could not stand humidity, to say nothing of rain. I remember seeing, for the first time in my life, a piece of chocolate. That was in 1919. When it was displayed in a window in Berlin, it attracted people from many districts who gazed at it in sheer amazement.

Then came the time of my growing consciousness and with it the period of general growing unrest. Inflation and poverty followed revolutions and *Putsches*. Despair and unemployment

were ravaging the country when I graduated from high school. Times had not changed when I went to the university, when I was thrown into the turmoil of unsettled ideas and political, as well as cultural, upheaval. Besides, I faced growing anti-Semitism. Then 1933 came and set a definite end to most of the things I had believed in and hoped for.

Then came America. Will this be the end of my mental and physical journeying? Shall I find in this country quiet and 'peace,' ideals which I have never truly known?

But America is not entirely what people abroad believe it to be. Below the seemingly smooth surface there are the same smouldering forces of unrest. America to-day suffers the birth pangs of social consciousness, much the same as industrial Europe did twenty and thirty years ago. The American youth of my generation begins to take not only an interest, but also an active part in the political, economic, and cultural movements of the day. He shifts from mere discussion to organization and action. The 'future' is no longer conceived of in terms of generations and lifetimes. Who knows what the morrow will bring? The 'future' at its best extends till the next year or two. This may be historically unfortunate, but it shows that a sub-conscious unrest and uncertainty have gripped the roots of American civilization. In addition, I see the gospel of Jew-hatred spread also in this country, a fact which does not add to my spiritual tranquillity.

With a changing world before me, with *motion* being at the heart of things, I often wonder whether the present situation is not really the desirable one, whether one ought not to be thankful for the challenge which proves to be the stimulus to a worth-while and responsible life. And America has, in my mind, added confidence to this outlook. For in her people I detect a keen awareness, a healthy alertness which fortunately

has not yet been dulled by economic and moral exhaustion.

Thus I look at America with some bewilderment, with apprehension at times, but with hope nonetheless. And, braced by this hope, I set out to do what little I can towards the further development of this country.

W. G. P.

[*By birth a German Jew, W. G. P. studied at Heidelberg and at Berlin, where he obtained his Ph.D. He is at present studying in the United States.*]

I'LL TAKE AMERICA

Salem, West Virginia

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*:—

Moaning and groaning for the mythical Good Old Days and how heavenly things were for our parents, or else painting glowing pictures of what a swell place this country *could* be if we kicked everything out, closed everything up, and started all over again, seems to be the theme song of our poor down-trodden underprivileged post-war generation.

Well, I'm of that generation, too; and, although I don't pretend to be any modern Pollyanna, I'm still strong for living right here and now, even if things are in a mess and I don't know where we're going or how we'll get there.

Remember how Tennyson put it when all the other Victorians were grunting around just as so many of my contemporaries are doing to-day? He said: 'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.' I think we should all do well to follow his suggestion.

Cathay, according to popular rumor, was a most inviting place, full of songs and silks and spices, not to mention sunsets, serenades, stars, and similar sentimental slop. And London was merely a prosaic city of soot and sore-heads. But, even though he was a poet, Tennyson preferred one hour of reality to an eternity of dreams. *And so do I.*

I don't believe all the romantic rot about the Good Old Days when everybody went around practising the Golden Rule, swapping rosy apples, planting forget-me-nots, and singing carols. I believe they crabbed and snorted, growled and blubbered, cheated and connived, snarled and dragged their chins in the nineteenth century much the same as we are doing to-day.

I don't believe that we are the only post-war generation. It seems to me there was at least a little rumpus between the States back in the '60s.

I don't believe that the hell that broke loose in this country in '29 was the only economic catastrophe in history. It seems to me that I've heard about something of the sort that happened to granddad back in '96.

I don't believe that mine is the only generation to hear opposition parties shout to the citizens of these great United States that as soon as the infamous outrage of the present rotten administration is eliminated everything will be just hunky-dory. I believe my dad and my granddad listened to the same stories.

And did things turn out as promised? Of course not! But the liars went on lying and the country went right on listening to them as they always have done and always will. For, since the world began, indolent, cowardly, conceited individuals have always tried to shirk reality. And the ideal refuges for that purpose have always been the obscure Past and indefinite Future. We don't know first-hand about the past — that makes it perfect. And youth will always have its dreams of the future — that's our prerogative. And what blessed escapes they are from the tedious perplexities of to-day! No wonder they've become our favorite all-year resorts! In them we can air all our pet resentments and envies, alibis and excuses, and indulge in that pleasant pastime of self-pity. We're the wretched victims of circumstances. Life has

cheated us in ushering us into a world that has no use for us. Life has failed to pay off. . . .

Tommyrot!

Life does n't owe us a thing — health or wealth or happiness or even civil consideration. We came into this world just as our forefathers did — beggars with no more personal rights than cauliflower. And we'll go out the same way if we don't get out and hustle.

So the rest of you can have your Good Old Days, your pipe-dream blah-blah of never-never Cathay, your self-pity and/or your resentment with Life — whichever is your particular outlet from reality. As for me, I'll roll up my sleeves, spit in my palms, and tackle life in 1938 barehanded. And I'll take America — *to-day* — as she is, battered, bruised, bewildered, and befuddled, to tackle it in! I'll fight with her and for her, because I have faith in my country and faith in myself, so help me!

EVELYN MEREDITH GILLESPIE

[In her twenty-fourth year, Miss Gillespie is keen to take America 'as she is,' without moaning.]

OF COURSE THE NEW DEAL

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

Why am I a New Dealer? For the same reasons, I think, that most young people are. We see in the New Deal the most practical approach to solving some of the economic maladjustments which are all too apparent in our country. We see in it the outline of an economic system which will give us a chance to make a decent living, have our own homes and automobiles, and feel fairly secure.

We are quite certain some rather drastic changes will have to be made if we are to make use of the rich resources with which this country was endowed. We do not think the New Deal will produce a Utopia. One reason we favor it is

the comparative modesty of its claims. Socialism and communism look too good to be true; our natural cynicism tells us that any system which would work as smoothly and efficiently as the apostles of either claim would long since have prevailed.

We like the New Deal because it gives the ordinary man a break. We hold no hatred for the 'economic royalists,' the 'bloated capitalists.' We do not line the streets to throw rocks at Cadillacs and Packards. Indeed, we have considerable admiration and respect for men who have made fortunes for themselves, even though we know they trampled on a great many of their fellow men to do it. We know that very rich men are the products of our times, that they did nothing we ourselves would not do had we the opportunity. But we know that the odds are overwhelmingly against our having any such opportunity. So we favor the New Deal, which offers us more certain if less alluring rewards.

The Man in the White House appeals to us; certainly he is part and parcel of the New Deal as we see it. We may mock his radio delivery and criticize his selection of neckties, but we admire him tremendously. We think he is sincere; we know he is no 'stuffed shirt.' We like him because he has that quality sports writers call color. He gets results, and he gets them in a dramatic fashion — like the halfback who runs seventy yards through a broken field for a touchdown.

We side with the New Deal because it takes such a beating from the newspapers, particularly the columnists. In fact, our New Deal tendencies are somewhat the result of all the anti-New Deal propaganda we read and hear. As soon as an editorial writer starts chanting

platitudes about 'the American way' and 'dictatorship' we turn to the comic strips. Too many platitudes have exploded in our faces lately.

Most of us would have a hard time defining the New Deal. We know very little about it, specifically. Of course we are familiar with the general functions of the PWA, the WPA, the TVA, the NYA, the FHA, and the other alphabetical agencies. We know the National Labor Relations Board is supposed to keep corporations from browbeating their employees. We know that the Social Security Act takes one per cent of our pay each month, but, since it is gone before we get the check, we never miss it. The prospect of a monthly pension at sixty-five is reassuring; many of us have had bitter experiences with dependent parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts. But we are extremely hazy regarding details. We are quite willing to agree that some of those details should be changed, once their defects are proved to us. The details are not the New Deal; it is a philosophy, an attitude, which goes beyond phrases and clauses in statutes.

We will be New Dealers until something better comes along — and no longer. We feel no particular allegiance to the Democratic Party. We cast our votes on personalities rather than party affiliations. We might vote for La Guardia on the Republican ticket, or La Follette on the Progressive, if we thought either had a chance to win. But in 1940 we will probably vote for a man named Roosevelt if he is running for the Presidency.

ALEX DAUGHTRY

[Twenty-four years old, Mr. Daughtry is now employed in the Civic Education Service.]

RAISING THE NATIONAL INCOME

BY LAWRENCE SCUDDER

I

MORE than a quarter of a century ago the State of New York made me a Certified Public Accountant. For a longer period than that my business has been to audit the books of business enterprises, small and large, and to write reports which undertake to analyze and draw conclusions from the figures in their ledgers. The long practice of that profession leaves me with the fixed habit of wondering where the profits are made and why sometimes losses take the place of profits.

Some persons call me a liberal, perhaps because I frequently maintain that big business is relatively inefficient. The more persons who stand between the boss and his workers, between the chief salesman and his customers, the more chances exist for misunderstanding, for error, and for personal favoritisms which beget inefficiency. New factors in research, in engineering and transportation, may widen the circle of effectiveness, but every business has its critical point, the place where the law of diminishing return begins to work. Aside from such conclusions based on experience, the fact is that I am not politically minded; my thinking is primarily that of an accountant, accustomed to consider figures and appraise their significance.

Whether any business is too large or too small is important chiefly to its stockholders, because competition will take care of errors in both directions. However, the biggest business of all — government — operates in the vacuum

of sovereignty entirely without the checks and balances of competition. Its costs are overhead costs, but, unlike other overhead, they are not subject to control by the market. The inefficiencies of big business are here present in greater degree, not only because of immense size, which I still think is the most important factor, but also because of the absence of the yardstick of competitors. In addition to all this, government executives, even more than big business executives, owe their jobs to *whom* rather than to *what* they know.

All of these ideas I have had in a general way for many years. The phenomena of the great depression, however, brought home to me vividly the importance of clear thinking on our economic problems. It seemed to me that the tools of the accountant's trade should be turned to answer the question of what is a depression and why. By keeping a theoretical set of books on the affairs of this country and its citizens, — consolidated balance sheets and income accounts for Uncle Sam and Subsidiaries, if you please — I have satisfied myself as to what is the real cause of our troubles; have isolated, so to speak, the virus which periodically attacks our national income. Further than that, I am prepared to suggest a remedy, which I believe will greatly relieve the pain, if not entirely cure the disease. I also hope that this remedy for depression fever will leave the patient stronger than he was before the onset of the disease, for by practising this regi-

men it is entirely possible that our body politic may learn how to live both justly and vigorously.

Of the pressing need for diagnosis and treatment there can be little doubt. Through the 1920's the national income rose to about ninety billions, then dropped to less than half that sum and has since risen slowly until it hangs around sixty billions. Some economists will attack these totals, but they are substantially correct, and small variations do not matter. The important thing is that, no matter how many billions are involved, the American people now have one third less to live on than they had nine or ten years ago. This means that there is n't enough income to maintain the old standard of living for the entire population, and at the same time the cost of servicing our debt structure grows apace. We still struggle with excessive unemployment and low wages, with reduced dividends, defaults on interest, foreclosures and liquidations.

While the national income remains one third under par, anything can happen in the political field. Prosperity is so much the basic gospel of American life that privation, particularly unnecessary privation, is not patiently borne. Government feeds and clothes the poor, be it noted, not only to keep the poor alive but to preserve itself. But the costs of maintaining large numbers in whole or partial idleness are colossal and arouse exasperation from those who pay the shot. Therefore it seems to me that continued impairment of the national income leaves the door wide open for attack on our fundamental democratic processes. Impoverished masses may drive for an American brand of Communism, or exasperated taxpayers may seek to bring in a New World kind of Fascism. Either one would sacrifice individualism and the liberty we won when we fought the Revolution. I believe that the Republic cannot endure on sixty billions of national income a year, and even this amount is now supported by

government borrowings which must end sometime.

Standing on this broad platform, it is easy for a man to arrive at something like a fair judgment on Administration policies. I find myself in accord with the New Deal in many of its aims, but in few of its methods in relation to raising the national income. Sadly enough, its course has not always been consistent, and one hand has too often undone what the other tried to do. What I propose is advanced in no spirit of partisanship. If the Administration likes the idea, it is welcome to use it. If the opposition forces believe that it offers a concrete programme, which they can incorporate in their platform, I should be glad to have them do so. And if the thinking men of both parties were to see in this plan, or some variation based upon its logical conclusions, a means of giving us *both* liberty and prosperity I should be very happy.

So much for the 'why,' which may be simpler to explain in a few words than the 'how.' In the interests of clarity and readability, I will omit both the statistics and involved mathematical formulæ by which I arrived at these conclusions, but of course stand ready to supply them upon serious inquiry.

II

It is often said that during a depression the rich grow richer, and the poor poorer. The rich will claim that they do not grow richer in dollars, for values fall in such periods, but they do accumulate possessions at declining prices which may later advance. Having ready money or available credit, they buy the securities or properties which bankrupt or distressed holders must liquidate. Savings and investment are not genuinely productive in such periods, since little new physical wealth is being created. What goes on under those names is chiefly a transfer of ownership. Some will say this transfer is from weak hands to strong,

but too often it is from progressive and courageous business men to nonconstructive hoarders, from energetic wealth creators to automatic savers in the higher income brackets.

This evil effect of depressions, this tendency of venture capital to dry up, has been recognized and preached against, but what do we do about it? Efforts may be made to sustain the distressed, to lend money to farmers with ruined markets, to delay foreclosure actions, and otherwise to bind up the wounds of economic mayhem. But a direct solution which will expand production and put men back to work is avoided, lest it involve infraction of the rights of liberty and property. It seems to me, however, that a solution can be reached which invades no right of person or property, by so assessing our taxes that self-interest will impel the man with income to use it constructively.

Taxation for social and economic purposes has gone far in our day. In many ways it has been overdone, chiefly where the assessing and collecting of the tax involve more cost to government and the businesses concerned than the end is worth. If the punitive features of a new tax measure outweigh its curative benefits, if it frightens capital into hiding instead of calling it into use, or if it is so costly to collect that it becomes only an annoyance and a burden, then a tax to achieve a desired social end may well prove to be a failure. But if such a tax is a stimulant instead of a drag, if it brings positive boons at moderate expense, no practical man will object. After all, we are habituated to the method on a record of legislation running back to the first protective tariff.

My proposal is briefly this: *Let the Federal Government enact a tax on that portion of a taxpayer's income which is not respent in a manner that produces income to others.* Such spending would, of course, include not only expenses but capital expenditures of a constructive nature, so that thrift which creates wealth would be

encouraged, as distinguished from the mere acquisition of wealth.

Taxpayers with less than \$10,000 a year of taxable income can be exempted from this tax and not required to file returns. On the basis of the statistics published for the year 1934, this would exclude all but about 3 per cent of the individuals who filed income tax returns. It would undoubtedly call for a much larger proportion of returns from corporation taxpayers, but the return could be made in a form which involves a fraction of the effort now called for by the current returns. No appreciable extra burden of record keeping need be assumed by the taxpayers of either class.

To the disgusted reader who at this point snorts, 'Oh, another tax!' we hasten to point out that this would be one tax easily avoided. It all depends upon what you do with your surplus income. Furthermore, there may not be any tax at all. The rate of tax is something which should vary with the times, being low in good years and high in bad. The proper yardstick for determining the rate in any given year should be an index figure on unemployment. A rising tide of unemployment would be accompanied by a marked increase in the tax rate on all incomes over \$10,000 not spent in activities which make jobs and add to national income. Thus, if the tax is avoided by constructive spending, unemployment is correspondingly reduced, while individuals unwilling to venture surplus earnings in activities which make employment must pay the tax, and thereby finance the resulting relief efforts.

This arrangement should encourage good managers to postpone construction work, which adds to the overbuilding that goes on in flush times, in order to gain a tax credit for filling in the lack of construction work in bad times. If we were able to slice off the peaks and fill in the valleys, we might not have any peaks high enough or valleys deep enough to unsettle our national economy.

From accounting records, individuals

or corporations could readily show what constructive expenditures had been made. If such expenditures exceeded the surplus income of that taxpayer, the credit under this tax might be passed on to the one who supplied the money. Thus securities sold for plant extensions or any other purpose which created national income could carry a special coupon entitling the purchaser to claim the spending credit, these coupons to be detached and submitted with the return of the taxpayer who claims the credit.

A market, noticeable by its absence during depressions, would thus be created for securities of a constructive nature. This market would be stimulated in direct relation to the need created by unemployment. Surplus capital of the wealthy would be encouraged to venture into less conservative investments, leaving to the thrifty with less than \$10,000 a year a better break in investing in the more conservative, seasoned, and re-funding issues. The man of moderate means would be encouraged to save and become a capitalist, while the man of large capital would be induced to risk his surplus earnings in activities which make employment and increase our national wealth.

My study of the accounts of Uncle Sam and Subsidiaries convinces me that the key to the business cycle is in capital expenditures. The building boom is basic to all booms whether it takes the form of structures, railroads, or utility extensions. It is the pace of capital construction which makes the difference between good times and bad. Construction provides income to those engaged in the work and creates an asset on the books of those who invest the money. When it stops, incomes from that source stop, and with their stoppage goes no small part of the earning power of the assets created. Rent rolls, for instance, depend upon payrolls. There follows a period in which there is no incentive to build more assets until new development starts the construction boom going again. What-

ever levels out the building curve also levels the income curve, and tends to keep the nation on an even keel.

III

Important collateral effects would flow from this anticipated transfer of buying power from good years to bad years. There would be a decided tendency towards a decrease of debt set up for new construction projects; more original capital and less borrowed money would flow into venturesome enterprises — all of which conduces to the stability of banks, insurance companies, and such financial institutions. A heavy debt structure intensifies the effect of depressions and threatens all human beings living within its shadow. For millions of persons incomes would be raised, since jobs would multiply and wages rise, giving a tremendous lift to purchasing power. While benefits would be widely spread among all classes, the greatest beneficiaries, both in extent and in degree, would be wage earners and salaried persons. And rightly so, in my opinion, for they are the greatest sufferers from loss of accustomed income. If we are to give them real social security we must assure the workers a market for their services, a demand for labor substantially equal to the supply.

While I prefer not to cumber this plan by estimating its effect on other taxes, I feel confident that incomes of all taxpayers would be so increased that normal income taxes would produce enough additional revenue to permit the dropping of several taxes which now not only are troublesome to the taxpayer but have a depressing effect on business. Certainly those taxes which directly penalize spending for worthy purposes should be dropped, as they discourage the very object sought. But here again the test should be pragmatic rather than dogmatic; there is a world of difference between taxing automobiles, for instance, and taxing liquor.

Unlike certain New Deal measures, this proposal aims to fill the treasury, to raise the government income and remove the need for relief and other forms of government expense. Under this plan the government should be able to balance its budget and start the long job of whittling away at our mountain of debt. Under increased productivity this can be done, for through the 1920's we were able to reduce our national debt by about nine billion dollars, precisely because money kept moving.

I have sought objections to this plan from the members of my profession, who make a business of finding fault, from professional economists, from bankers and lawyers and ordinary hard-headed business men. I have heard no criticism of it which appeared to me to be valid.

The chief complaint is that my plan constitutes a tax on thrift, and that every incentive is needed to get people to increase the country's capital. My answer is to point out that accumulation of distressed properties does not increase the country's capital, and that savers of modest sums would remain precisely in their present position, since the extra tax would not apply to them. Those with more than \$10,000 a year could also do as they pleased, but they would find their self-interest directing them into investments which contribute to the welfare of their fellow men. If they contribute to an unemployment problem, theirs is the major burden to support the resulting relief efforts.

For that matter, is thrift to-day entirely a personal matter involving industry and sacrifice? It hardly seems so. There are automatic savers, persons so abundantly blessed that they are never conscious of 'doing without' while their fortunes are growing, often under trusteeships which function adequately without the beneficiary's attention. It is perhaps sufficient to remind thesefortunates, many of whom are already notable for good works, that unearned income is something of a misnomer. All income has to be earned by someone somewhere, and the American system will not work unless enough income returns through the grass roots to provide employment and high living standards for all industrious citizens, their dependents, and the handicapped wards of society.

Those wealth accumulations which produce large unearned incomes, with the help of labor and management, were fruitful in the making, but equally are they to be judged by their fruits in the present. And hungry, distressed men and women are not likely to be kindly judges. If income is to continue to flow into the hands of the well-to-do, it must also flow through them. The rich should be encouraged to spend freely and constructively in order that the rest of our people may be assured of a continued and growing earning power. Money must be used as a medium of exchange and not as a one-way sluice into the reservoirs of wealth. Private income must beget private income, if the democratic way of life is to continue.

DAUGHTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

A Family at Swords' Points

BY E. F. BENSON

[For seven years E. F. Benson has been devoting his research to the most famous English family of the nineteenth century. In foregoing issues Mr. Benson portrayed the careful upbringing of Queen Victoria's nine children. The plans of the Prince Consort led to the marriage of Vicky, the eldest daughter, to Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia and of Alice to Prince Louis of Hesse. Victoria herself watched over the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra of Denmark and of Helena to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The rising ambitions of Bismarck, however, jeopardized Vicky's happiness in Berlin and destroyed the Queen's hopes for further affiliation with the German States. The biography resumes after Bismarck's dictation of drastic peace terms to Austria.

— THE EDITORS]

I

PRINCESS HELENA's marriage to Prince Christian in 1866 had secured for the Queen the desired son-in-law who would live in England, but the young couple did not make their principal home with her, as she had originally planned, for the rest of her lifetime. She gave Frogmore to them as their residence (it was close to Windsor Castle), and for occupation she made her son-in-law Ranger of Windsor Park. She had still two daughters living with her, — Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, — and her youngest

son, Prince Leopold, whose extreme delicacy precluded any active profession.

Twice a year the Queen made long sojourns at Balmoral; it was there she felt most comfortable, and the remoteness, the brisk air, her drives and picnics and sketchings, and the freedom from any heartless calls that could be made on her by Prime Ministers were beginning to build up again the nervous system which she was almost anxious to prove was hopelessly shattered. She had a great friend there, Dr. Norman Macleod, the Minister of the Kirk at Crathie; she found his sermons full of consolation, and talked to him intimately about herself. Albert, she said, had worn himself out by never allowing himself any relaxation. Relaxation was necessary for her, and Dr. Macleod very tactfully entreated her always to come to Balmoral to get it. Till his death in 1872 she looked on him as a man on whose understanding and sympathy she could always rely.

The Queen derived great comfort from the constant attendance of her manservant, John Brown, with her now not at Balmoral only, but at Windsor also, and the need for a resident son-in-law was less insistent. What she had wanted was some active, reliable man without other duties than to attend to her, and she found him in this devoted attendant without whom she never left the house, and who became a pervasive element in family life, perhaps not always wholly welcome. But he suited her.

Queen Victoria was one of the kindest women in the world to those who looked after her personally. She knew all about their relations and their family history; she did not treat them, when once they had earned her confidence, as servants so much as friends, and she looked upon their performance of their duties as acts of kindness to herself.

It is the very triviality of the innumerable references to Brown in *More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands* which defines the nature of his services to the Queen. He accompanied her everywhere; he walked by her pony when she rode and by her side when she was on foot. One rainy day his kilt got wet and chafed his knees behind; he had to take care of himself, and her doctor ordered him to keep his leg up. She walked with him through her Palace at Holyrood, and he was much interested in Queen Mary's rooms; afterwards she sat under a hawthorn tree and read the poems of the Ettrick Shepherd from the volume which Brown had given her. On the anniversary of the Prince Consort's birthday, when she made presents to all her upper servants, she gave Brown his present with the rest of them. 'The tears,' she wrote, 'came into his eyes and he said "It is too much." God knows it is not for one so devoted and faithful.'

The very fact that Brown was not in the least afraid of the Queen pleased her, for formidable people usually dislike the timidity which they inspire in others. She appreciated in him the independence of the Highland character which the Prince Consort had so much admired, and she allowed him to treat her with a brusqueness which she would not have permitted from anybody else. He told her to put on her cloak or to sit on a rug, or to make up her mind which way she wanted to drive. At Glassault Shiel she asked for a table at which to sketch; one was too low, another too high, and it looked as if she would never make her sketch at all till Brown told her she

must manage with one of them, for they could n't make a new table for her now. He knew he was indispensable and treated her Ministers and her Court with bumpkin familiarity, with doffings and pats on the back if they were respectful to him, and the rudest speeches and contradiction if they failed.

Behind his bad manners the Queen saw and rightly valued Brown's genuine devotion to herself. Moreover he gave her day by day that sense of security and protection of which she stood so sorely in need, and we may regard him as administering to her, by the mere fact of his constant and reliable presence, some sort of rasping and comforting tonic which without doubt had by degrees the most beneficial effect on the hypochondria which caused her seclusion. He helped to build up the confidence that enabled her to face her duties again.

Presently, however, another physician with a more deliberate purpose and subtler technique was treating her on diametrically opposite lines; and while Dr. Brown of Balmoral was short and sharp with her, Dr. Disraeli of Downing Street plied her with fantastic visions of herself as the Faëry Queen whose presence in the Isle of Wight caused the primroses to burst into blossom. The treatments were not antagonistic, but each supplemented the other. Her recovery was largely due to them.

II

Ominous clouds soon gathered up again after the war between Germany and Austria. Bismarck, like some baleful invisible witch, was brewing them in his vat of blood and iron, and this time he did not intend that any Paris Exhibition and royal cordialities should disperse them. In 1870 General Prim, who since the deposition of Queen Isabella of Spain had been at the head of the Spanish Government, sent a confidential agent to King William of Prussia with the news that Spain was looking out for a sov-

ereign again and asked him to nominate his kinsman Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. His election, said General Prim, would be a certainty. Prince Leopold at first refused to accept this offer, but after it had been renewed several times he finally consented, and King William nominated him. France raised the most violent protest, and Prince Leopold withdrew his acceptance.

Throughout these negotiations the Prussian Royal Family had been in complete ignorance of their origin. They had not a notion that Bismarck had been at the bottom of it, with the sole object of rousing France to a pitch of fury which, carefully fanned and fostered, might end in war. War, Bismarck knew, was bound to come before long, and the German military machine was ready now, while France, in spite of the prestige of her armies, was unprepared. The withdrawal of Prince Leopold, therefore, was disappointing, for France had no longer any cause for quarrel.

But France, elated with the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidate, which she attributed to the firmness of her government, made the mistake which served Bismarck's purpose to a nicety. The French Ambassador in Berlin, instead of using the customary diplomatic channels, obtained an interview with the King and demanded his personal assurance that he would never again put forward Prince Leopold as a candidate for the throne of Spain. King William told the Ambassador that this was an outrageous request, and telegraphed an account of the interview to Bismarck. That was the sort of mistake the Chancellor was hoping for. He flooded his press with exaggerations and misrepresentations of what had occurred, in order to rouse the indignation of Germany, and let loose such a tempest of abuse on the Emperor of the French and his government and his insolent diplomatic methods that France, believing her armies to be invincible, promptly declared war. But the most remarkable part of Bis-

marck's achievement was that not even at this point had King William or his family the slightest suspicion that it was the Chancellor who had engineered the whole affair from the beginning.

The declaration of war on July 15, 1870 was received by all Germany, excepting Bismarck and those who knew the stupendous efficiency of his war machine, with consternation, and the Crown Princess wrote to her mother in incoherent dismay. She believed that the odds were terribly against Germany and that ruin and perhaps annihilation faced her. National feeling there, she said, was that England ought to have prevented war by a strong warning to France that she would not tolerate such wanton aggression. In England, at the outset, indignation against France ran high, holding her guilty of wantonly breaking the peace of Europe, and the Queen shared these sentiments to the full.

But Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador in London, informed his Foreign Office that the Prince of Wales, dining at the French Embassy immediately after the declaration of war, expressed to the French Ambassador his hopes for the speedy defeat of Prussia, and that when the Austrian Ambassador, Count Apponyi, hinted at the possibility of Austria's joining France he had shown high satisfaction. This caused the greatest indignation in official circles in Berlin, and, though the Prince denied that there was any truth in Bernstorff's report, Berlin continued to believe it and attributed similar sentiments to the Crown Princess. Though no one was more rabidly Prussian than she, she was looked upon with such suspicion that her offers to help in the hospitals at Berlin were refused.

The Crown Princess's fears as to the annihilation of the German armies soon died a sudden death. Disaster after disaster overtook the French. On September 1 came the battle of Sedan, after which the Emperor Napoleon surrendered, and in October Marshal Bazaine's

army of 170,000 men surrendered at Metz. The Crown Princess's lamentation tuned up into peans of triumph accompanied with moral reflection and comments of a very irritating sort.

The siege of Paris began. The Crown Prince was anxious to reduce it without the horror and vandalism of a bombardment; Bismarck, on the other hand, backed up by popular feeling in Germany, wanted to bombard the city at once in order to bring the war to an end as speedily as possible. It was a question which concerned the government and the military authorities, and it would have been wiser for the Crown Princess to be on her guard. Instead she ardently and openly supported her husband's view, with the unfortunate but natural result that she was believed to be influencing her husband to delay.

The family life of the Crown Princess during the war was full of difficulties, and she poured out these troubles to her mother, with assurances that they arose from no fault of hers. With Fritz away there was not a soul with whom she was in sympathy; the King disliked her, and she often found it impossible to get on with Queen Augusta. It was a very awkward situation, for her mother and Queen Augusta were the most devoted friends.

She acknowledged and appreciated Queen Augusta's good points; the Queen had always 'fought her battles and smoothed her path'; and, though her mother-in-law often made her very miserable, she bore her no resentment for that and only remembered her better and kindlier moods, deeply pitying her for her unhappy temperament. It is difficult to see what could have been the object of repeating to her mother the disagreeable observations of Queen Augusta, unless it was to shake her mother's confidence in her friend and inspire distrust.

The war was over, and the mission with which her father had entrusted her on her marriage was over also; the missionaries, for all proselytizing purpose, had been massacred by the chief of the sav-

age tribe which they had hoped to convert. Bismarck had realized the Prince Consort's vision of a vast united Germany, ruled by Prussia, and far exceeding in power and in territory that ideal State which, in close alliance and amity with England, should bring eternal and industrious peace to Europe. Blood and iron had accomplished it; every step of the way had been won by the forces which Albert abhorred. If the Queen was right in pronouncing that, had the Prince Consort been alive when France declared war on his beloved Fatherland, it would have been impossible to prevent his joining Bismarck's armies, what manner of letters would he have written to his wife and his daughter from the front?

Then for the Crown Princess there was the daily heartache of looking on the cruel maiming through which her eldest son, Prince William, had come to birth. He was twelve years old now; his left arm was still powerless, and the torturing treatments he had undergone were of no avail. It crippled all his boyish activities; for the withered limb gave him an imperfect balance and he had great difficulty in running or in learning to ride, and his food must be cut up for him. Only by painful effort could he do what came so easily to other boys, and this consciousness of inferiority, so his English tutor feared, was getting more acute as he grew older. But at the moment the mother was very happy about the affectionate relations between her and her son. 'I am happy to say,' she wrote, 'that between him and me there is a bond of love and confidence which I feel sure nothing can destroy.' She did not think much of his abilities, however, nor of his strength of character, and she superintended his education with constant care. Perhaps Queen Victoria remembered that the excessive vigilation the Prince Consort had imposed upon his eldest son had not produced the effect on his character which was intended, for she warned her daughter that 'too much

constant watching leads to the very dangers hereafter which one wishes to avoid.' She recommended that William should be brought in contact with other classes and not get to think that because he was a prince he was of different clay from working people and servants and farmers.

The Princess retorted warmly. Her mother must not think William saw only Palace folk. When her children were with her in the country they had ample opportunity to go in and out of cottages, just as they did at Balmoral; but the Prussian peasant, who had lately been the simplest and gentlest of souls, was not at all an amiable person now, but obstinate and boorish. In fact, the discussion about William's upbringing resolved itself into an irrelevant wrangle about Highlanders and Prussians. The Crown Princess's habit of mind led her to search for points on which to differ, rather than common ground on which to construct. Herein lay a most disastrous factor in the development of her tragic history: she could not believe that those who did not share her views might have sound reasons for disagreeing with her, and she suspected them of a personal hostility.

III

At Darmstadt Prince Louis had been called up immediately on the outbreak of war. The Crown Princess urged her sister to come with her children to Berlin, where they would be safer than in the West of Germany should the French armies invade the Fatherland, and the King offered her the New Palace to live in. But that was not to be thought of.

Alice was busier than ever, looking after the wives and children of soldiers at the front, seeing that the hospitals were ready to receive the wounded, and sending out women from her Nurses Institute to the field hospitals. She had turned her own house into the headquarters of what we should now call the

Red Cross depot. Wounded Germans and French were brought in and the hospitals grew full. 'I neither smell nor see,' she wrote, 'anything but wounds.' Her neuralgia grew acute, her eyes suffered, and she was expecting another baby before long. The Queen sent out a doctor for her confinement, and early in October her child was born — another boy, Frederick William.

Then back she went to Darmstadt, working in the hospitals and meeting trains full of wounded soldiers at the station. In the town there were many widows and mothers who had lost perhaps an only son. She went to see them all, for sympathy was the only medicine for such grief. Christmas came round; Louis was at Orleans and she decked a minute Christmas tree for him and his staff, and sent a pair of stockings she had knitted for him. She had two wounded officers in her house now, which was a great expense, and this continual assistance to soldiers' widows brought her near the end of her slender resources.

Paris capitulated, and the trains were no longer full of wounded, but of German soldiers returning from the war, singing and cheering. And at last her Louis came back on leave and for the first time saw his little son. The parents went to Berlin for the entry of the victorious armies with the new German Emperor riding at their head. As she watched the triumphant cavalcade, Alice's heart ached for the Emperor and Empress to whom France had behaved so shamefully. But they had found a refuge in England and were treated with respect and friendliness.

IV

In England meantime the Queen had been much exercised over the marriage of her fourth daughter, Princess Louise, who had passed her twenty-first birthday in the spring of 1869, and was already older than any of her elder sisters had been when they were wed. It would have

been in accordance with precedent to be looking out for some suitable German Prince, but Princess Louise found such a future extremely distasteful. She much preferred to make a British marriage and to settle in her husband's house in England. The Queen entirely agreed with her. That the daughter of a reigning Sovereign should marry a subject was at that time a very startling proposition; such a thing had not happened in the Royal Family of England since the days of the Plantagenets, and since the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty all had married Germans. The proposed candidate was the Marquis of Lorne, son and heir of the Duke of Argyll.

The Prince of Wales had talked it over with his sister, and disapproved of such a marriage. The Queen was particularly anxious that he should see eye to eye with her, and she wrote him a remarkable letter which shows how entirely (for the present) her sentiments about foreign marriages for her daughters had altered, and the reasons:—

Times have much changed; great foreign alliances are looked on as causes of trouble and anxiety, and are of no good. What could be more painful than the position in which our family were placed during the wars with Denmark, and between Prussia and Austria? Every family feeling was rent asunder, and we were powerless. . . . Nothing is more unpopular here or more uncomfortable for *me* and everyone than the long residence of our married daughters from abroad in my house, with the quantities of foreigners they bring with them, the foreign view they entertain on all subjects, and in beloved Papa's lifetime this was totally different, and besides Prussia had not swallowed everything up. You may not be aware, as I am, with what dislike the marriages of Princesses of the Royal Family with small German Princes (German beggars as they most insultingly were called) were looked on. . . .

Now that the Royal Family is so large (you have already five, and *what* will these be when your brothers marry?) in these days, when you ask Parliament to give money to all the Princesses to be *spent abroad*, when they could perfectly marry here and the chil-

dren succeed just as much as if they were the children of a Prince or Princess, we could not maintain this exclusive principle. As to position I see *no* difficulty whatever; Louise remains what she is, and her husband keeps his rank, like the Mensdorffs and Victor (Hohenlohe), only being treated in the family as a relation when we are together. . . . It will strengthen the *hold* of the Royal Family, besides infusing new and healthy blood into it, whereas all the Princes abroad are related to one another. . . . I feel sure that *new* blood will strengthen the Throne *morally* as well as physically.

This letter shows how intolerable to the Queen had become the endless worries to which the marriages of her two elder daughters, though sanctioned and arranged by the Prince Consort, had given rise. In the main she blamed Prussia; the Crown Princess's marriage, one way and another, had embittered instead of improving international relations. Prussia had become a bullying, domineering power, and the reaction therefrom had seriously disturbed her domestic happiness. That resentment is intelligible, but it is strange to find that the long visits of the Queen's two daughters from Germany had become so distasteful to her.

But times were changed, and such were her sentiments now. She had made up her mind that Princess Louise should marry the handsome, able, and artistic young son of the Duke of Argyll. All parties directly concerned were agreed, and next autumn Lord Lorne was asked to stay at Balmoral, even as Prince Frederick of Prussia had been bidden there for a similar purpose in 1855. The procedure of the betrothal was on much the same lines. The Queen drove out in one direction with Princess Beatrice to taste a chalybeate spring, while Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, with the Lord Chancellor and Lady Ely, drove to Glas-sault Shiel. The chaperons then effaced themselves; the young people took a walk and returned to Balmoral with the news for which, as the Queen justly admitted, she was not unprepared.

The Queen never for a moment contemplated that Princess Louise and her husband should make their principal home with her, as had been her intention in the marriage of two of her elder daughters. One of the main general reasons for the marriage was that her new son-in-law should be an independent British subject, heir to a great estate with solid responsibilities of his own, and not a foreign princeling living in an alien country, where he had no duties except that of being a constant companion of his mother-in-law.

Similar considerations were equally applicable to the bride. Princess Louise herself was far more suited to be the mistress of a great nobleman's house than the wife of the Queen's resident son-in-law, where her position would render her completely subordinate to her mother. Her individuality was no less strong than that of the Crown Princess, and she had the same brilliantly faceted vitality, incongruous to the shrouded and subdued atmosphere of the joyless palaces. She was a radiant creature, extremely handsome, genial, and ebullient, with little trace of the Teuton in her nature; and her gay and eager presence, her sense of fun, her manifest power of enjoyment, her freedom from any conventionally royal consciousness, had a social potency which rivaled her mother's, but with this antipodal difference — that the Queen evoked awe and almost paralytic reverence, whereas her daughter exhaled a psychical ozone. Like her eldest sister, she too inherited from her father an intensely artistic nature, and her work in sculpture was far removed from that of the amateur. It was only fit that she should have a wider scope for her gifts and her self-expression than her cloistered home.

The Queen little guessed how increasingly this precedent for royal marriages with subjects would be followed during the next sixty years. The Princess Royal of the next generation married a compatriot of Lord Lorne's, and in the gener-

ation after that the King's only daughter married an Englishman and two of his sons ladies of Scottish blood, of whom one is now the Queen of England.

V

The Queen opened Parliament again in the spring of 1871. She had performed that ceremony only once since five years before, when Princess Helena was engaged to Prince Christian and Prince Alfred attained his majority. A similar exigency drove her to do so now, for she intended to ask her Commons to make provision for Princess Louise on her marriage. She knew that these grants for her daughters were unpopular in the country, and Mr. Gladstone was not easy in his mind as to how the House would receive the request. It was 'to his agreeable but extreme surprise' that the vote of the usual dowry of £30,000 and an annuity of £6000 was passed unanimously. When, later in the session, a grant to Prince Arthur on his coming of age was brought before the House, it was passed with the expression of the hope that she would show herself more frequently to her loving subjects.

Gladstone, who feared that this continued retirement would really affect the stability of the throne, deplored the paltry cause of the danger. He believed that the shattered state of her nerves which she so often bewailed was imaginary, and that her doctor, 'the feeble-minded Dr. Jenner,' was encouraging her to refuse to do anything for which she did not feel inclined; and now he begged her graciously to postpone her departure for Balmoral till the end of a difficult session and hold her Council for the prorogation. She was so indignant at such a suggestion that she disregarded her Prime Minister altogether and wrote to her Lord Chancellor instead. She told him that she was doing as much as she could, and that, as she grew older, she would not, for the sake of her health, be able to make these continued exertions. She was 'driven

and abused'; her private life was being interfered with, and her nerves would break down. She warned him that if this persecution went on she would have to give up the awful weight of sovereignty to another, and then perhaps these discontented people would be sorry that they had wrecked her health.

Victoria had really done a good deal more this year than since the Prince Consort's death, and this nerve storm subsided. But Gladstone's fears for the throne were by no means fantastic. He knew how strong was the feeling against the Queen's seclusion. In addition, her German sympathies in the Franco-German War were very unpopular, and the fall of the monarchy in France, with the establishment of the Republic, had been reflected in England by a strong agitation against the throne and the prodigious expense of a sovereign who so rarely appeared, who must be annually transferring to her own pocket immense sums of money which were granted her by the nation for the purpose of upholding the splendors of the Crown, and who was so constantly asking her Parliament for substantial grants for her children.

The heir to the throne caused equal dissatisfaction for exactly opposite reasons. He was seen too much, always surrounded by frivolous folk; he led a fast and far from edifying life, and instead of spending too little he was credited, in spite of his cosy income of £100,000, with being heavily in debt. He had lately appeared, too, in a horrid public scandal.

The agitation against an invisible and expensive sovereign and a son who did nothing but amuse himself was kept simmering in the press, and it fairly boiled over when, early in November, Sir Charles Dilke made a most violent anti-monarchical speech at Newcastle which both infuriated and alarmed the Queen. Then suddenly the whole agitation subsided, for the Prince of Wales was stricken by typhoid fever, and he and the Queen ceased to be a profligate

heir and an unfunctioning Sovereign; they were just a son seriously ill and a miserably anxious mother. Human sympathy with them as such wiped from the slate all the indictments against them. The case became critical, and the Queen came to Sandringham, where she had never been before, though the Prince had lived there for eight years.

The present anxiety ominously linked itself up with the past: the nursing, the symptoms, the attacks of difficult breathing, the rambling voice, all reminded her of the Prince Consort's illness. And now the dreadful anniversary of her husband's death, December 14, was approaching, and that uneasy belief in fatally ordained coincidences which always lurked in her mind made her feel certain that she would lose her son on the day she had lost her husband ten years ago. These forebodings were so firmly rooted in her mind that when, on that very day, the Prince took a decided turn for the better, she could hardly realize it.

VI

Princess Louis's sixth child, a daughter, was born in the summer of 1872. She called her Alix (a variant of her own name, since Germans always pronounced 'Alice' so infamously). Alix was a 'nice little thing,' like her sister Ella, but with darker eyes; her features promised to be good, but it looked as if her nose would be too long. That defect remedied itself, and Alix and Ella grew up to be two of the most superbly beautiful women in Europe. Alix was always laughing; her mother nicknamed her 'Sunny,' and it is good to know that as a child she was happy. Destiny wove for her imperial splendors, and for them both a doom of Æschylean tragedy.

Princess Louis was soon busy again with fresh activities, and again she had to be a little careful as to how she wrote of them to the Queen. A conference on women's work and their possible careers beyond marriage and childbearing and

housekeeping was assembling at Darmstadt. Germany, Holland, and Switzerland were sending delegates from sympathetic associations, and from England came such distinguished propagandists as Miss Carpenter and Miss Octavia Hill. But the Queen viewed with the deepest distrust movements that threatened any sort of emancipation for her sex, and the idea of women ever being put on the electoral roll was to her an outrage on decency. Princess Louis therefore assured her mother that she had taken the utmost pains to rule out all discussion on such repulsive topics and that the most advanced subjects on the agenda papers of her conference were girls' schools, the employment of women in postal and telegraph offices, the education of nurserymaids, and of young mothers with regard to the care of their babies.

Her work was extending in other directions; she had long been president of the Darmstadt Nurses Institute, and now she was forming an Association for the care of children boarded out by the State. Children must be made happy: there was nothing that counted for so much in the formation of character.

There was constant anxiety about the health of her second son, Frederick William, known as 'Frittie,' who had been born when his father was serving in the Franco-German War. From birth he had been extremely delicate, and now it became evident that he suffered from that obscure and most dangerous condition called hæmophilia. Frittie, now aged two, got a small cut on his ear, and for two days this incessant bleeding continued, till his hair was matted with blood. At last the bleeding was stopped with caustic and tight bandages, but she feared it might break out again. And he was so boisterous when he was well, full of tearing spirits! How was it possible to guard against some trivial injury which would cause further attacks?

Frittie recovered, and the Prince and Princess treated themselves to a tour in

Italy. One morning a month after their return, Ernie and Frittie came trotting in to see their mother while she still lay in bed. The windows of her bedroom, reaching nearly down to the floor, were open, and next door was her sitting room, which had a projecting bow window that looked sideways into the bedroom. As the boys played about, Ernie appeared at this bow window, and Frittie, seeing his brother there, scampered across to the open window of the bedroom. He fell out on to the stone terrace twenty feet below and was picked up unconscious. No bones were broken, and at first it was hoped that he was not seriously hurt. All day his mother watched by him, but bleeding on the brain had set in, and that evening, before her husband returned, the child died.

Princess Louis never got over the shock. There were times when she realized that Frittie had been spared the physical perils and suffering that, had he lived, must always have been his; and now she would cherish till her life's end the image of his flowerlike brightness and his love. But the family circle, which was the world of her heart, had been broken into, and the dread of what the future might hold was ever with her. She clung more closely to those who were left; children grew up so quickly, and she longed that they should take into the world no memory of home that was not charged with happiness. She was resolved from the first not to allow her life to become barren and withdrawn or her grief to render her remiss in answering its calls.

Throughout the year following Frittie's death her letters to the Queen were no less frequent, but the effervescent quality in them died out. She wrote as if the concerns of the outer world were dream stuff, and her yearning for Frittie, her grief that she loved because it seemed to be part of him, were more real to her than they. Ernie missed his brother terribly; he constantly spoke of him. 'When I die,' he said, 'you must

die too, and all the others: why can't we all die together? I don't like to die alone, like Frittie.' How that went home to her! It was as if her heart were crying out through the boy's lips.

VII

Princess Louis's seventh and youngest child, a daughter, was born on May 24, 1874, the anniversary of the Queen's birthday, and just a year after Frittie's death. She wrote her mother that she was not one of those tiresome women who made themselves a nuisance with their perpetual baby-worship. Certainly her brothers and sisters saw less of their children than she, but they could afford a staff of trustworthy tutors and governesses. Her motherhood had to be, as in private families, of a more real and personal kind, and it entailed a good deal of self-denial in other ways.

Then a fresh phase of life, with new responsibilities and burdens, opened for Princess Louis and her husband. In the spring of 1877 Louis's father, Prince Charles, died after a short illness, and three months later the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Louis succeeded his uncle.

There was an overwhelming press of public functions and of business. At Darmstadt she and Louis had a tremendous public welcome, and once more she took up her work, with all the duties that her new position entailed. But she was always tired, for she always overtaxed her strength; and she knew her mother would understand the brevity and infrequency of her letters, for after the day's work was over the fatigue of writing was too much for her.

She came to England once more in the summer of 1878 with her husband and her children, and spent a month at Eastbourne. Then final rest came to that gallant and loving spirit, though preceded by weeks of intolerable grief and anxiety. One morning in November 1878, Victoria, the eldest of her six children, fell ill

of diphtheria, and four days afterwards Alix and May were down with it. Next Irene and Ernie caught it, and now there were five children out of six with diphtheria, and May and Irene were desperately ill. The day after, her husband was down with it also, and that night May died. Louis kept asking about the children, and his wife went to tell him.

Ernie's life still hung by a thread, but he began to mend, and he too asked after his sisters. One morning he sent May a present of a book, and his mother had to smile back at him, for the news could not be broken to him yet. Sometimes the whole of life seemed to be an agonized dream; sometimes she woke to reality, and then the agony was over, for she accepted the will of God and in His will was peace. By that entire and complete resignation she could feel gratitude that the others had been spared.

A month had passed since the first of her children had been taken ill, and now her husband and those who were left were able to go out again, and the Princess was making arrangements for them to get away for a change of air. All one day she had a very bad headache, and next morning diphtheria had developed. Not being allowed to speak, she wrote down little messages and directions for her husband. The case was almost hopeless, for the attack was very virulent, and she had no strength with which to fight it.

Then came a morning when the doctors realized that there could be but one end, and her husband was told. She was quite conscious; she enjoyed a visit from her beloved mother-in-law, and in the afternoon the Queen's doctor, Sir William Jenner, arrived from England with a letter from her mother, which she read. Her husband came in to wish her good-night as usual, and when he had left her she said she would go to sleep again. She whispered, 'May — dear Papa,' and died in her sleep early next morning, on the anniversary of her father's death.

(To be concluded)

THE ÆSTHETICS OF EATING

BY ANDRÉ SIMON

I

THE Art of Good Living is a living art. Its body, that which all may see and many acquire, is called Gastronomy. Its soul, that which giveth life to the body, a gift from heaven, which no money can buy, is a form of the living spirit of charity; it is called Hospitality. Nutrition wins prizes at cattle shows and baby shows. Gastronomy wins smiles and double chins; also a measure of relaxation and contentment beyond the grasp of those who fail to take an intelligent interest in what they eat and drink.

Cats and dogs, horses and asses, and all animals depending upon us for their daily food are perfectly satisfied with the same fare day after day. So we think. They do not complain. But it may well be that they would ask for more variety could they but speak. Wild animals — that is, the denizens of forests and open spaces dubbed by us wild because they are free — show much more imagination in the choice of their food than do many highly civilized men and women.

In the matter of meat and poultry, it is true, we must be content with the limited choice which the butcher and poulterer have to offer; beef and veal, mutton and lamb and pork, fowls, ducks, turkeys, and geese, are all we can reasonably expect. Game, whether fur or feather, is getting scarcer every year, and many species have already ceased to exist outside the glass cases of Natural History Museums. Happily, fish has a better chance to protect itself from destruction, and there are ever so many

varieties of fish for us to enjoy, did we but choose to visit the fish markets. And there is a still greater variety of vegetables for us to grow if we live in the country, or to buy in the shops of large cities — in both cases, if we are blessed with a little gastronomic imagination.

Gastronomy speaks the language of common sense when it asks all, whether they be rich or poor, to make the unescapable daily business of eating and drinking an amusing and profitable hobby rather than let it become a dull duty. There is neither pleasure nor profit, hence no justification, in dealing with our daily food as mere coal shoveled into the boiler. Our meals should mean both physical restoration and intellectual relaxation. It is not a matter of riches, but of the right attitude of mind, detached yet keen, of all who are capable of pursuing any branch of art or learning merely for the love and enjoyment of it. But unlike poetry, with poets upon a plane high above the heads of their admirers, Gastronomy bestows its choicest rewards upon the rank and file of its followers, upon you and me, upon men and women of taste who may have but little or no culinary talent. And the more numerous the people of taste, or the more fastidious their taste, the greater will be the professional skill of the cooks and the professional honesty of the vintners.

Gastronomy is sometimes associated in the minds of ill-informed people with excess, but excess is the hallmark of fast

living, as sure a road to damnation as good living is to salvation. Nor must we confuse Gastronomy with high living. It is entirely opposed to it. High living is inseparable from extravagance, from rare and rich and costly foods and wines, from fatty hearts and enlarged livers. Gastronomy, on the contrary, teaches us to avoid not merely excess, quantitatively speaking, but hurried meals and unwise combinations.

When speaking of excess and moderation in the matter of both food and drink, there is a very important factor which is all too often overlooked. This is the time factor. Do not bolt your food and do not drink hastily. Gastronomy insists that sufficient time should be allowed for mastication and digestion, though it recognizes that both rules may be broken occasionally without real harm ensuing. But it does not admit any exception whatever to the most important rule of all, that of quality.

The quantity of food that we may eat and of wine that we may drink depends, naturally, upon age, sex, occupation, heredity, environment, and other factors. It is for each one of us, when we reach the age of reason, to find out our own limitations, to stop when we have had enough, and to part in the shortest time possible with whatever we have been foolish enough to eat and drink in excess of our requirements. But there is no distinction of age or sex when it comes to the question of quality, nor is there any valid excuse for breaches of the only rule without any exception: whatever you eat and drink must be sound, must be of good quality. Food may look beautiful and its taste may be very attractive, but that alone does not make it acceptable to Gastronomy. It must above all be absolutely sound and fresh.

There is also what is known as the important factor of suitability, the science of combining happily flavors and savors, liquids and solids. Instinct, here, is not always dependable as a guide, but it is a help. If one, even without being

told, no more thinks of playing a funeral march at a wedding than of wearing tennis shoes with full evening dress, it is simply because one knows instinctively that it would be wrong. Yet lapses from good taste in the matter of dress cause no injury whatever to either kidneys or liver, or any of the other organs upon which our bodily health and sweetness of disposition depend to such a considerable extent. But sardines and cocoa, roast beef and strong tea, ice cream and claret, or any such unsuitable combinations, are lapses from good taste which are paid for in headaches, biliousness, sleepiness during the day and insomnia at night, and all manner of other ills which make our lives, and the lives of those with whom we live, miserable instead of joyful.

II

Without denying that every one of us is entitled to his or her taste, and while admitting willingly that there are a great many more exceptions than rules in the matter of the harmony that should exist between savors and flavors as between solids and liquids, there are certain basic rules which one should know, even if only to have the wicked satisfaction of breaking them willfully, and not merely through sheer ignorance.

A meal should be constructed somewhat like a book — that is, with a foreword or introduction to begin with, then the story, the really important part, and lastly the epilogue or conclusion to bring it to a happy end. Translated into the language of Gastronomy, this means that we should begin our meals with *hors d'œuvres* or soup, by way of preface; then pass on to the meal proper, the most important part — short or long, as the case may be, but the part of the meal from which we are to derive the nourishment which we need; lastly, we finish with cheese or dessert, a pleasant and useful part of the meal, one that is intended to help us assimilate, or inwardly digest, the story.

Hors d'œuvres, in their modern form, have reached us from China by way of Russia. The Chinese are far too highly civilized to press their point of view upon their friends; they place before them all they have prepared for their refection and entertainment, be it fish, fruit, meat, or vegetables, all daintily arranged in small dishes which are promptly refilled as soon as necessary. Guests help themselves to whatever pleases their eye, just as they choose. The Russians have improved upon the Chinese way to this extent, that they have made a Chinese puzzle of all sorts of small canapés; all manner of appetizing mouthfuls or tidbits serve as an introduction to the real meal that is to follow. The danger is that the variety and excellence of the Russian hors d'œuvres may become too much of a temptation for the weak and hungry, leading them to indulge in a manner that will ruin their appetite for the meal proper.

Hors d'œuvres should never be substantial. They should be vinegary and spicy. They are intended to stimulate the flow of gastric juices necessary to deal adequately with the 'story' that is to come. They should also include a fair allowance of olive oil or butter, in order that the walls of the stomach may receive an oily cover that will protect them from too rapid penetration by the volatile ethers of the alcohol in wines and spirits. Nordic peoples swallow a tot or two of vodka or aqua vitæ with their hors d'œuvres; Latin peoples drink a sharp, young white wine with theirs, a wine that will clean the palate and leave it expectant and appreciative, ready to receive the better wine coming with the meal proper. American people favor cocktails — and they also patronize grapefruit, melon, and all kinds of fruit, sweet or sweetened, which are not allowed as hors d'œuvres by orthodox Gastronomy.

Soups have the same mission as hors d'œuvres, but a different method of approaching it. They stimulate the sali-

vary glands and the flow of gastric juices by their heat and seasonings, and they afford to the walls of the stomach the same oily protection through the cream and butter or fat in them. That is why cold soups are as much a heresy as iced melon, and this is also why it is quite wrong to serve at the same meal hors d'œuvres first and soup after. The classical method is hors d'œuvres for lunch and no soup; soup for dinner and no hors d'œuvres. With soup, which cannot be too hot, iced wine is both a gastronomical heresy and a real danger to internal peace. The wine served with soup should be at the temperature of the room and of fairly high alcoholic content, such as a brown sherry or an old Madeira.

After the preface of our hors d'œuvres or the introduction of our soup comes the story of our meal. It may be one of those short stories complete in one chapter or course — just one large grilled sole, for instance, with half a bottle of Chablis, or else a fair-sized broiled steak, with half a bottle of claret. Each is a complete meal in itself, and better than fiction. There are combinations of foods and wines beyond count, but what matters is to remember that harmony is made up of contrasts free from jarring notes, and that we should aim at well-balanced, harmonious meals.

If we are to succeed, we must remember that whenever there is to be more than one course the one that comes first should help as much as possible the one that is to follow. Boiled cod with egg sauce, for instance, may be quite acceptable and even enjoyable, but it can never be exciting; it should be served first, with an inexpensive white wine of no real merit; it calms the appetite but leaves the palate unimpressed. Then comes the roast duckling or lamb, with a mature claret or Burgundy, which we can enjoy at leisure. Reverse the order and the harmony is broken, the meal unthinkable.

The closing pages of the book and last stage of the meal, cheese and dessert,

add really nothing to the story, but they are its pleasing summing up. They are not intended so much to supply further nourishment as to help the digestion of the meal — that is to say, its prompt dispatch, just as the *hors d'œuvres* and soup helped at the time of their arrival. Cheese is a digestive, and dessert is chiefly useful on account of the leisure which it introduces at the time when the stomach needs peace and quiet.

One last rule, which no disciple of true Gastronomy should ever overlook, is simplicity. Our senses of taste and smell are exceedingly delicate, and they are far more easily shocked or hurt than our other senses; they take longer to recover. We hear very distinctly even when not listening with attention, just as the light of day or vivid colorings force themselves upon our sight without our looking for or at them. But, curiously enough, food and drink that force their smell and flavor upon us without our looking for them are almost invariably objectionable. The taste of good food is always discreet. Highly spiced sauces are injurious to the delicate taste buds of the palate, and their only excuse is to cover the objectionable taste or else the total absence of any flavor in the food with which they are used.

Gastronomy can never countenance, for instance, the use of red pepper and highly seasoned sauces with fresh oysters, any more than it will permit any oysters to be eaten if they are not absolutely fresh. The nutritive value of the fresh oyster is one thing and its gastronomical merit another; both are closely allied, of course, but there is no reason why the second should be destroyed completely by condiments which will hide the fresh marine sapidity of the oyster without in the least enhancing its nutritive value.

Most gastronomical heresies are due to a desire to introduce some novelty and make it fashionable. Fashion cannot play with our food and drink quite the same tricks that it plays with woman's dress. A woman's head will wear any

hat, but her stomach will turn if she takes the same liberties with it. Gastronomy is, of course, greatly influenced by social and economic changes. With the ever-rising rate of speed of living and the ever-rising tide of taxation, there is neither time nor money nowadays, even if there were the disposition, to indulge in the type of gastronomy which gladdened the hearts and stretched the waistcoats of our fathers.

Gastronomy is in no way dependent upon riches, nor is it the privilege of any class. It is within the reach of all who are fortunate in the possession of a fair share of common sense, and of a little imagination, who are capable of appreciating that which is good; whether they be rich or poor, they will always find a way of making the best of whatever happens to be at hand to eat and drink — of making it look its best, taste its best, and do most good.

III

But enough said about the body of the Art of Good Living — Gastronomy. Let us now consider, ever so briefly, the nature of its soul, Hospitality.

Birds of prey and wild beasts hide their kill and seek to devour it in secret; they resent intruders. There are gluttons and hypochondriacs who hate company at meals, but, happily, they are the exception. Most civilized men look upon the chief meal of the day as an occasion for relaxation and conversation, and when they have reached that degree of civilization which has led them to the practice of the Art of Good Living they make as many of their meals as possible the occasion for the dispensation or receipt of hospitality.

Hospitality is one of the many forms of the spirit of charity, and it is one of its highest manifestations, one of the very few where honors are perfectly divided. In French, the word *hôte* is used for both host and guest, which is as it should be, since there is no differentia-

tion between host and guest wherever there is true hospitality. The host, of course, provides wine and food, which money can buy, but the guests provide the pleasure of their company, which no money can buy. They bring to the table that which adds sparkle to the wine and flavor to the food, their wit and their news, an articulate appreciation of the good things provided for their delight, all of which makes the difference between a meal that is both enjoyable and memorable and one that is a dismal waste of money, time, and trouble.

The host who confers a favor upon his guest, and the guest who confers an honor upon his host, are equally hateful. Neither the one nor the other falls within the meaning of the French name, *l'hôte*, a name which indicates perfect equality and understanding between two persons entertaining each other, just as in English the word 'lover,' even when used in the singular, embraces two people opposite in sex, but equal in their admiration of and devotion to each other. In hospitality, as in love, there should be no bargaining: each giveth the best that he hath to give, without any sense of either inferiority or superiority.

Unfortunately, when we pass from mere theory to realities, we are bound to acknowledge that the Art of Good Living, in both body and soul, — that is, Gastronomy and Hospitality, — cannot be practised without cooking and cookery. Cookery is but printer's ink — recipes in cookery books. Cooking is flesh and bones, to say nothing of the sauce, before us. Cookery and cooking are the theory and practice — that is, the whole art of giving our food its fullest measure of digestibility, as well as making it the most attractive to our senses of sight, smell, and taste.

Scientists may prove to us that there are a greater number of calories — that is, greater food value — in the husks than in the grain, or in the skin than in the meal of potatoes. But we can prove to ourselves that bran and potato peel-

ings give us no pleasure to eat and do us no good. We need but a minimum of horse sense to appreciate the fact that there is nourishment in oats as we give them to our horse, but that we cannot deal with oats ourselves in the horse's way. We must turn to cookery for a recipe for making porridge. Having gained this very important knowledge, if we dare not or cannot trust ourselves to put the theory of porridge making into practice, we must ask a cook to do it for us. However good and simple the recipe may be, our porridge may be either delicious and digestible or lumpy, burnt, and horrible; in the latter case it will give us no pleasure and do us no good — neither oats nor cookery being to blame, but the cooking.

Cookery is very much like music: neither good nor bad, but simple or otherwise, pleasing to some or not to others, its varieties are innumerable — hence its wonderful adaptability. There is cookery, as there is music, for Chinatown and Bayreuth; for weddings and funerals; for the highly sensitive and the obtuse; for young and old. Climate, tradition, environment, and many other factors which influence the music of various nations have a like influence upon their cookery. There are races noted for their more highly developed genius for music, and there are some with a greater genius for cookery. And cookery, like music, knows no frontiers: its message is not to the few within the political boundaries of one nation, but to the whole of the human race, wherever there is an ear capable of receiving gladly a harmony or a palate able to appreciate fine savors.

There are really no limits to the number of modes, styles, and variations in music or cookery. One may like a type of cookery or of music better than any other; or one might like one tune one day and another the next. It is entirely a matter of personal taste and of circumstances. To call plain song, for instance, better music than jazz is hardly right; it is better, certainly, in church, because

better suited to the occasion, but not for a dance.

English cookery may be called the plain song of cookery: it has but few sauces, as plain song has but few notes, and it depends chiefly upon the excellence of the materials used, as plain song depends upon the training of the choir's voices; both can be beautiful, but both are likely to become monotonous. American cookery is not so devotional: it is bolder; it strikes unexpectedly sharp notes, and it is full of contrasts; it is nearer jazz than plain song. It has more 'pep' and greater individuality than the plain song of English cookery, but it does not possess the dignity and wonderful harmony of the *grande cuisine*, the classical cookery or French cookery.

What one can and does compare in cooking is the playing or singing of the tune. From little Audrey fresh from her music lesson to a Paderewski, for instance, there are ever so many ways of playing the same piece, on the same piano, and there are quite as many ways of preparing the same recipes on the

same cooker. The skill and imagination of the artist are of the greatest importance: they make all the difference in our enjoyment of what we shall have to listen to or taste. The nationality of the cook makes no difference at all: a French cook can roast a piece of beef just as an American cook can turn out an *omelette aux fines herbes*. The only thing that matters is that he or she shall be, not mechanical, but blessed with a fair share of imagination and common sense.

French cookery is no more the cookery of France for French people alone than Wagner's music is the music of Germany exclusively for Germans, or Puccini's the music of Italy only for Italians. French cookery does not take the place of local cookery in various parts of the world. Local supplies and local customs always have the place of honor; but French cookery brings to every civilized land a welcome element of cultured traditionalism, a pattern of harmony, of balance and beauty, sometimes in the simplest form imaginable and sometimes in the most elaborate.

FOOTBALL IS KING

BY FRANK SULLIVAN

JOHN B. SMITH takes the stand.

Q. Mr. Smith, are you familiar with the clichés used in football?

A. Naturally, as a football fan.

Q. What kind of football fan are you, may I ask?

A. I am a rabid football fan, sir.

Q. In that case, I suppose you attend a great many football games.

A. I go to a great many grid tilts, if that's what you mean.

Q. I see. Who attend these grid tilts?

A. Record crowds, or throngs.

Q. And what does a record crowd provide?

A. A colorful spectacle, particularly if it is the Army-Navy game.

Q. Mr. Smith, how do you know when the football season is about to start?

A. When there is a tang of autumn in the air I know that football will soon be king.

Q. Is there any other portent that helps you?

A. About September first, when the newsreels start showing pictures of coaches putting their charges through early practice, I know that football will soon hold sway — *undisputed* sway — over the hearts of sports lovers.

Q. Describe these pictures.

A. The candidates sit around on their haunches looking a little sheepish, while the coach stands in the middle holding a football — pardon me, a pigskin — and an announcer states that an atmosphere of optimism prevails in the Gopher camp

despite a heavy schedule and the loss of several of their best men through graduation. Then the coach makes a short talk, the gist of which is that, while he will make no predictions, he *will* say that any team that comes up against the Gophers this fall will know they've been in a battle — how about it, men? Then the men line up and tackle a flying dummy.

Q. A shrewd summing up, Mr. Smith. Speaking of 'up,' what do football teams roll up?

A. A score.

Q. If they don't roll up a score what do they do?

A. They battle to a scoreless tie.

Q. What do they hang up?

A. A victory. Or, they pull down a victory.

Q. Which means that they do what to the opposing team?

A. They take the measure of the opposing team, or take it into camp.

Q. And the opposing team?

A. Drops a game, or bows in defeat.

Q. This dropping, or bowing, constitutes what kind of blow for the losing team?

A. It is a crushing blow to its hopes of annexing the Eastern championship. Visions of the Rose Bowl fade.

Q. So what follows as a result of the defeat?

A. A drastic shakeup follows as a result of the shellacking at the hands of Cornell last Saturday.

Q. And what is developed?

A. A new line of attack.

Q. Mr. Smith, how is the first quarter of a football game commonly referred to?

A. As the initial period.

Q. What kind of quarterbacks do you prefer?

A. Elusive quarterbacks.

Q. Who traditionally comprise the membership of Notre Dame's football team, the Fighting Irish?

A. Woszianko, Ruplemeyer, Kozlowski, Goldsmith, Ponzaneri, and so on.

Q. And who play on the Harvard team?

A. Mahoney, Grady, O'Halloran, Dolan, and Cabot.

Q. Very good. Now then, what does a young football player show?

A. An *embryo* football player? He shows great promise in high school.

Q. Why?

A. Because he is husky, powerful, sturdy, stout-hearted, fast on his feet, a tough man in a scrimmage, and tips the scales at two hundred pounds.

Q. Which makes him?

A. A magnificent physical specimen.

Q. What happens after the magnificent physical specimen shows great promise?

A. He goes to college.

Q. How?

A. On funds donated by wealthy alumni who are rabid football fans.

Q. And who are?

A. And who are dissatisfied with the coach, it is rumored.

Q. Once in college, what does the magnificent physical specimen become?

A. Promising football material.

Q. So he joins the candidates who are trying for positions on the football team, eh?

A. I would n't put it that way. I'd just say he goes out for football. By the way, Mr. Sullivan, now that I have amended your statement, how do you stand?

Q. I stand corrected.

A. Good. A bit of a cliché fancier yourself, eh?

Q. Oh, I dabble, I dabble. Now then, Mr. Smith, I suppose that in the course of time — the *due* course of time, to be exact — the magnificent physical specimen is appointed to a place on the regular team.

A. You waste so many words. He makes the varsity eleven.

Q. What kind of practice is he put through?

A. Hard, grueling practice.

Q. Where?

A. Under the eye of the coach.

Q. What kind of eye?

A. Watchful eye.

Q. So that he is?

A. In fine fettle, and a veritable human fighting machine.

Q. What does he shovel?

A. Passes.

Q. What kind of threats is he partial to?

A. Triple threats.

Q. What does he nurse?

A. Bruises.

Q. What does he break?

A. Training.

Q. What does he stave off?

A. Defeat.

Q. What kind of prowess does he boast?

A. Vaunted.

Q. What is a good football captain called?

A. An able field general.

Q. And the able field general leads his team through an unbroken series of victories, does he not?

A. He does unless he is declared ineligible.

Q. Where is he when he is declared ineligible?

A. He is behind in his studies.

Q. Now, Mr. Smith, what, according to tradition, does the coach call the players?

A. He calls them 'men.'

Q. And what does the captain call his teammates?

A. He calls them 'fellows.'

Q. What does the coach say in the locker room just before the game?

A. He says, 'Well, men, I guess that's about all. Now, get in there and fight!'

Q. What does the captain say?

A. He says, 'Come on, fellows, let's go!'

Q. So they go out there?

A. Determined to win.

Q. What for?

A. For the honor of the school; for dear old Alma Mater; for the glory of old Crimson; for God, for country, and for Yale; for dear old Rutgers; for good old coach; for Dad and Mother, and for A Certain Girl.

Q. For anything else?

A. For Delta Kappa Epsilon and good old Sigma Phi, for Scroll & Key and Skull & Bones, and Theta Delta Chi.

Q. Why, you're quite a poet, Mr. Smith!

A. Oh, I dabble, I dabble.

Q. Where is A Certain Girl during the game?

A. Up there in the stands, her heart glowing with pride.

Q. What is she wearing?

A. A chrysanthemum.

Q. Where are Mother and Dad?

A. Up there too, *their* hearts glowing with pride.

Q. When Son drops the punt do Dad's and Mother's hearts cease glowing with pride?

A. Dad's sinks, but not Mother's.

Q. Why not?

A. Because she thinks he has scored a point.

Q. Why else is Son determined to win?

A. Because he wants to emerge from that game as the greatest end since Larry Kelly.

Q. Why does he wish to be the greatest end?

A. So he can get his letter, and be a candidate for the All-American team.

Q. Why?

A. So that he can get a bid from a big pro team.

Q. Pro team?

A. Professional football.

Q. Why does he want to play pro football?

A. Because that may bring a bid from the movies to play magnificent physical specimen parts, such as Tarzan.

Q. Does he get his letter?

A. Yes.

Q. How?

A. By snatching victory from the jaws of defeat.

Q. How?

A. By carrying the ball seventy-five yards for a touchdown.

Q. When?

A. In the last minute of play.

Q. What was the crowd yelling?

A. 'Hold that line!'

Q. What else does the crowd yell?

A. 'Block that kick!'

Q. What does the rabid football fan sitting behind you do?

A. He jams my hat down over my head in his excitement.

Q. Why?

A. Because he is an old grad, and he is a little the worse for wear.

Q. You mean?

A. He is feeling good. He's in his cups.

Q. By the way, Mr. Smith, what would you call the annual game between Yale and Harvard?

A. It is a grid classic.

Q. And what is the Yale Bowl — or the Harvard Stadium — on the day of this grid classic?

A. A Mecca for football fans throughout the East.

Q. And the fans?

A. Jam the Bowl to its utmost capacity. Reporters estimate the crowd at 75,000.

Q. Just 75,000?

A. No. Pardon me. *Fully* 75,000.

Q. Do Yale or Harvard care whether they bow to any other eleven prior to their grid classic with each other?

- A. Oh, no. They point to each other.
 Q. Point?
 A. Yes. Train for each other.
 Q. Why?
 A. Because of their age-old rivalry.
 Q. Are they the only two colleges that have an age-old rivalry?
 A. Good heavens, no! Every college worthy of the name has an age-old rivalry. Army and Navy. Cornell and Syracuse — you know.
 Q. I see. What is it the rooters want Yale to hold?
 A. "Em." You know — 'Hold 'em, Yale!'
 Q. If Harvard emerges triumphant over Yale, what does that constitute?
 A. A moral victory for Yale.
 Q. And the game itself?
 A. It was a good game from the spectators' point of view.
 Q. Why?
 A. Because there were plenty of thrills.
- Q. What happens after a football game?
 A. The undergraduates tear down the goal posts.
 Q. What reigns on the campus of the winning team that night?
 A. Joy, or pandemonium.
 Q. And the cops?
 A. The cops wink.
 Q. Mr. Smith, as an expert, what lesson do you draw from the game of football?
 A. Life is a game of football, Mr. Sullivan, and we the players. Some of us are elusive quarterbacks, some of us are only cheer leaders. Some of us are coaches and some of us are old grads, slightly the worse for wear, up in the stands. Some of us thump the people in front of us on the head in our excitement, some of us are the people who always get thumped. But the important thing to remember is — Play the Game!
 Q. How true!

WHEN A TREE TURNS YELLOW EARLY

BY DAVID McCORD

ALL summer the green that I let go but will not let me go
 Stirs at the curtain of my window, and the wind need not ever blow.
 The morning turns to noonday fire, to the devil's fork in the cloud,
 To the spoken rain come bursting sweet, and the answering thunder loud;
 And then the circling summer, beautiful in the green frame of the trees,
 Murmurs at my window, at my door, as a flower-field of bees.
 Should I think it as green forever, I have but to glance where the sun will glance
 On a maple yellowing early by some long September chance.
 There is no corner we come to turn that we lack this glimpse ahead:
 The summer will go with the flight of birds we fear in the bird that's fled.
 I can pass my tree and come back home with its color of cooling sun,
 And own to the green that I let go as yellower for this one;
 And when it shakes to leafless end, I shall know its branch of old
 With a reach well toward another spring in a year still glinting gold.

THE NATURALIST AND THE CAT

BY COLETTE

THAT one — oh, by all means that big tawny-brown one with the blue gloss on his wings. How much is he? I'd like to buy that one.'

'You may — you may.'

It is the barest of concessions. The naturalist is certainly not trying to encourage me. Not at all. He nods his gray head and averts his youthful blue eyes with an air of saying, 'This is no affair of mine. The age of prodigality may be upon us, but I wash my hands of it.'

'He's such a beauty! But is he expensive?'

A serious look comes into the old man's honest face and he answers slowly, 'Yes, that butterfly comes to quite a bit — quite a bit.'

'But how much?'

'Quite a bit. I'd have to ask you — well — I suppose I'd have to ask you five francs fifty.'

Five francs fifty — for five francs and a half I can have this butterfly, this full-blown velvet flower with petals burnished and shimmering in a kind of radiance that vanishes the moment one tries to seize it and then flashes again unexpectedly at the edge of a wing. What else as beautiful could you buy for five francs fifty?

The naturalist pays no further attention to me. He has gone back to his place at the other side of the long table and is hunching himself over a delicate surgical operation involving minute pincers, aseptic cotton, trayfuls of pins and pointed brushes. It is as though an

aerial catastrophe had spilled its precious débris on this table: plucked wings, split wing-covers, feet like crumpled hair. All this that once moved in flight at the other end of the world lies now in the top floor of a blackened house on the Left Bank, in the workshop of a mild, slow man who has no use for Paris and pays her no attention.

The slightly funereal odor of camphor and chlorine goes well with the silence that reigns here. And there is a mixed smell of burnt wood, musk, and fish oil from remains of skunk and otter. The leap of a little stuffed flying squirrel is caught immovably in a pine branch nailed to the wall. It is as though a single all-powerful gesture had suspended forever, in the very postures of motion, the lives of a thousand creatures born to dart, to run, to fly.

A letter as blue and ragged as a dead wing is lying near me on the table; it, too, has come from the other end of the world in forty days of traveling. 'The season is over,' writes the hunter of Lepidoptera, 'and I am bringing back sixty butterflies in all. No doubt it will be years before another specimen of this variety gets to France.'

Then the murderous suns, the fevers, the swamps thick with heavy flowers, crazy butterflies, and glittering insects, the warm savannahs where snakes wind through the grass — none of these held any terror for the man who had set out to capture a butterfly or a beetle resembling a gleaming bullet or a molten drop of gold.

Dry and weightless between two thin sheets of paper, their bellies wrinkled and empty, they cross the oceans and come to rest at my friend the naturalist's. A few days in beds of damp sand and moist blotting paper and they are supple enough for the operator's hand to unfold and shape their shrunken corpses. The butterflies resume their satanic headdresses, their dancers' bodices, and take on that unfailing air of impatience without expectancy that goes with butterflies mounted in full wing-spread.

On a softwood plank a beetle as big as a lark spreads his slit abdomen to be stuffed with cotton like a cheap doll; I can smell the odor of insect decay across the big room. Still further away a *Morpho Sulkowsky* in a benzine bath is purging his splendid but ailing mother-of-pearl where the lustre has turned fatty. A dead-leaf butterfly, all the more leaflike in its own death, lies with folded wings veined and mould-spotted like an autumn leaf. The Memnon I have just bought looks at me with false owl-eyes painted on the underside of his wings. . . . Silence. . . .

'Rrrrr . . .'

A warm little creature — one thoroughly alive this time — brushes against my skirt and jumps to the table in a single noiseless bound, so precise that it has not stirred the big beetle's paper harness or jarred a heap of glittering cantharides.

'Ah, here she is! She's awake!'

She . . . the color this word takes on in the naturalist's mouth tells clearly enough that *She* is the revered demon of the house. She is a Siamese, small and perfect, dove-colored except for her mask, her mittens, and her ears, where the close fur is almost black. She came to France two years ago on the boat that brings the rare butterflies, the priceless Coleoptera; and two years have not yet tamed her — in the degrading sense we give this word.

The long table is her empire, but less

so than the heart of her owner — her deferential owner who says *She* with awe and lowers his voice to describe the caprices of this Siamese princess.

'She has even eaten a towel, Madame. It was a client's fault — someone who came in here to-day. He did n't know her and simply went up and tried to stroke her under the throat. She bit him and I had to punish her. So she took herself off into the bathroom and ate half a towel out of pure rage.'

She listens to him with the suggestion of a smile at the bottom of impenetrable eyes as blue as the iridescence on the Memnon's brown-velvet wings. Then she moves away as though in defiance, stretches herself out between a mounting board covered with fragile butterflies and a heap of glass-topped boxes, and begins to lick her shadowy belly. The old man watches her proudly.

'She has n't so much as harmed a butterfly in two years,' he confides. 'She does n't steal, she never tells a lie. But she has no use for a collar and she won't bear having anyone stroke her.'

I stretch my hand toward her, in temptation. . . . Instantly a ripple runs over the cat's fur, and her pale eyes, with the dreadful candor of the unsubmitive wild creature burning in them, warn me. I refuse the hint; blood begins to darken that lovely, pure glance, a sort of intoxication troubles it, and all at once white claw and tooth together leave their print on my rash hand. The little, too-living goddess of this exotic necropolis stands up before us, very straight, on a thick otter rug, and waits for either duel or punishment.

'What a brave little beauty she is!'

'Sh-h-h! Don't laugh — don't laugh at her,' her slave whispers.

'Why not?'

'Because — she knows perfectly well what it is to be made fun of. And now when you go away — when we are alone here, she and I — she'll pay me back for this.'

IF YOU MUST BUY FOR A MAN

BY MARGARET DANA

I

ACCORDING to statistics, women do a nearly 90 per cent of all the consumer buying in this country. Obviously a tremendous amount of the merchandise bought for men is bought by women. Moreover, according to both makers and retailers of men's wear, the little that women do not actually buy for men they influence enormously. There are men, to be sure, who would no more think of asking feminine advice about their clothes than they would about their office personnel. But, incongruous as it may seem, the fact remains that most women *buy* the pants in their family even if they don't wear them.

For several reasons this seems to me unfortunate. It divides the selling and the buying of merchandise too sharply into classes dominated by the separate sexes, since most of the makers and retailers of merchandise are men, or, at the very least, men direct and formulate sales policies. So, with women doing most of the buying and men doing most of the manufacturing and selling, you have an unhealthy and unbalanced situation. Some of the greatest misunderstandings between these two groups are created by this very war between the sexes.

However, as things stand, there are doubtless men who cannot spare the time, even the little it would take for their requirements, for their own buying, and equally there are men so accustomed to the selections of their women that they will never attempt to change a

routine which may prove unsatisfactory but saves both mental and physical effort. So, if you *must* buy for a man, you may as well do it as easily and as authoritatively as possible. Perhaps the first step is to adopt as far as possible the masculine conception of what constitute important points in the merchandise. Exquisite lace and rosebuds on feminine underwear may very possibly have an actual cash value to many women, but purchasers should stop to consider very carefully whether the masculine equivalent of rosebuds is important to men and has a cash value for them.

Let me illustrate what I mean by quoting from a report by a testing laboratory on the subject of men's shorts. Of eight pairs tested, the tensile strength of warp and filling threads sharply varied, with the warp threads twice and occasionally nearly three times as strong as the filling threads. The report concludes with this comment: 'Statements have been made from time to time that fabrics should have a balanced strength to be satisfactory (that is, should have not too broad a difference between warp- and filling-thread strength). This is impossible with the majority of cotton fabrics, especially material for shorts, where *style and appearance* must also be taken into consideration.'

But who says 'style and appearance' must be taken into consideration in buying men's shorts? The men who wear

them? Not at all. The men who *make* them and *sell* them, for they know they are really selling to women, and a modern fundamental of retailing is that style and appearance are the great stimuli which bring women to the buying point, and without which they never come to that point. Without attempting to argue this question in regard to her own clothes, the rational feminine consumer ought to scrutinize very carefully the reasons why she buys the merchandise she does for her special masculine consumer. Style and appearance have their place in a man's clothing, but it is to be seriously questioned whether a man would sacrifice durability in his underwear to obtain style.

From a man's standpoint the qualities he requires in a pair of shorts, let us say, are, in the order of their importance: comfort, durability, continued durability, and decent appearance. If he can obtain these without paying more than a reasonably low price he is generally satisfied and pleased with the merchandise. To get these qualities you must check cut, fabric, tailoring, and guaranteed performance under laundering. Durability in a fabric depends upon the plainness of the weave, the number of warp and crosswise threads, and the tensile strength of the fabric in both directions. If too much filling has not been added to the fabric (2 per cent is the maximum desirable) you can check the closeness of the threads yourself in a practical if not wholly accurate way. Hold the fabric up to a strong light and notice whether the texture seems close and even, and again whether the pattern of the weave throws many larger yarns to the surface, as in a crosswise rib. Such yarns are apt not only to catch the surfaces of every abrasive substance, but, because of their size, to cut through the finer yarns woven against them. Incidentally, a fancy fabric or novelty material is almost sure to cost more than a good plain weave without giving you additional durability.

Once you feel fairly certain that the fabric was woven for reasonable wear, make sure it is color-fast if color is used, and that it has been Sanforized-shrunk. In no other article of wearing apparel is shrinkage more apt to cause actual discomfort, yet the false term 'pre-shrunk' is plastered all over underwear which has a residual shrinkage of anything from 5 per cent up. Again remember that a 1 per cent *fabric* shrinkage is all that is wise, for at least another 1 per cent must be allowed for *garment* shrinkage; and while there are those who insist that 4 or 5 per cent shrinkage in men's underwear is inconsequential, the truth is that from the standpoint of both comfort and wear a 2 per cent total is the only legitimate limit.

As to the fibres used in making shorts, cotton of course is the prime favorite, being absorbent, light, easily washed, and durable when of good quality. Silk underwear is even more absorbent, is comfortable, especially in winter, and is pleasant to the touch, but cannot be laundered as safely under all circumstances as cotton. Rayon, because of the smooth slippery surface of the fibre, feels cool in summer, letting the fabric rest against the body instead of a layer of air — the reverse of the recipe for warmth. But rayon lacks durability and loses its strength while wet, so is not as amenable to hard laundering as cotton. Shorts made of all rayon, woven or knit, have a great tendency to elongate, — that is, stretch out and stay that way, — and although rayon is very absorbent, more so than cotton, it dries more slowly.

II

Pajamas (meaning literally 'leg garments') seem to be the subject of more complaints from men than any other article except outer shirts. Most of these complaints rest upon two things — incorrect sizes and careless finishing. Since pajamas are usually sold in only four sizes, A, B, C, and D, most of the size

trouble comes from skimmed cut. Sometimes the wrong size is bought, sometimes the size is incorrectly marked. And unfortunately, since there are no enforceable standards, each manufacturer is apt to use his own — and even these will vary according to the price of the finished garment.

The points at which skimping of fabric or cut is most apt to occur, affecting comfort and wear, are chest measurements, sleeve lengths, leg lengths, and leg *widths*. The last measurement is consistently overlooked by consumer buyers and consequently is a favorite spot for decreasing the amount of material.

The same points about the selection of fabrics in shorts hold true in regard to pajamas. Silk pajamas and rayon pajamas are governed in durability and comfort by their generic fibre characteristics as well as by fabric construction and garment cut. Silk is warmer in winter, rayon cooler in summer, to the touch; both may be of porous weaves which are cool, or close dense weaves which are warmer. Neither is as tubbable as cotton, although parachute silk has extraordinary tensile strength and resistance to abrasion. It is more costly, of course, than cotton, but should outwear it.

Finally, make sure buttons are guaranteed washable and sewed on firmly, buttonholes are strong and well made, all edges finished neatly, and bindings cut and stitched to prevent easy ripping of sharp corners and angles, as in a V neck of a slipover pajama coat. Elastic belts should have with them a guarantee of how many launderings they can endure without losing their life — some elastic used in pajama waistbands stops being elastic after two or three washings.

A man's shirt should be so much an expression of his personality and individual good taste that style and appearance emphatically enter into its purchase. Often the difference between two shirts of equal durability lies in the nice attention to fine detail in the fit and finish, and although the well-finished

shirt from the standpoint of style may cost more than the other, a man who *understands* the differences and their effect on appearance will usually prefer the costlier shirt. Strangely enough, the woman who runs to 'rosebuds' in buying masculine underwear often ignores the extremely important style points of a shirt.

There are infinite grades of men's shirts on the market, and no manufacturer or retailer seems willing to admit that the shirts he makes or sells are not absolute perfection in every detail. The '89-cent shirt with all the fine detail of an expensive shirt' is a favorite advertising myth, and an excellent way to begin intelligent shirt buying is to recognize that *fine details cost money*; not necessarily a lot of money, — there are fine shirts to be had for less than \$3.00, — but *some* money. No one in the shirt business works for love. If you buy an 89-cent shirt you will undoubtedly get no more than 89 cents' worth of shirt, and if you stick to the price long enough you will sooner or later get *less* than 89 cents' worth.

The merchandise manager of a large department store once remarked casually to me that his store found it wiser, when the market forced an increase in price of a popular men's shirt, to take it entirely out of that price class, raise the price considerably, and bring up a cheaper shirt from a lower class to fill its place. In other words, if \$1.75 has been the price of a certain shirt, and the market goes up enough to warrant a new price of perhaps \$2.10, the price will be shoved up to \$2.50, and a shirt which has been selling for \$1.49 will be marked \$1.75. In this way those who happily buy to a *price* still pay their favorite \$1.75, but they get a quite different shirt. However, the changed status is not mentioned by the retailer.

A good shirt begins with a good design, and that alone accounts for some of the cost of manufacturing. When the design is transferred to a pattern, there is again

a margin of difference in cost and efficiency, for a pattern made of wood, not cardboard, is essential to accurate cutting and size. Moreover, the making of such wood patterns is an art; only a few men in the country are expert at it, and it entails the use of five-ply wood — that is, wood in five separate thin layers, all of which the expert maker chooses of *different* woods, so that each layer, reacting differently to changes of atmosphere and stress, will equalize the tendency to warp and maintain a true and accurate shape. Such a pattern — and each shirt style must have its own, of course — costs \$1.98, against 98 cents for a cheaper wooden one or a fraction of that for cardboard, with all its opportunity for inaccuracies.

Strict supervision in the plant of a fine shirtmaker ensures the fabric's being cut as the designer intended. Wooden patterns are constructed in such a way as to allow them to be fastened in place at strategic points, so that the cutter cannot chip off a little here or there to fit his pieces into a smaller allowance of cloth. The 'chiseling' manufacturer who provides stores with their cheaper shirts, their 'bargain' and 'special sale' shirts, — sometimes authentic and sometimes not, — may decrease the width of sleeves, length of shirttail, depth of cuffs, breadth of shoulders, and so on, to save cloth, and unless the consumer buyer checks these points according to standard measurements it is very easy for him to be fooled by the appearance of a shirt, especially when shown through transparent paper.

It is interesting to note that colored shirtings and patterned fabrics are invariably cut by hand in the good shirt plant because of the meticulous care necessary to match designs in the sections of the pattern. A shirt may just miss being attractive and distinctive because pockets were not carefully matched to the patterned background, the right side matched to the left of the front, the buttonhole panel matched to

the front, and so on. But plainly it takes more time, more skill, and more patience to do this; consequently the colored or patterned shirt of the same grade of fabric and cut as a similar white shirt will cost more. Incidentally, where it may on occasion be safe to buy bargain shirts in white goods, if you care for appearance and lasting distinction you will hesitate long before buying 'bargain' colored or patterned shirts.

There are numerous ways in which a shirt may have its quality graded down in subtle, almost invisible details. For instance, when the cuffs are attached to the shirt, — single, not double-fold cuffs, — they should be at least $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep to have proper appearance and length. Shirttails ought to be at least 33 inches long, measuring from where the yoke joins the collar at the back — and sizes larger than 16 should have tails at least a full 34 inches long. Buttonholes ought to be stitched closely, smoothly, and firmly; buttons should be *lock-stitched* into place (Did you ever inquire how the buttons on a shirt were sewn in place? Either a chain stitch which easily unravels or a lock stitch which stays locked can be used); and not one stitch less than *twenty to the inch* should be used in any seam. Notice how the points of the collar look; are they sharp and true and accurate? A good shirtmaker turns these points on a special gadget which automatically sharpens and trues them.

With regard to materials for shirts, since they range from porous-knit sport shirtings to lumberjack woolens, the only guides which can be offered are the now familiar ones of checking fabrics for thread count, tensile strength, color-fastness, and shrinkage. Remember that more than 1 per cent shrinkage in a man's collarband can make it an instrument of refined torture. But perhaps the most important thing for all women to understand about buying men's shirts is that a fine shirt deserves respect and appreciation. It is the product of craftsmanship and of high standards in every

phase of its construction. And, even more truly than in other fields of merchandise, you cannot get something for nothing when buying shirts.

III

When it comes to men's outer wear, suits and coats, the most any woman should do is applaud and make the best of the choice of her masculine consumer buyer. But an understanding of certain fabrics used in men's wear and an appreciation of such terms as 'hand tailoring' may be useful, and some of it can perhaps be impressed on the actual buyer. 'Hand tailoring' is a term which should be looked sternly in the face and made to give an account of itself. The Better Business Bureau lists twenty-six points which constitute actual hand tailoring, and so seldom are even half of this number present in the work which is labeled 'hand-tailored' that the term has come to mean very little unless guaranteed by the firm behind it.

Real hand tailoring makes a better suit from the standpoint of fit and the permanency of its shape. But, on the other hand, there are some details which may be questioned. In a suit selling for \$35, if there are bellows pockets, fine canvas linings, handmade buttonholes, real horn buttons, hand-padded lapels, something is wrong somewhere. Either the fabric itself is apt to be of low durability, or the balance of the tailoring is skimmed — or someone who worked on that suit is not getting a living wage.

It may be of use to consumers, both masculine and feminine, to clarify here some of the confusion which has grown up around the famous fabric known as Harris tweed. It is deservedly popular and rates as one of the finest woolen materials made. But its enviable reputation has resulted in the abuse of its name, so that there are literally thousands of coats and suits for both men and women being sold as Harris tweed — or

advertised as 'Harris tweed type' — when they never saw one of the Hebrides. Let me quote the definition of Harris tweed as supplied by the English Board of Trade: 'Harris tweed means a tweed made from pure virgin wool produced in Scotland, spun, dyed, and finished in the Outer Hebrides, and hand-woven by the Islanders at their own homes in the Islands of Lewis, Harris, Uist, Barra, and their several appurtenances, and all known as the Outer Hebrides.'

So if it is n't hand-woven it can't be Harris tweed; and it may be hand-woven and still not be Harris tweed unless somewhere on the selvage, *once in every five yards*, is the famous sign of the Harris Tweed Association, the cross mounted on an orb. It means so much, this symbol, that manufacturing tailors usually manage to leave it visible in some part of the garment. There are other excellent tweeds, some made here in our own country, but for the characteristic peat smell, warm original dyes, soft rich texture, great strength and warmth of Harris tweed you must be sure you are really buying Harris tweed (or, as you may see from the definition, it may be 'Barra tweed,' 'Lewis tweed,' and so on).

Women can also be of help in selecting fabrics for men's suits and coats by insisting that the fibres used are accurately identified. A tremendous amount of spun rayon is being mixed with wool to make men's suits, and although, according to the Federal Trade Commission ruling, the presence of rayon must always be disclosed, too many men's clothes are still being sold without identification. Often fabrics advertised naïvely as 'basketweaves' may have some rayon in them; worsteds called 'tropical worsteds' often have as much as 50 per cent of rayon in them; and some of the best known and advertised trademarked fabrics are sold with no mention whatever of their fibre content. Palm Beach cloth, for instance. Do you know what Palm Beach cloth is made of?

Read the next advertisement or label you see and discover, if you can, what fibres it contains. It is unintelligent to buy any fabric without knowing exactly of what it is made. Such buying indicates a lazy mental inadequacy, not noble trust.

The great majority of neckties bought in this strange country of ours are bought by women, and probably most of them as gifts. The average man, if asked to advise a woman on how to buy a necktie for himself, would very likely say a little bitterly, 'Don't!' But, bad as the 'scarf' taste of women may be, the average man's selection is not one of sparkling individualism. So perhaps, with a few hints collected from the necktie experts, women may yet become inspired buyers.

First, remember that a necktie, even when it is called a scarf, must be *tied*. Consequently select only materials made of fibres that resist wrinkling and creasing, that *stay* tied and do not easily slip from their knots, that have body and durability; and let the fabrics be those that resist wear. Men seem to become passionately fond of their neckties, and will wear them long after they have gone to shreds if not restrained. An excellent defense is to choose those that have long staying powers.

A bias cut is best, for it has elasticity and give, fitting the neck better than one cut on the straight. A hand-tailored tie is free from the puckers that often follow machine stitching, and keeps its shape longer. If you look carefully at the back of a tie on the wrong side you can tell if it has been hand-tailored by the longish overhand stitches which will appear there if handwork finished the seam. A sevenfold tie wears better, holds its shape better, and looks better than a tie of only three folds. A silk or rayon lining

is of no practical value and is a waste of money, but a wool lining is a definite advantage, adding to the tie's resilience and durability. Sevenfold ties, of course, are not lined, for their own folds act as bulk and lining.

When it comes to buying for color and design, let me quote from numerous letters from masculine tie wearers who plead, 'Tell our women to stick to conservative colors and patterns when they feel moved to give us neckties, and let us buy our own mistakes. The only chance a man has these days to let loose in color and design is in buying his ties; but when he does his own buying, and repents later of his choice, he can quietly bury the necktie in the back yard, while if Aunt Susie or Cousin Mary picked the nightmare and gave it to him he must wear it — or else!'

Handkerchiefs are another favorite gift of women to men. It is not so easy here to buy the wrong thing, but there are still a few words of warning which may help to avoid blots on the buying scutcheon. First, buy linen — and fine linen, at that. It outwears cotton by many moons, launders better, is softer and pleasanter in use. And it carries prestige, right or wrong. Secondly, make sure the handkerchief was hand-torn (for trueness of hems), as well as hand-rolled and hand-sewn (to make sure hems will never pucker). Stick to pure white unless you know exactly what the taste of your masculine consumer is — and then stick to white anyway. Colored stripes and borders are apt to be a liability, so far as appearances go, after a laundering or two, for linen fibre does not absorb dye well. Moreover, even Lord Chesterfield, that ardent style setter, felt that pure white linen marked the gentleman and colored fabric the pretender!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HEW TO THE COILS!

In these days of specialization, I yearn to be known as the only woman who has ever cut a spring-coil mattress in two with a pair of dressmaker shears. I made the first incision at 1.30 P.M., and at 6 P.M. I was tying up!

This, let me assure you, was not a case of insane exuberance, but a sombre, economic necessity. Either I operated, or else I forked out thirty dollars for a new mattress. In view of the facts, I preferred to take a chance.

I know nothing whatever of the structural anatomy of mattresses in general; I do know the last intimate detail of this mattress. And I consider that it was poorly planned, badly constructed, and cheaply put together. I bought it in good faith, at a fair price, from a reputable shopkeeper.

My mattress suffered from an acute prolapsus in the abdominal cavity. Whenever I lay on it, there was a sinking through all the midriff section; so that, instead of being lightly buoyed up, I rested upon a series of flat wires, round as plates. It was not a comfortable position.

The first stages of puzzled concern directed me towards bolstering. ('Priming' would perhaps be the popular political term.)

I folded a soft blanket beneath the affected parts. The results were far from satisfactory. The plate-like wire rings were merely snubbed. I then added a folded blanket to the top of the mattress — slightly improved conditions, but an exasperating slowing-up of bedmaking each morning.

This phase lasted several sullen weeks. I lay awake nights considering the problem; and, ringing faintly through the coils, I could hear my own heart beating. Sound became lost in those caverns below me, and wandered in lonely, forlorn spirals up and down the length and breadth of the mattress. (Skeptics tune in some sleepless night, and listen to that dread ticking away of yourself!)

This mattress, so ran my thoughts, is six years old. It has never been abused. It has never been jumped on, bounced on, or em-

ployed as a springboard for youthful, childish ardor. Though far from an umbrella rib, my distributed weight should not depress a healthy subject to this low level.

Growing irascible from lack of sleep, I appealed to the proprietor of the shop where the mattress was originally bought. 'I occupy the cottage only six months of each year,' I said, 'so the age of the thing can be divided in half.'

'I'm sorry, nothing can be done. We don't send them back for repairs. Unless you buy a higher-priced, guaranteed article . . .' He smiled kindly, and shrugged.

I went home, and endured more sleepless nights. The less I slept, the more stubborn I became. I would *not* buy a new mattress, if I had to stand my exhausted body up against the wall and sleep on my feet! The lower those springs sank, the higher went my dander.

At last I seized the shears. The top covering was blue with a quiet woven pattern in excellent taste. It gave no hint of the scandals lurking inside! This ripped nicely, with an easy, soothing sound.

Next I encountered a thickness almost impossible to penetrate — corresponding, not to press the simile too brutally, to layers of fat through which, I understand, surgeons are often required to probe.

To my surprise, the thickness was not felt, but a sickly-colored cotton! If I know cotton (and who is there to say I do not?), this was about as poor quality of material as I ever encountered. It was the sort of stuff you might contemplate putting into a pillow for a dog basket, until your humanitarian principles rose up and roared against it.

I burrowed deeper. Several inches farther in, I arrived at buckram. Only that's too fancy a name for the covering. It was the color of unwashed potatoes, and possessed every appearance of a close, earthy association with that estimable vegetable. In fact, you could shoot peas through it. You could shoot marbles, and never shiver a strand!

A madness seized me. What were the springs like — those spineless props which had been letting me down, night after night!

I tore away the potato sacking and revealed the springs. They looked guileless enough. They stood up like so many orderly morning-glory tendrils. I felt slightly abashed. (To this day I believe those springs to be innocent.)

I poked farther and with increased determination. Ah . . . the cross wires! They were laid like railroad ties, clipped at regular intervals to two coil springs. They were limp, slack, and twisted. They were attached to nothing whatever at their ends. They simply stopped, all among the smother of cotton.

With the shears I pried loose the small clips. I snaked out a wire. Fifteen minutes of additional prying brought forth the opposite wire on the other side of the mattress.

The whole thing fell in two, yawning horribly! And I laughed with ghoulish satisfaction.

The top and bottom of the mattress seemed unaffected by their years of service. They were still sprightly and resilient. Right! Quite! And the rest of it! These, then, I would place together, end to end, for the future *middle* of the bed. I would endeavor to cover the raw cut ends as best I could, and let them taper off at top and bottom.

And this I did, thereby saving myself thirty dollars. More to the point, I am sleeping comfortably.

If there be a moral to the tale, I'm sure it will involve looking back to the days when, in squalls of goose feathers, housewives dumped the insides of their fat, billowing beds into bags, to air on the line. Later, when good hair mattresses required renovating, the owners were pretty certain of their quality. But now, in this age of modern devices, we sleep on sounding caverns whose depths are seldom plumbed.

Therefore, regardless of those mattress makers of pure and proven reputation, I say: 'Hew to the coils! Let the clips fall where they may!'

THE LAST TRIP

Kia Ora, The Crescent
Maghull, Lancashire

Dear Chauncey:

Re the last trip of the great *S.S. Leviathan*, we got away on the Tuesday from Pier 4, Hoboken, about 4.30 P.M. and we certainly put some smoke over Lil Old New York and

kept that up all the way across the ocean. We anchored off Staten Island the same evening to take on 1800 tons of fuel oil to make up our complement for the passage across. That night we had a fire in one of our boilers and burst it right out.

At 5 A.M. next morning we weighed anchor and proceeded to Ambrose Channel Light Vessel to adjust compasses; finished adjusting about 9.15 A.M., landed pilot and adjuster, and proceeded. Before passing the A.C.L.V. the surgeon reported having no medical stores on board, so I returned to anchorage, awaiting these stores, which were being sent out by tugboat, there being some mistake about their not being on board as part of the survey. At 2.30 P.M. tug arrived. Weighed centre anchor, but on heaving up same the cable parted, so lost it — accident No. 2.

Anyway we started on our journey at 3.32 P.M., wondering what the next accident would be. About two hours later a phone message from the engine room asked for the surgeon to be sent down, as one of the engineers had fallen down a ladder and broken his jawbone — accident No. 3.

We had nice weather, but the crew was awful. The American senior engineers were O.K., but most of the rest of the engine staff were the worst type picked up in Hoboken. Just out to see how much money they could obtain for the trip across and how little work they could do. The deck hands and the victualing department were got on the cheap from Canada to work their passage across, but they had to sign on for ten days' pay and one month's bonus the same as the rest of the engine staff, so we had a lot of thugs on at big pay.

I was afraid of fires in the passenger quarters, but am pleased to say we had none; the seven fires we had all happened in the boiler rooms, so we were able to cope with them. I decided after leaving to go via North of Scotland to try and catch the last of the spring tide, and succeeded in getting there in time, but owing to so much wind they would n't allow us to dock. We had only twelve men on deck outside the carpenter and bosun, four men on a watch, nighttime, two on the lookout and two for steering, none of whom were any good; found that two men could steer, and the others were from two to three points off their course. Had fog on the Banks, then a snow blizzard for about six hours after-

ward. Clear weather with a gale on our quarter.

One day the steering gear went out of order. Through the man at the wheel keeping it over too long one way, the liquid ran out over the side so that she would n't steer, so we tried to turn her round the other way, but nothing doing — for over an hour she wanted to go back to New York. Then everything got all right, and back on our course we went. The same night the fog whistle started blowing for some reason every minute, although it was a clear night, and we searched round to find out what happened; but it stopped on its own, so we never really knew what was going to happen next.

We had no observation all the way across, but picked up the Butt of Lewis Light all right, so were quite pleased after the steering we had, and decided to go through the Pentland Firth to save the tide on Thursday, as it saved seventy-one miles, instead of going past Fair Isle. The agreement on the articles was that either at anchorage or at dock the crew were finished and to be paid off. We anchored Thursday, February 3, passage seven days, seventeen hours. Average speed 17.1 knots. Distance 3164 miles from Ambrose Channel Light Vessel to Inverkeithing Island on the Firth of Forth.

Next morning it was blowing a gale, and although all hands were still on board no work was done, as they were all packed up, waiting for their money; no steam in the main engines when the ship dragged her anchors, and we drifted nearly on the rocks of a small island named Haystack. A few British engineers ran below and got a little steam up so that we were able to weigh anchor and just managed to save the ship, and in time had enough to steam up to the anchorage again.

We had nothing to eat that day and managed to get the American engine greasers, water tenders, and oilers, also the deck and victualing department, on shore by a tugboat, but still had the British engineers and a few British oilers left on board and the three deck officers. They brought us out some cooked food and a few cases of beer, so we had that at midnight. Then we got a new crew next day from Leith and some men to keep watch on deck for the ten days we had to remain at anchor.

We lived much better now than we did on the way across, as I believe that one of the

two cooks we had was a plasterer — the bread was terrible. I ate the biscuits out of the lifeboat all the way across, for I could n't tackle the bread. Now Sunday the thirteenth arrived to take her into dock; we weighed anchors, and on turning the ship round to go under the Firth Bridge an oil pipe burst and we lost all steam. The ship was heading right across the Firth and I could n't go ahead or astern, so I lost the tide and had to anchor until Monday, which cost another 1000 pounds sterling.

She was a hoodoo ship all right — I was glad when we docked.

So there you have the last voyage of your greatest merchant ship of America. Everyone who has had anything to do with her since she first came out lost money, and now she will never go to sea again, as we flooded her No. 1 hold to sink her in the mud in Rosyth Dock, so she won't blow around the dock while they cut her up for scrap. Her boilers leaked, her water pipes leaked, her steam pipes leaked all over, and she was only fit for scrap. I would n't undertake another job like her for 500 pounds sterling, but am glad we got her over safe. She is the largest vessel ever to have gone through the Pentland Firth, and I'm proud to say I commanded her and that was at 2 A.M.

Well, good night, Chauncey, and kind regards to all old friends.

Yours sincerely,

J. W. BINKS

THE WEDGE OF WINGS

INTO the gray sky, over me
And frozen landscapes of waiting things,
Drifts a challenge; again I see
The wild geese drive the wedge of wings.

Rhythmic and slow, it opens wide
A crack of vibrant light that grows,
Flooding vast arches on either side
With gold and hyacinth and rose.

Into the brightness fades the wedge
That opened it, drifts the cry — between
Winter and spring — that stirred the edge
Of space before the wings were seen.

Into the gray sky, over place
And time, the wedge of wings drives on . . .
Leaving upon each lifted face
Reflections from the crack of dawn.

TELLING THE BEES

A HIKE through the English lake country had taken me to a land of peace and plenty, dotted with thatched cots set in fertile acres that had been tilled since Cæsar's galleys scraped the sands of Dover. In old, timbered inns I awoke to the cawing of rooks and the humming of bees in gardens where dim sundials told off the centuries; and after a long day's walk I sat in taprooms black with age and smoke and listened to the gaffers as they leisurely drank bitter beer, home-brewed, from blackjacks Noah might have carried on his ark.

The dialects of the county had fused into what was to me almost a foreign tongue. My own Yankee idiom was equally queer to these countryfolk, and yet in some fashion, as strangers will, we managed to communicate such idle thoughts as one has in old, sleepy inns at twilight, which in England lingers so long and lovingly.

It was the bees that interested me most; for hereabout men had kept bees so many generations that a hiveless garden was unthinkable. And to the old beekeepers they were endowed with a strange, uncanny intelligence that was somehow psychic, and hence had risen the ancient rite of 'telling the bees' — which, I discovered, meant that whatever event closely touched the domestic life must be disclosed to the bees. Birth, marriage, and death were bonds that knit men and the bees they tended, so that if, through oversight, the news was not whispered to the bees, they would be deeply offended, would in fact stop making honey, and would form a new swarm and abandon their ancestral hives.

I suppose that this is merely superstition — folklore that is followed because it always has been followed, but believed only half-heartedly by the farm folk themselves. They cannot bring themselves to abandon a habit their grandsires observed, back to a past so dim the origins have been lost.

It was a very old man who told me about bees and their curious lore. He had kept bees all his life, until rheumatism laid him on the shelf. Now, cared for by his great-grandchildren, he sat in the inn of an evening, slowly quaffing his bitter beer, and trying without too much success to keep a clay pipe-stem where once his teeth had been.

'Oh, aye,' he said. 'A body must allus mind to tell his bees! As a bairn, I was car-

ried out to the hives that the bees might know a new young one was come to house. Sting? No; no bee would sting any of the household. Ne'er heard of aught like that. Bees knows their own! Do ye ken how much labor goes into the makin' of e'en a sup o' honey? My grandsire once worked it all out. He sat all day watchin' the bees as they flew to and fro a field a matter of a mile away. Each time a single wee drap o' honey; no more. And Grandsire measured; it took no less than fifty draps to fill a spoon. So that when a body downs a single spoonful o' honey, which is little enow, it has taken the bees a hunnerd mile o' flyin' to fetch it, let alone the makin' and storin' of it in the comb. Oh, aye; no wonder the sma' beasties works theirselves to death so soon!

'So we respects their feelings, so to say, and tells our bees. The young lassies, soon as they're cried in church, puts on their wedding veil and ring and new shoon, and shows theirselves to the bees. It has always been so. And when death comes, bits o' black crape maun be tied to the hives till after the burying in churchyard. I canna say what they bees thinks in their little heads; they go right on about their affair, which is making honey. But if they are not told, then they fly away; and a new swarm maun be boughten. Many's the time I've seen it with these eyes o' mine!

'And now I come to a strange thing indeed, and Gospel-true. A farmer I well knew — worked for him, I did, when I were a nipper — was known for the richest man o' these parts. Like all of us, he kept bees, and ne'er failed to tell them of births and deaths and suchlike. And his honey were the best of any; made from a great field of sage flowers, with a bit gathered from his peach orchard every spring. He had a fine, handsome darter; no prettier anywhere. And a grand cook she were, too; many's the rook pie and gooseberry fool I set down to at their table, and wonnerful home-smoked hams, and suchlike. And in due course she got hersel' engaged to marry. He were n't one of our kind, but a stranger. From Liverpool, or maybe Sheffield. A fine, handsome chap, wi' grand clothes, and book talk. Now the neighbors mistrusted him from the start; it was nowt one could put his tongue to, but he was not our sort. Too smooth-spoken, and given to lookin' down his nose at simple folk. I don't mean unpolite; it was the look in his eye, and

his tongue in his cheek, as the saying goes. There were plenty of whisperin' and mutterin' in inglenooks and across hedges, but it was plain to see that the girl was fair taken wi' him; and so was her father. The mother — God rest her — had died three year afore.

'Now, as it fell out, we were right about Nance's young bucko; it proved that he was a wrong one, who had thrown away what money he heired, and were lookin' for a wife wi' a dowry. Worse yet, he already had a wife living somewheres in foreign parts, and he had abandoned her and changed his own name. But all this come out later; at the time we had no proof — nowt but our suspicions. And so plans for the wedding went ahead, and when Nance got her fine weddin' gown made she put it on her, with the veil her mother had been wedded in, and her grandmother, too; and on her head she wore real orange blossoms, and long white gloves on the arms of her. And so she went out into the garden where the hives was, to tell the bees — according to old custom. And her father and brothers and the neighbors lookin' on from a distance; for the bride maun go by hersel' to tell the bees. And pretty as a rose she were, as I well remember!

'Now I have said how her young man was scornful of all the old ways of the village folk. To him we were simple ones, believing old wives' tales and silly stories fit only for children. So when that day they telled him how that Nance had put on her fine church clothes and gone out to tell the bees, he was scornful like, and laughed in a nasty sort o' way; and he said that he too must go out in his wedding clothes, and let the bees see what sort o' a son-in-law the old man was bein' blessed with. At that there was a great taking; for the groom ne'er did such a thing, being no blood kin to the family. The bees might feel insulted like; anyhow they would no be interested. But nowt would do but Nance's young spark maun deck himsel' in his new clothes, all made by some grand draper in the city. I mind him well; a tail coat he had, an'

gray trousers, spats and cane and a topper, an' gray gloves. And us all standin' apart and lookin' on, an' scowlin'; but not bein' able to do aught about it, it bein' none of our affair. I can see him now, as he strutted down through the garden to where the hives stood in a long row, a kind o' nasty smile on his face. Nance's father were none too well pleased, but did n't know what to do about it. But they bees — they knowed!

The patriarch took another long pull at his beer, and knocked the dottle from his pipe against the heavy table top; and somehow the sound reminded me of the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*, as described by De Quincey.

'Oh, aye! They bees knowed. For, sir, they *stinged him to death*, then and there!'

I cried out involuntarily. 'No! But how awful — and what a terrible death to die!'

The gaffer carefully repacked his long churchwarden.

'It were no so bad as ye'd think! I seed it all. The young man stumblin' back through the garden, and looking like a blackamoor, the bees were that thick on his face; and then he fell unconscious. The bee poison were that powerful it struck right to his heart. Old doctor said so. If he suffered, it were but for a minute or so.'

'And Nance — the girl? Must have been an awful shock to her!'

The old one nodded solemnly.

'Belike it were, just at first. But right away the truth come out. It got noised about what a rascal her young man were, and how he cared for nowt but her dowry. And that cured her, I dunno. Our girls are proud and decent, and many's the time she must of blessed her bees, that well knowed what we had only guessed. It were a good riddance — so everybody thought. And Nance must of got well over it, for come Michaelmas she married my youngest boy. 'T is their darter drew the very beer I'm finishin' this minute. My own grandchild — and Nance be her name!'

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

‘For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat’

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE

JUST why the split, cleft, gashed, hashed, or mangled infinitive should have become the rallying point it is for contempt and fury — on both sides of the argument — it is hard to say. Possibly the reason has something to do with our half-conscious perception that here is a point of grammar that involves a problem of style, or a point of style that involves a problem of grammar. Anyway, the infinitive-with-adverbial-interruption agitates more persons more extravagantly than almost any disputed issue that touches style alone or grammar alone. A good half of the letters I receive about diction mention the split infinitive as if one’s attitude toward it were almost the ultimate test of linguistic right thinking.

Before I confess why it seems to me preferable to leave the infinitive unviolated, allow me an aside on the frequent possibility of sidestepping the issue altogether. What splits the infinitive is an adverbial element placed between the particle *to* and the verbal part of the construction. To the trained writer the adverb is suspect beyond any other part of speech. His instinctive first question is, ‘Do I honestly need this modifier?’ Usually he finds that he does not need it, that the passage is firmer without it, and that a stroke of the blue pencil simultaneously saves him a word and abolishes the question, To split or not to split?

But sometimes we do need to qualify the infinitive; and I, for one, have long preferred to settle the issue as a lowly question of pure tactics, on this basis:—

Many good readers say that the infinitive *may* be split, many others that it may not. A class incomparably greater than both lumped together does not care either way, or even notice. The remaining group consists of those who maintain that the infinitive *must* be split if modified at all; but this group is almost invisible numerically, and to my thinking it is oddly motivated. Most of its members seem not to favor the split infinitive in itself half so cordially as they detest the academic preoccupation with correctness. They demand that the infinitive be split because they think the non-splitters are mostly pedants and fussbudgets, and they are strong for almost anything that irks or dismays a pedant. For my part, I doubt that the cause of good English is much served by the offense given by a writer’s going out of his way to incur the purist’s frown. If I am to shock my readers, I want to do it in earnest, by what I really am and really mean. Feeling so, I can only adopt the practice that offends the smallest number, and no one gratuitously. Habitually to avoid the split infinitive is to conciliate the many who object to it while still not alienating either those who don’t mind it or those who don’t notice the difference.

Will someone with time on his hands unearth for me a certain compound fracture of the infinitive that must have set an all-time world’s record for the language? That redoubtable infinitive-dynamiter, Thomas Hardy, achieved in an early edition of one of his novels — *Far from the Madding Crowd*, unless my memory is shamefully at fault — a *split infinitive within a split infinitive*: that is, an infinitive broken off after *to* in favor of an adverbial parenthesis so highly developed as to contain within itself a casual split infinitive of the common to-sincerely-admire pattern. When I tried to refer to this feat of virtuosity, years after my first awed discovery, I failed to run it down in the edition at hand. Did someone induce Hardy to destroy it, perhaps by asking his publishers for a plate correction?

THE DRAGNET

HABERDASHERY. A semipopular assumption, maybe too pat to be true, is that this queer word owes its being to the German *Habt Ihr das?* (Have you that?); the haberdasher's establishment being, thus, a *habt-Ihr-dasserie*, or *have-you-thattery*. To Lionel S. Marks, Professor of Mechanical Engineering in the Graduate School of Harvard University, I happened to mention that such an establishment is now sometimes self-styled a *habderia* (Mr. Mencken records *haberteria*); whereupon Professor Marks suggested the possibility of a different derivation, one that hales the word from its supposed German origin and thrusts it upon the French:—

The word *avoirdupois* is based on the noun *avoir*, meaning a possession or article. I take it it is an abbreviation of *balance pour les avoirs de pois*, in contradistinction to the scales for weighing gems, gold, etc. I came across an English spelling of about a hundred years ago, *haberdupois*. This suggests that *haberdasher* may derive from *avoir*. For example, one can imagine the distinction between stores which sell grain and other cheaper materials and those which sell silks and linens. The latter might be called *magasins des avoirs chers* as contrasted with the *magasins des avoirs de bon marché*.

Professor Marks estimates that to perform the public service of settling the true origin of *haberdasher* might keep someone out of mischief for a year. (He nominates me, but I do not choose to run.) Might n't it take any period from a few hours to a few lifetimes, according to the searchers' luck or no-luck? But perhaps the knowledge and even the proof exist.

WILL, SHALL. From Hartford, Connecticut, comes a telling aside on this inexhaustible subject:—

What are we to think when such a man as Dr. Moffatt can translate Matthew x. 21 thus: 'If I can only touch his robe, I will recover'? — J. R. VAN PELT

And that very distinguished New England novelist, Miss Alice Brown, ends some uncompromising remarks on the same subject with this interesting surmise:—

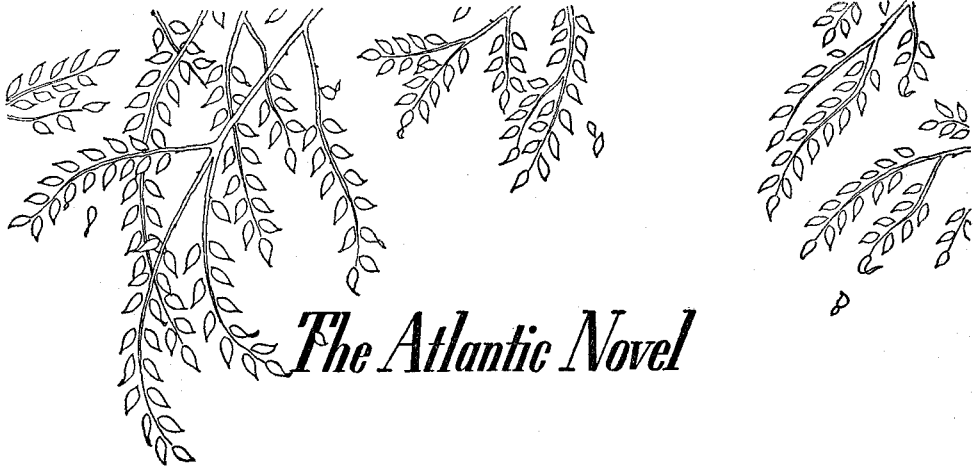
It almost seems as if there might be a conspiracy in favor of auxiliaries beginning with *w* and in condemnation of those which begin with *s*. *Will*, *won't*, *would* are overworked. *Shall*, *shan't*, and *should* are loafing, hands in their pockets.

Very possibly a widespread if unconscious feeling that the language has an excess of sibilants has played an obscure part in the collapse of *shall*. — A systematic, though necessarily incomplete, discussion of *shall* and *will* is among this department's agenda.

THE HOLLYWOOD ADJECTIVE. A friend-by-mail in Washington, D. C., Mr. G. R. Cooley, reports that Jimmy Durante remarked of a motion picture: 'It's stupendous, it's colossal, it's almost mediocre.'

SPECIE. Mr. George Hewitt Myers, also of Washington, has been good enough to send me, from the rotogravure section of the *Washington Post*, a page containing the caption: '*Specie* of palm shown in photo is Pandanus, or breadfruit tree.' (Incidentally the pandanus is, I believe, no palm.) Well, have we not the word of Mr. Mencken and of *Dialect Notes* for it that in part of the Middle South *cheese* is the standard plural form of the recognized singular *chee*?

WILSON FOLLETT



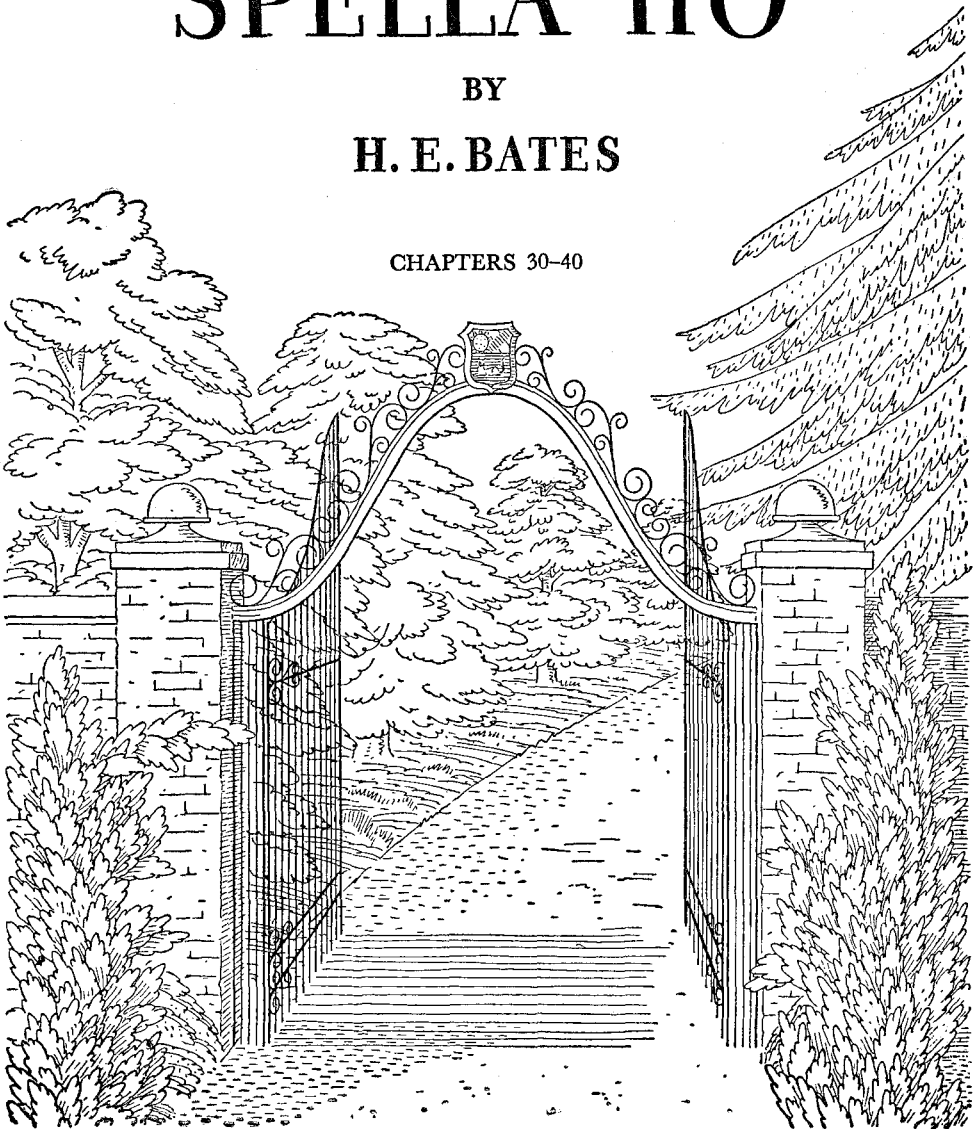
The Atlantic Novel

SPELLA HO

BY

H. E. BATES

CHAPTERS 30-40



SPELLA HO

is the name of a great stone country house in the rolling English Midlands. In 1873 it was empty and deserted, yet the wealth and power it represented were a living tradition to the Shadbolts, whose miserable home was within sight of its chimneys.

Bruno Shadbolt, the oldest son, once went up to the great house with his father, a drunken carter, to deliver a load of coal. When his mother died and his father abandoned the family, Bruno, faced with the problem of supporting them, pilfered coal from Spella Ho and peddled it through the village. A young widow took pity on him and helped to clean him up. He was a swart, powerful figure, very broad, coarse-haired, blunt-featured.

Spella Ho was reopened in the summer of 1874. The new owner was shrewd old Mrs. Lanchester, with her wealth and her shady past. Bruno beat her in a deal — and from this angry beginning came a larger opportunity; for she made him her bailiff. Bruno could neither read nor write, a defect which he confided to Louise, the secretary and companion to the old lady. His appeal won first her help and then her love.

The townsfolk were jealous of Bruno's advance and bitter against his methods of collecting Mrs. Lanchester's rents. Led by flashy Rufus Chamberlain, a mob stormed Spella Ho, breaking windows, pelting rotten vegetables at the façade. Bruno met the crowd head on, and beat down Chamberlain in a fist fight which was to be the talk of the county for decades.

That fight was the turning point in Bruno's career. It earned him the increasing gratitude of his employer, Mrs. Lanchester, and the friendship of the man he had beaten, Rufus Chamberlain. It strengthened his resolve to quit Castor and make a place in London for himself and Louise. But Louise held back. She felt that London would be more than a match for Bruno. So he stayed on at Spella Ho, captivated by his love of Louise. Then Louise was taken ill. The country physician could not ease her agony, and with fear in his heart Bruno wrapped her in blankets and drove her in the phaeton fifteen miles to the nearest infirmary. Twelve hours later she was dead.

Bruno was stupefied by the loss of Louise. He lived on in a daze, meeting the increasing responsibilities at Spella Ho and seeking in his loneliness the consolation of the friendly Chamberlain family. He was much with Rufus and with Rufus's father, Charles Chamberlain, a man of ideas and economy, and gradually his self-confidence returned. His savings he invested in a leather business, in partnership with a man named Stokes. In the winter of 1880 he

met Gerda Black. She was the wife of the doctor in Castor, a soft, blonde German without friends in this provincial English town.

As Mrs. Lanchester's last illness set upon her she turned to Bruno for courage and comfort. She poured out the story of her life — how by her wits she had acquired her property in London, and how, because of his loyalty, this property might some day be his. Bruno lifted her in and out of bed, attended her bodily needs, stood by her while she was dying. When Mrs. Lanchester died and Spella Ho was once more deserted, Bruno ran away with Gerda Black. Through the summer and harvest they lived in country lodgings, in a fickle courtship that could not last. Gerda was homesick for Germany, so Bruno took her to Harwich and watched her depart. Then, with a few pounds left, he went up to London to look for work.

Living in an attic room, Bruno fell ill with scarlet fever. When he recovered, he lived from hand to mouth; then, weak and without hope, he footed it back to Castor.

He limped into the village — to find himself a made man! Mrs. Lanchester had left him several thousand pounds and her tenement houses in London. What is more, his partnership with Stokes had flourished in his absence. In the summer of 1882, Shadbolt and Stokes moved their leather business into a new factory. Profits rose. The elder Chamberlain taught him to anticipate business: they planned for the time when the railroad would come to Castor, they discussed the possibility of iron ore in the neighborhood and the town's need for gas. And Rufus Chamberlain smartened up Bruno's appearance. The two young bachelors were attracted by a young dancer, 'Italian Jenny.' It was Bruno who followed her after the performance, broke down her defense with his kindness, and forced her to love him. His affair with Jenny incensed the evangelical Stokes, and in desperation the partner set fire to their factory. Bruno was accused of having destroyed the factory for the insurance, and was condemned to jail.

At the end of his sentence, Bruno formed a new partnership with Charles Chamberlain. They set up a Gas Light Company, and on its proceeds Bruno began the erection of long rows of workers' dwellings on the outskirts of the town. He even carried his enterprise to Spella Ho, now occupied by a wealthy family, the Arkwrights. Bruno illuminated the house, the lake, and the grounds with gas fixtures, and in so doing established himself on a friendly footing with Mrs. Arkwright. Through her he met her twin sister, Lady Virginia, a high-spirited, impetuous girl who seemed irresistibly drawn to this man of a different cut. Virginia softened his character, brought out something in it that had never been touched before. When their engagement was confided to Caroline Arkwright, Bruno knew that he was happy. . . .

WITH EACH 12 MONTHS OF THE ATLANTIC 3 GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR

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SPELLA HO

BY H. E. BATES

XXX

THE engagement was announced in September; they would be married, it was hoped, in the autumn of the year 1897, the year of the second Jubilee. His stock went up in Castor like the shot of a try-your-strength machine at a fair, hitting at the top the biggest bell it was possible to hit in Castor: respectability. At Spella Ho there was a great engagement party for a hundred and fifty guests of all classes from the town and the estate; a great display of fairy lights again on lawn and terrace and lake; dancing in the warm September evening that smelt of autumn and women's scent and corn.

The Chamberlains were there, Rufus crazy-drunk, his father in muddy boots, straw hat, dirty dicky bit, green-black coat, with the simple reason for it all as hard-put as ever: 'A triumph for Spartanism, my boy.'

Bruno walked about among the guests, among people who had despised and envied and distrusted and even hated him, with Virginia on his arm. She had on a dress of sky-blue velvet, long in the skirt, with parallel rings of dark blue swinging round the hem and darker waist bows and shoulder bows and a bow on the throat; it was low at the breast, and her shoulders, naked to the tips, looked magnificent. The engagement ring, diamond and turquoise, had cost him a hundred and fifty pounds: more money, it crossed his mind, than his mother had ever had to scrape up a miserable existence for five years.

That engagement ring, slightly fabulous, did more than the engagement itself to swing round opinion behind him, for the first time in his life, instead of against him. You could fall in love with a woman, even a lady, for nothing, but a ring costing a hundred or three hundred or a thousand pounds spelled something.

That night, walking round among the guests with Virginia on his arm, or by himself, he saw many people he did not know at all, and a man came up to him to speak.

'You would n't know me. You would n't remember me.'

'Face seems familiar.' He looked hard at the face: worn, scraggy, broken up under thin white hair.

'It ought to be,' the man said. 'I'm your dad.'

Bruno stood impassive, not saying anything.

'Come over from St. Neots. Walked it. I heard all about you.'

Bruno did not speak. He listened to the old voice, broken but still slick, easy. It took him back twenty-five years: the house with the canary, the woman, his father, his first conscious feeling of hatred against things.

'Heard all about you. You got on summat wonderful. A lick.'

He still did not say anything. He remembered how he had reasoned, crudely, that something between his father and himself had to be straightened out, somehow, even if it took half a lifetime.

It would happen sometime: this was it. He stood impassively still.

The man took off his cap, showed the white hair almost gone. 'I'm sixty,' he said. 'Over.'

Bruno spoke for the first time. 'What d'ye expect me to do about it?'

'I'm done. Broke. I ain't got nothing.'

Not speaking again, Bruno stood hard, his hatred as complete and resolute after more than twenty years as at the beginning.

'Git us a job or summat,' his father said. 'You can git us a job. Handyman or summat, you could git us summat — summat like that.'

'No.'

He walked away. He carried with him a short remembrance of his father standing there, crying, in the rainbow colors of the fairy lights. It did not touch him. The reversion to the old self, hard, relentless, almost brutal in its determination to carry out a resolution even after twenty years, was complete while it lasted.

It lasted about twenty minutes. He stood with Virginia again, talking, hearing the soft aristocratic voice that had its profoundly softening effect on him. And suddenly he had a bitter attack of remorse. He walked away from Virginia and went back to where he had seen his father, but his father had gone, and though he walked about for almost an hour he never saw him again. For the first time in his life he felt bitterly and miserably ashamed. It was a thing that could never have happened except for her.

Between the autumn of that year and the summer of the next, many more things happened that could not have happened except for her. In the November of 1896 he stood at the borough elections, getting a seat and third place in the poll. It was the beginning of something outside personal ambition; again something he would never have done except for her. She softened and broad-

ened his ambition until it ceased to be a selfish thing, until its purpose was self-sacrificial. 'You work for other people. The rest will come.' She was an idealist. Because she had had the luck to be born to a personal Utopia she dreamed of an outer and much greater Utopia. Her ambition fused itself with his, and there emerged something that did not belong to politics and could not be accomplished by politics, but which she began to feel more and more must be expressed by politics.

Arkwright was a Liberal, and that year he began to pull strings. Bruno, who had made one or two pugnacious speeches at municipal council meetings, began to appear on Liberal platforms. Virginia was always with him, and once, roused by an insult, Bruno got down off the platform and took the man bodily off his seat, carried him above his head, and flung him out of the hall. Struggling, the man tore Bruno's coat, ripping out a sleeve. Back on the platform Bruno took off the coat, revealing the thick, terrifically pugnacious arms, and the minds of people in the audience went back to the day when he had smashed Rufus at Spella Ho. From that moment he was not only accepted but feared. He continued to speak at other meetings with his coat off.

He could speak from his heart. He could demand better conditions for the poor, better wages, hours, everything. 'Because I know, because I'm one of you and I've been through it' — forgetting that he had once employed sweaters at sixpence a week and had browbeaten tired and ill-paid commercial travelers down to a fraction of a farthing; not aware, either, that he was a slum landlord in Camden Town himself, never having once been to see that property, not aware until some big-mouthed political heckler threw it at him one night in Castor Public Hall.

He bluffed himself out of the accusation, but Virginia was upset. 'It's a bad debt against us,' she said. He never saw

it like this. All his standards of living and housing were based on that miserable sack-windowed shack where his mother had struggled to keep respectable.

But Virginia was upset, seeing things differently. 'If you've never seen the property I think you should see it.' But he was against that. 'I hate London. I went through enough there.' 'Then,' she said, 'I'll go and see it.' She went, and came back with a report that made Caroline and Arkwright sick. He had been drawing money for years from the living blood and sweat of the poor and did not know it. Virginia, too physically sensitive to a memory of cockroaches and stench and refuse bins fermenting on dark rat-rotten stairs, was almost ill. She wanted him to sell the houses, implored him to wipe out and heal up such a hideous fester.

Knowing what a way life had of coming up and hitting him in the face when he least expected it, he hesitated. That property, slum or not, was his only protection against bad luck. It had saved him already. He knew it might save him again.

While he fenced and hesitated, agreeing to a temporary scheme of repair for the houses, there took place in Castor the largest sale of land and property the town had ever known. The Fitzwilliam lands, with thousands of inviolate acres and whole streets and blocks of Castor property, were to be split up and auctioned. It was a sale that lasted a week, and he knew it to be the greatest opportunity of his life. Virginia saw it too; knew that if they worked together he could, with luck, control almost half the town and its land. 'Control it,' she said, 'and change it.' And it was she who stood bond at the bank for him, to treble Chamberlain's earlier amount, doing it out of pure love and belief in him and out of the strength of an ideal that was already far too lofty.

So he emerged, that spring, as the owner of more houses, a large section of

High Street frontage on the north side, and some odd sections of land in and outside the town. He knew that all that would have been beyond dreams except for her, and he put himself under a tender but powerful obligation to her. It made him slightly uneasy.

Except for that it was a wonderful year. England celebrated the Diamond Jubilee, and Arkwright, the lake finished, bought himself a new toy, a motorcar. In this daring twelve-mile-an-hour vehicle Arkwright drove Bruno and Virginia and Caroline about the soft, honeysuckled summer-dusty countryside. Bruno sat between the two women on the high back seat, he in reversed check cap, they with mauve silk veils tied over fine blonde hair. He looked like some impressive gargoyle between a pair of duplicate goddesses. And everything was all right. Sitting on that high, aristocratic, slightly grotesque seat between two lovely and adoring women, he felt that he was on top of the world. He felt that nothing could happen now.

XXXI

In London, on a hot August day of that year, Italian Jenny sat down to write a letter to Bruno. 'Dear, dear Bruno.' It was as though nothing had happened.

She was living on a fourth floor back in Clerkenwell. She had not seen Bruno for five years. During that time, first in 1894 and again in 1897, she had been ill with bouts of pleurisy. The second bout had knocked her out. She was writing in bed. 'It's no use, I'm down the course,' she wrote. 'I want help from somebody or I shan't get on, and you're the only one I know. I keep writing, why don't you write? Why don't you write? It's funny. One week there we were all right and the next week you did n't come. Have I done something? What have I done?'

During the five years she had written to Bruno, on an average, three or four

times a year, perhaps fifteen or sixteen times in all. She went on writing like someone presenting a petition. This time there was a change, not in the way she wrote, but in the way she addressed the envelope. She had addressed him continually at the old Shadbolt house. She suddenly felt that in five years he might have moved. She addressed the letter to Castor S. O., marking it 'Please forward.'

Just at that time it happened that there were other changes and developments in Castor besides the buying of property by Bruno, Arkwright's motor-car, and the launching of the town's newspaper, the *Castor Argus and Free Press*. Until that year Castor had never been more than a sub-post office, subordinate to Orlingford, and without a postmaster. Its three postmen still walked miles into the country after the one morning town delivery, and people put Castor S. O. on their letters. That year Castor ceased to be a sub-office and became a post office, with a post-office building in the High Street and a postmaster, though people were to go on putting Castor S. O. on their letters for another twenty years.

When that letter came Bruno was staggered. 'I keep writing, why don't you write? Why don't you write? Have I done something?' He could not believe it. It was like a reconstruction of a lost part of life. 'I keep writing.' What had happened to those letters?

He went down to see the new postmaster. If there had been letters for him, where had they gone? He felt drawn by the old feeling of inevitability to find out. He felt as though he were the victim of some dirty trick played on his conscience. The postmaster questioned his postmen. There was a fat old man who did the once-a-day delivery along the road by the Shadbolt place. Yes, he had taken letters there. How often? Well, every so often. Had they been letters for Mr. Shadbolt? They might have been. Yes, it was possible. How many letters?

Could n't he remember? No, he could n't remember justly. One here and one there, once or twice a year. But why had he taken them there if they were addressed to Mr. Shadbolt? He had a good answer for that: he delivered by address and not name, and anyway, if they were wrong, why had n't someone told him?

There was only one answer to that: Maria. Bruno went to see her. She stood on the doorstep, hostile, one arm elbowed against the jamb. 'Letters? What letters? I ain't seen no letters.'

He knew, because of the postman, that she was lying.

'Letters for me. They come here. The post office says so.'

'Post office, post office,' she said.

'They come here,' he said.

'Well, an' if they did?'

'Where are they?' he said. 'Come on, where are they?'

'Who're you talking to?' she said.

'Ain't you got no better way o' talking to folks? First you turn on Dad and now you turn on me. Whata we done?'

'You kept them letters.'

'Kept 'em? Kept 'em. Who kept 'em? I never kept 'em a minute longer'n I could help. I never said I kept 'em. Burned 'em, tore 'em up. That's what I done. Burned 'em. I see who they were from. Burned 'em. That's what I done.'

She was white, the pent-up anger of years released at last. He could not say anything.

'We ain't doing your dirty work,' she said, 'we ain't. Keeping your letters. If we're good enough to keep your letters we're good enough to be spoke to. Good enough for them — up there. You don't want us, that's the drift on it. Don't want your own kin. Your dad. Turned on him. Turned on your own father.'

'Who said that?' he said. 'Who told you?'

'He did. Who d'ye expect did? I gotta look after him, ain't I? Some-

body's gotta look after him. Keep him. Board him. After what you done.'

'I never meant that,' he said.

'Funny, ain't it?' she said. 'You never meant it. Now the time's come you never meant it.'

'I'll make it right,' he said. He took out his purse, shook sovereigns and silver into his hand.

'We don't want no making right!' she said. 'What you done ain't goin' be made right by money!'

'Here,' he said. 'Here's a couple o' quid. Take it. It'll help. Take it.' He held the sovereigns out to her on the flat of his hand. 'Go on, I —' He had not finished speaking before she slammed the door in his face.

He went back to Castor, furious, humiliated. He felt helpless. 'I keep writing, why don't you write?' It was a dirty trick played on him by a combination of circumstances. If there was anything to do he did not know how to set about doing it. He could write a letter. He would try that. 'Dear Jenny.' He got no further. He felt preoccupied, not with what he felt himself, but with what she felt. 'Dear, dear Bruno.'

He took the first train to London on the following morning. For years he felt that he had hated London, that he had the bitterest of grievances against it. Now, going through hot, gray streets to find the Clerkenwell address, he felt that he hated it more. He felt the old magnetic inevitability that dragged him down.

The landlady had her hair in curling rings. 'It's a nice time to call, I must say, and it'd surprise me if she was up.' It was about ten-thirty. 'Anyway, I suppose you can go up. End door on the fourth.'

He went upstairs and knocked on the door.

'Who is it?'

He could not speak. He opened the door. The bed was behind the door and he could not see her. He went into the room.

'Bruno.'

He did not move. She was lying in bed as he had first seen her and as he had so often seen her — hands clasped above her head. She looked the same, not older, only thinner. Her hair was down. She lay looking at him in an agony of surprise, without reproach. She tried to say something, but nothing happened, and he went and stood by the bed. 'Bruno,' she said.

He tried to say something, offer some explanation.

'It's all right, honey. You need n't say anything. I don't want you to say anything.'

They sat together. She held his head, pressing her own against it.

'Don't you want to kiss me?' she said.

'Yes,' he said.

It was she who kissed him. 'Something happened. I know. It must have done.'

'I did n't get the letters,' he said.

'You moved?'

'I was in quod. Then when I came out I moved.'

'In quod? Bruno!'

He began to tell her about it. She stopped him. 'Not now. I'll get dressed. We'll go out somewhere and have something to eat and drink.'

She got out of bed, in her nightgown, and began to put on her clothes under the nightgown, stooping to pull on her stockings. As she stooped he could see her body, the small creamy breasts, and he felt a more violent emotion for her than he had ever felt for any other woman.

It struck him like sickness. He put his arms round her and felt himself held by the immense inescapable force of it. Her arms were imprisoned, sleeveless, under the nightgown, and she could only respond by immobility. But in that immobility he felt the force of affection and agony complete.

About an hour afterwards they went out and got a hansom and drove slowly

westward. She looked sweet, in a tired thin way. The heat of the thick, horse-fusty air sucked up her energy. She lay back on the cushions of the hansom, told him how she had been ill, as much else of things as mattered.

They had lunch at Gatti's: cold beer and steaks. To her Gatti's was heaven; she suggested going there as a joke and when he agreed she could not believe it. Then he told her about things: how he had got on, the property he owned, the gasworks, the prospects he had. 'You'll be telling me you're married with a family next,' she said.

He did not speak. She was frightened.

'You're not married?' she said.

'No.'

'Is there anybody you're going to marry?'

'No.'

'Does anybody stand a chance?'

'Can you think of anybody?' he said.

They laughed, but he felt very far from happy. He ordered more beer and it came with great heads of foam. 'I'm old,' he said. 'Soon I'll have a beard like that froth. You don't want anybody as old as that. Not like me.'

'I want you,' she said.

'When you're forty,' he said, 'I shall be fifty-five.'

'I don't care. I just want you,' she said.

He looked up and she was crying: large tears of illogical, genuine happiness. In the shining spontaneous tears he saw fresh manifestation of the forces against him. There was no escape without hurting her, and he felt that he could not hurt her.

'What's up? Why're you crying?' he said. 'What's up?'

'I don't like you to talk like that,' she said.

'It's true.'

'Even if it's true I don't want you to talk like it.'

'Let's get out,' he said. 'I'll buy you something.'

'I don't want anything. You and this — that's all I want for one day.'

'Some new clothes,' he said. 'Some glad rags. A new rig-out.'

She brightened up. 'Know how long it is since I had any? Ages. Years. My underthings are more holey than righteous, and the rest only fit where they touch, I've gone that much thinner.'

They went out into hot bright streets, to walk on asphalt burnt by sun. She put her arm in his, locking it over, holding it down with the other. The thin bare arms had a kind of fierceness in them. 'Now,' she said, 'now I feel as if I'd got you.'

'Go to Brighton. Get yourself some nice lodgings somewhere and get on your feet again. Sea air. That's what you want.'

'You'll come down to see me?'

'I don't know.'

'Come to see me.'

'I might. I'll see. I got business.'

'You could come. You could come. Easy. They run trips. It's easy. You could come.'

'All right,' he said. 'I'll come.'

He stayed with her that night in London, going back to Castor and subsequently to Spella Ho on the following day. Before catching his own train he saw her down to Victoria, and on the platform she put her arms round his neck and kissed him. Before the train went she kissed him again, with a sudden but deliberate burst of passion, as though wanting to impress on him something that he could never forget.

And going home he knew that he never would forget it. His train did not arrive until the middle of the afternoon, and already, when he got to the house, there was a telegram. 'Dearest arrived twelve-forty sweet little lodgings so happy love Italian.' He put the wire in his pocket and went over to the office and tried to do some work. By a great effort of will he kept himself there until six o'clock. Shortly after six he went back to the

house, made himself some tea and boiled a couple of eggs, and tried to read the paper. He was expected at Spella Ho for dinner at eight o'clock. At seven-thirty he set out to walk. During every second of this time his mind was not free of her.

He did not think of her in terms of anguish or impatience or despair or longing, but in physical terms. He saw her as she was, in a recurrent series of physical attitudes: the lovely way she lay in bed, arms branched up; the way she changed her clothes under the nightgown; the warm, excited, but tired face; the slight swagger of the hips, expression of the actress in her, as she walked in the mauve dress. She was photographed indelibly on his mind, and his mind in turn was predominated by a single idea: the old idea of the inevitability of it all. He wanted her to be angry and she was not angry. Now he wanted to escape and he knew there was no escape. He was held down and controlled by forces which he could not grasp.

Going to Spella Ho was like going back into another world. He gave reasons for his absence, talked, had dinner, talked again, drank. He was held in warm fascination by the beauty of the two women, held consciously, by clear, tangible emotions which he himself could grasp in turn.

They talked about the wedding. It was fixed now for late September. They would marry in London. It would be quiet, and they would go to Naples afterwards. 'Italy,' Virginia said. 'Lovely to hear Italian spoken again. Lovely to have everything Italian. Italian food, Italian opera. Everything Italian.' The word bounced about in his mind like a celluloid ball in a shooting gallery, mocking him, irrepressibly bobbing up every time he thought it was gone.

Then Arkwright talked. 'A thousand pities you could n't have been here during the week-end. We had Baumann here. Jew, of course, but a great Liberal. He was most anxious to talk to you.

He'd heard about you and said there was no reason at all why you should n't be considered for parliamentary candidature here in four or five years' time.'

Parliamentary candidature? Another step. More than a step — a flight. He saw himself as a political figure, top-hatted, frock-coated, taking the oath, addressing constituents, a man holding fresh power in his hands. 'Then,' Virginia said, 'that would mean a town house.' He saw the town house, the carriage waiting outside, he himself going to the House, his name bawled by newsboys: 'Shadbolt's Fighting Speech Extra.' It was a dream, but it was by the establishment of such dreams that he had worked himself up. 'Tories Stand Condemned by Shadbolt.' Why should n't it be? He would not be the first man in the House to have risen from nothing. He would not be the last. There was room for men who had risen from nothing. 'The governments of this country,' he had once said, 'have been composed too long of men who have been unable to raise their voices because of the silver spoons in their mouths.' That was the sort of utterance, as Arkwright had told him, that would be better appreciated in Westminster than in Castor. 'You're a fighter,' Arkwright had also said. 'What we want is a fighter.'

He stayed at Spella Ho, talking with these three people who had done so much for him, until after midnight. Somewhere towards one in the morning he walked out into the park with Virginia. With her he felt that he had the prospect of a life without harshness or difficulty. Existence became a piece of silk and wrapped itself round him and lay between him and the contact with things outside, insulating him. It was the sort of life he had never known; it fascinated him. It was based on beauty and adoration, on trust and nobility, the permanence of abstract things. It did not bind him by a sense of fatalism and did not need to be expressed, on her

part, except in the simplest and deepest terms. 'If anything happened now it would break my heart.'

XXXII

In the morning there was a picture postcard of the aquarium from Brighton. 'Dear, dear Bruno. I've got such nice lodgings. Thirty shillings a week. I've been strolling on the prom all morning and I'm tired, but I feel better already. But I can't stay a fortnight unless you come. You must come on Saturday. You promised. You please will come?'

His mind was split in two, as though by a diabolically accurate stroke. The division of his affection was balanced with crazy accuracy. He wrote to her: 'Can't come this Saturday. Will try next.' Time, a fortnight, might simplify things. On Friday evening there was a wire. 'Ill. Please come.' He went by the first train on Saturday morning.

She was not ill. Mentally, perhaps, but not physically. He wired from London, 'Arriving twelve-forty,' and she met him at the station, thin and worried, but not ill. 'I could n't bear it, that's all. I just could n't bear it. That's all. I thought you did n't want me.'

She took him straight to her lodgings: a neat, respectable little boardinghouse with polished brass stair rods and bell and fern pots. 'I'd love to keep a boardinghouse. It's my ambition,' she said. The front door was open and they walked straight in, and then, as they were going upstairs, the landlady came up out of the basement, thin locketed neck strained up.

'Oh, it's you, Mrs. Shadbolt. I just wondered.'

Mrs. Shadbolt. He took hold of her shoulders in the bedroom. 'What made you tell her that?'

'She saw my ring and asked me if I was married, and what could I say?'

'Why do you wear that ring?'

'I put it on when I was eighteen and now it won't come off.' She sat down on the bed and stretched her arms up to him. 'Now you have come, don't be angry.'

He did not move and she stood up and kissed him.

'Don't you want me?' she said.

'Yes.'

'You don't mean it,' she said. 'You say it as though you did n't mean it.'

She began crying. 'I felt I'd throw myself off the pier if you did n't come.' And he believed for a moment that she meant it.

They walked on the promenade in the afternoon. Photographic touts took off their hats and wheedled them as they walked the promenade. 'Come on, let's have our pictures taken,' she said. So at last they stood with their heads through the holes in the colored canvas, hands that were not theirs permanently joined in earnest bliss. All the time, with her head through the opening, she shrieked with laughter, intensely happy. His own feeling, with his great head stuck in the hole that was only just large enough to admit it, was that of being caught in a trap.

That feeling continued all day, and throughout the next, and the next. It was his intention to go home on Monday. He did not go. The feeling of inescapability increased. On Thursday they lay late in bed, like a honeymoon couple.

'If we were married,' she said, 'I could love you whenever you wanted.'

'We're married. Mr. and Mrs. Shadbolt. The landlady married us.'

'I mean really.'

'This is the same.'

'No. I want something that can last forever.'

'This can.'

'No, it can't. I lost you once already. Do you want me to lose you again? Don't you want to marry me?'

So it went on. And gradually she forced him, for his own peace of mind, into a decision. One way or the other

he had to do something. There was no escape. He wanted to be in two places at once: two men, all his affection equally divided between two women. He had to perform a miracle and make a decision.

Walking along the promenade late that night, after she had gone to bed, tarts accosting him, people strolling past him in the warm August darkness, he tried to work it out, failed, and about midnight went back to her.

They talked in bed. 'What do you want to do?' she said.

'What do you want to do?' he said.

'You know.'

'Marry?'

'You know that.'

'When?'

She lay against him, beginning to cry a little. 'As soon as we can.'

He lay silent. The strange room, the sound of sea and traffic, her arms across his chest, all seemed suddenly oppressive, forces engineered against him, holding him down.

On the following Tuesday he went back to Castor. She came with him as far as London: Mrs. Shadbolt. He had already telegraphed the office: 'Taking few days holiday back Thursday.' That day he wrote to Virginia. 'I am going to tell you something. I am going to tell you I was married last Saturday to a friend I have known for a long time.'

He posted the letter in the station and caught a train to Castor about six o'clock. He arrived home about nine o'clock. It was dark. He was glad that it was dark. At the house there was a note from Virginia. Where had he been? What had happened?

This recurrent question obsessed him throughout the next day, Wednesday, and the next. Something terrific had happened, and yet it was as if nothing at all had happened. On Friday he felt he could not bear it. Silence, negation, terrified him. He decided to go up to Spella Ho and see Virginia.

He went out of the office about half-past two, walking. He walked through back streets, over the railway, intending to cut across the fields to the house.

Newsboys came yelling down Park Street from the printing works of the *Castor Argus and Free Press*, waving the weekly edition of the new paper. He could not hear what they were shouting. 'You never can,' he thought. He walked on as far as the works and there stopped to look in the street window. The presses were still running. In the window there was a placard, ink-lettered. '*Terrible Tragedy at Spella Ho Latest.*' The thunder of the presses bore him out, like waves, into terror.

He stood still. A boy came rushing out of the works entrance with a pile of papers. Bruno grabbed the boy and a paper. He went all through the paper and could not see anything. He began to go through it again and then suddenly, on the back page, in the quarter-column stop press, he found what he wanted.

He read it and stood still. He tried to walk on and then again stood still.

He leaned against the wall, sick. Virginia had been drowned in the lake. Suddenly sunlight seemed to blacken him out, the thunder of presses to bear him farther and farther out on waves of terror.

XXXIII

He had been hit by scandal before. What hit him in the autumn of 1897, and went on to be a force against him until the turn of the century, was more like a disease.

Virginia, buried under young white poplars by the lake, had drowned herself for a reason that everyone knew, and the combination of small circumstances built itself up against him — his letters to her, his long absence in London, her own final letter to him, read at the inquest; and all were magnified and bloated by gossip and hatred as they

had been swollen long before in the case of Gerda. But they were touched, at first, with a slight pity: pity for a man who had the force of things against him and could not altogether, perhaps, help it. At that time no one knew of Italian Jenny, Mrs. Shadbolt. No one knew of her until the beginning of 1898.

That Christmas a man named Lichfield went with his wife to spend a holiday at Brighton. The woman had been ill with phlebitis and could not walk much, and they spent most of their time in the drawing-room of the little brass-staired boardinghouse where they were the only guests. At night, sometimes, the landlady came in and talked to them. They talked about illness. Mrs. Lichfield described the symptoms of phlebitis; went back in time to describe the symptoms of pleurisy. 'That fetches you down,' she said. 'Yes,' the landlady said, 'I remember a young Mrs. Shadbolt here — how it fetched her down.'

Shadbolt was not a common name, and the Lichfields were surprised to hear it. 'Shadbolt? We know a man that name.' 'Don't suppose it's the same,' the landlady said. 'Biggish man. Ugly. She called him Bruno.' Suddenly the Lichfields felt as excited as though they were on the verge of the solution of a detective mystery. 'Yes, it's him. When was this?' they said. 'When were they here?' The landlady told them. 'August. Oh, it was his wife, all right. I'm strict on that sort of thing. Besides I do know, because I used to have confidential and friendly little chats with her like, often. I got her photo, too.'

The Lichfields went back to Castor with a story that went through the town like an infection: how Shadbolt was not only married, but had been married before Virginia drowned herself. 'And now we know,' they said, 'why she did drown herself.'

A fortnight later Mrs. Shadbolt came to Castor. She was tremendously excited, in a sort of emotional fever at

being with Bruno at last, and though later she was to be depressed and bored by the rows and rows of working-class streets and the huge dim factories and all the grim rawness of a town eating its way out into the countryside, she was excited that day even by Castor. She liked the house Bruno had bought for her, with the big garden and its espalier fruit trees, and the high bay-windowed rooms, with the flowery-papered walls which later she was to hang with rows of early photographs of herself as a dancer in Irish's Traveling Vaudeville and in London music halls and on tour. She said, 'I shall be happy here. I know I shall be happy.'

Then in February she had a solitary caller. Rufus Chamberlain came, partly to see Bruno, partly out of curiosity to see what sort of woman he had married at last. Rufus called one evening just before supper. Bruno met him at the door and took him into the drawing-room and introduced him to Jenny. 'Mrs. Shadbolt.'

Rufus took one look at her and knew who she was. She had not changed at all, and his mind went back to the week when there had been almost a minor riot to see her legs in Irish's Traveling Vaudeville.

'I've seen you before,' he said. He stood with a slight bow and smiled.

'You have?'

'I have,' he said, and told her where. 'Bruno and I almost scrapped to get a look at you.'

'You did? Bruno never said a word!' She was in a happy, teasing mood, glad of company. 'Bruno, you wicked creature — all the men in Castor rioting to see me and you never said anything.'

'When I'm on a good thing,' he said, grinning, 'I keep it to myself.'

That was something that Rufus could not do, and never had done. For forty years he had been the antithesis of his father: very open and very generous, liking company and talking and gossip

and free-and-easiness. The meeting with Mrs. Shadbolt staggered and excited him a little. When he left the house he walked back into the town and went into the new Station Hotel, then one of the jokes of Castor, the word 'hotel' having no relation to fact. He went in and ordered a whiskey and said to a man, like a child with a secret it cannot keep, 'I just dropped in on Shadbolt. Trust him to have something up his sleeve. You know who his wife is? She's that dancing kid out of Irish's vaudeville. She has n't changed a minute.'

The next day it was all over Castor: 'They say. . . . They say. . . . You know what I heard? . . . You know what they got about?' They talked about her in bars and taprooms, not as a woman, but as a piece of public property. Bruno had married a cheap music-hall dancing tart.

A day after Rufus called, Jenny had another caller. She had wanted to call ever since she had sat in the boarding-house drawing-room and talked about her own phlebitis and young Mrs. Shadbolt's pleurisy. A week at Brighton had helped her a lot, and now, on fine dry days, she could get out and walk a bit and take up again her collecting for Missions to the Heathen in Darkest Asia. Mrs. Lichfield went to the Shadbolt house with her subscription book, and Jenny invited her in. She went into the drawing-room and Jenny, touched by her first caller, put down a subscription of half a crown. She fetched it from her purse upstairs, and while she was gone Mrs. Lichfield sat staring at the walls, with their rows of pictures of the young dancer, and the one particular picture of Jenny and Bruno clasping cardboard hands on the Brighton seashore. She went away and spoke about this picture.

The story went through the last phases of complexity and resolved itself at last to the simplest terms. It was as though the hot air evaporated and there was left a small distillation of dirt.

Castor had been fond of Lady Virginia; had adored the gay affectionate nature so perfectly reflected in her sister. It seemed suddenly clear to people why she had killed herself: she had killed herself not merely because Bruno had married another woman, but because he had married that type of woman. That woman. Her. A cheap foreign-looking bit off the stage. For all you knew, a cheap bit off the streets.

With him gossip had gone as far as it could. It ceased to touch him. With Mrs. Shadbolt gossip had only just begun.

XXXIV

In the following year the Boer War began, and while, during the next three years, people were preoccupied with the thought of Kruger and Mafeking and Ladysmith and of the Queen sending her own guards and her own chocolate to help a cause that seemed sometimes to be going the wrong way, Bruno was occupied with the thought of something else. He was thinking of the internal-combustion engine, the power that could be harnessed to wheels, making a vehicle like Arkwright's automobile, at first ludicrous, now accepted, and for which he foresaw tremendous possibilities.

He remembered his dream of running a carrier's passenger service; how he had actually begun it. This dream, never forgotten, had become another. Its realization was still far off. But he felt that some day, somehow, it would be possible to run another kind of passenger service: an omnibus service that could spread itself out beyond the point where the small shortsighted one-line railway had ended.

He would sometimes speak to Jenny about this dream plan for self-propelling buses traveling between the new rising towns of the district. She always had one reply: 'Never mind about buses. What this town needs is a real hotel. A proper hotel with dining rooms and a dance room, perhaps, and good beds.

All you've got is that potty Temperance place and the Station Hotel, and that's a joke.'

She was right, but he was not interested. Hotels — let somebody else build the hotels. He kept his eye on the motorcar.

By 1901 Rufus Chamberlain also had a motorcar. One night when he came to supper and stayed on, talking over the whiskey until past midnight, Jenny brought the conversation round to her own dream, the dream of that hotel she had often spoken about to Bruno.

'When is somebody going to have the sense and initiative to put one up?'

'Castor's a funny place,' Chamberlain said. 'People eat at home.'

'And what,' she said, 'do visitors do? Have meals sitting on the pavement?'

'They go back to Orlingford,' Bruno said.

'Back to Orlingford.' She was mildly disgusted. 'Good money coming into the town and you let it go out again and then call yourselves business men.'

It was true. They knew it. But it was not business, they said. It was not business.

That drove her beyond argument. 'One of you is crazier than the other, but I don't know which it is.' She felt that they had minds of iron, which only white heat could affect. For a moment she was angry, then she got over it, and suddenly she began to flatter Chamberlain.

'If it had been anyone else I would have understood it. But you — with your brains and personality and business instinct. You of all people. Why don't you do it?'

'Problem,' he said.

'What's a problem to a man like you? Besides, I don't see it. When a thing stares you in the face there's no problem.'

'What size hotel had you in mind?'

Rufus said.

'About thirty rooms.'

'And a bar and all that?'

'A bar, yes, and a lounge and a hall that could be let for dances.'

'Where'd you put it?'

'As near the station as you could. On a corner site.'

Rufus sat thinking.

'Land's cheap. Building's cheap. Times are good,' she said. 'You wait another five years and you'll miss the boat.'

And gradually, not that night but on succeeding nights, she won him over. He saw that there might be more in it than a dream. Her voice had some of the same heavy hypnotic effect on him as it had on Bruno. He was drawn over to her point of view less by argument than by the sleepy emotional magnetism of her voice.

Bruno held out.

'Hotels,' he said, 'are a line on their own.'

For a time he remained immovable. At last Chamberlain made a decision.

'If you don't do it,' he said, 'I shall.'

'We shall,' Jenny said.

That decided him.

And that summer the new hotel, later the Prince Albert Hotel, began to go up on a waste corner site by the station. Mrs. Shadbolt loved it. It was she who suggested and then staged and made such a huge success of its opening in December of the same year. The place that night was filled mostly with men, and the hotel, with its gaslit red blinds, looked on fire, so that even Bruno, walking about in dress clothes in the heavy and rather lost way of a monkey dressed up, felt it to be a huge success.

About midnight he was standing at the bar when the porter pushed through the crowd to bring him a message.

'Mr. Arkwright is outside and would like to speak to you.'

He went outside on to the steps of the hotel. He saw Julius Arkwright standing in the street below: an older, worn, and suppressed Arkwright. He stood by the motorcar in which he had driven

down from Spella Ho. He looked at Bruno, and for a moment he could not speak, and then somehow forced himself to speak.

'Caroline would like to speak to you. She sent me down to fetch you.'

'Speak to me?' He did not understand it.

'She's very ill,' Arkwright said.

Bruno did not speak. They got into the car; Arkwright clenched the wheel like a man who is about to go over a precipice and is aware of it and must resist the shock. 'She's very ill,' he said again. 'She's not going to live.'

They drove in silence to Spella Ho. Bruno felt suddenly as though his mind had been boarded up. Behind that boarding, as on a site where there is a demolition going on, his mind was in a chaos. Some part of him was falling to pieces.

Caroline lay on a sofa bed in the smaller lounge downstairs. He went into the room. There was a fire, and a small wall-bracket gaslight. He stood and looked down at her. She lifted her face and looked at him and he did not recognize her.

'Hullo,' she said.

'Hullo.'

'Find a chair,' she said. 'Is n't there one? I can't see.'

He found a chair and sat down. Arkwright had not come in. He looked at her. He remembered the lovely Nordic nobility of the face, the thick strong hair and magnificent shoulders. 'You did n't come to see us,' she said. He did not answer. He was held in fascination by the change in the face. Thin, terribly tired, it bore no relation to the face he had formerly known. 'I wanted you to come and see us,' she said. 'We both wanted you.'

He sat with her for half an hour. She was dying and knew it, and knew, also, the reason for it. And gradually, without her saying anything of it, he knew also why it was. It was now as though Caroline were dying a double

death. She had endured the sufferings of two people, and he understood as he sat there what sort of suffering it had been. It seemed to double his own.

'I'm glad you came,' she said. 'We never reproached you. There was no reproach here.'

Before he could speak, Arkwright and the doctor came into the room. Caroline put out her hand and shook hands with him and said good-bye. He did not know what to say and he went suddenly out of the room.

He walked back to Castor and went home without going into the hotel. He did not trouble to light the gas in the hall, but went straight upstairs in darkness. He sat down on the edge of the bed. He did not think of anything. He felt only that his mind had been shattered by the reverberation of a huge mistake, that the twin fires of self-hatred and remorse were burning him up completely.

XXXV

The death of Caroline affected him more deeply, in a sense, than the death of Virginia. He felt himself slip backward, confidence broken. He felt relieved of the obligation of ambition and dreams.

The hotel prospered. It was clear that Jenny was right; Castor needed a hotel. Castor had not realized how much it needed a hotel; still more, it had not realized how much it needed a hotel with a pretty ex-actress as manageress. The whole district flocked to the Prince Albert and talked of Mrs. Shadbolt, who remained chastely and completely faithful to Bruno, but who gained the reputation of being a sort of promiscuous tigress who kept, somewhere upstairs in the hotel, a lair where the most terrific affairs went on for those who could pay for them.

In a little town like Castor an ex-actress can be only one thing. Castor wanted Mrs. Shadbolt to be a Bad Woman, and gossip gradually created

her: fast, licentious, common, fleshly, wicked, unfaithful. Of the hundreds of stories told about her, ranging from the rumors of her own private promiscuity to tales of a bawdyhouse of ex-chorus girls run in the hotel attics, not one was true. She remained not merely chastely and completely faithful to Bruno, but tenderly faithful. She was fixed in adoration of him as securely as when she had written the letters — 'Dear, dear Bruno' — to which there had been no answer.

All the time he worked hard. For the next eight or nine years, up through 1902 to 1905 and so up to 1910, he consolidated his position. He did not go forward. He watched all the time the progress, in America and France especially, of the motorcar; he waited for the moment when he could start his scheme for motorbuses, a moment which at that time seemed slow in coming. He bought property, more land. At the close of the century, completely mad, decrepit, and almost helpless in a house of cobwebbed and crazy inventions, Candlestick Parker died, and the sale brought Bruno another hundred and ten acres along the east side of the town. He remained ambitious, but it was a personal ambition, without ideals.

By 1908 he was a man of considerable property, but, looking round for his friends, he found he could count them on one hand: Arkwright, the Chamberlains, Jenny. Then, during that year, Arkwright left Spella Ho. Huge sale boards went up on the outskirts of the estate and remained up, blistering and peeling, for the next six years, the house standing with the same air of sepulchral solitude as it had when Bruno had stolen coal from it in 1873. Time seemed not to have touched it at all.

During the following year something else happened. On a windy July day Charles Walker Chamberlain went out of his cupola'd, turreted house and down the hill into the town. Walking down into the town on that hot windy July day in 1909, he felt the streets suddenly

too hot for him. He turned and went over the railway bridge and up out of the town. Up on the higher ground the hot wind gusted across the green wheat that came down in those days to the very edges of the streets. It lifted Charles Walker Chamberlain's straw hat from his head and bowled it across the street and under the wheels of a brewer's steam wagon coming down the empty hill. Charles Walker Chamberlain ran forward like a child retrieving a ball, and that afternoon the *Castor Argus and Free Press* carried headlines which were in a sense his epitaph: 'Unknown Tramp Crushed by Brewer's Lorry' — and it was not until late that night that Castor, and Bruno, knew that Charles Walker Chamberlain was dead.

XXXVI

'But they move, Bruno. They move about. Like ordinary people. You see them walk upstairs and in the street and sit down and eat and everything. They're real, and it looks as if it's raining all the time, only it is n't.'

'Move? How's it done? Sort of magic lantern?'

'No, no. They're moving pictures.'

'Slides?'

'No, no. It's a long strip of something. With pictures on it. It goes through a camera and they show it on this white cloth. It's wonderful.'

He did not understand it. Jenny had been to London and had come back with the story of a cinematograph show. It was the year 1910. He had heard of the cinematograph, understood that it was a great invention, but had put it down as one with the phonograph and the typewriter, as a specialized toy which could never influence and benefit the masses as the automobile would. He did not understand how anyone could become excited over what seemed to him moving magic-lantern slides. 'Next thing you'll be taking me to a Band of Hope.'

'You've got to see it!' she said. 'You've got to. It's wonderful and you've got to see it. You've got to come up to London to-morrow.'

'Got to, got to!'

'Please, Bruno. Yes, please. Please! Once you've seen it you'll feel just what I feel about it.'

'And what's that?'

'That we've got to have one in Castor. We must. It's the great thing of the future. It's a miracle. We've got to have one in Castor.'

'You mean a theatre? Charge people to go in?'

'Yes. They're opening everywhere.'

'It sounds daft.'

'It is n't daft. You said the hotel was daft.'

He was slightly impressed by that. She talked of the cinematograph all that night. He went down to the Prince Albert to play a hundred up at billiards and there she was, in the bar, telling the world about it. She talked about it in bed, saying, 'You need n't build anything. You could hire the Public Hall in the old Corn Exchange and hire chairs and it would n't cost much.'

He went with her to London on the following day. He saw what she had seen: 'people flickering on a screen, movement, life, antics of a comedian; the film broke, they sat in hushed darkness as he said in a loud voice, 'Where was Moses?' and the audience tittered. It still seemed to him a trivial thing. 'Just a craze,' he said, 'that'll die out.'

They came out in silence. In the vestibule she let out a shriek and left him and almost embraced a man who stood talking to the pay-box girl. 'Mike! Mike! Mike Livesey!'

The man stared at her and felt her shoulders with his hands, as though he could not believe his eyes.

'Italian,' he said. 'Italian. It's Italian.'

'All tied up in a box with bows on.'

'All tied up in a box,' he said. 'Well!'

He stood back and looked at her: sallow side-lined face, hook-nosed, heavily creased, slightly scornful, the face of a tenth-rate actor who had been touring for twenty years under the impression that he was first-rate.

'You seen the show?' she said. 'Is n't it wonderful?'

'Seen it?' he said. 'I own it. It's mine. I run it.'

'You? You run it?'

He nodded.

'How's it go?' she said. 'You doing all right?'

'Packed. Packed night after night. And no dead-hands either.'

She turned and snatched Bruno, who stood reading old playbills nailed on the dirty walls of the foyer. 'Please, Bruno.' She brought him forward to Livesey. 'My husband, Mr. Shadbolt,' she said.

'Husband?' Livesey said. 'Well!' He shook hands with Bruno. 'Well! Come into the office.'

They went into Livesey's office. Livesey took cigars out of a drawer, gave one to Bruno, playfully offered the box to Jenny.

'You like the show?' Livesey said to Jenny.

'Like it? I came yesterday. I came all the way to see it again to-day.' She began to talk excitedly, telling him as fact things which really existed only in imagination: how, above all, they were planning to show pictures in Castor. 'You think there's something in it? More than a craze?'

'We opened six months ago,' Livesey said. 'Never had a dead house yet. They're opening everywhere.'

'But is it going to develop?'

'This thing,' Livesey said, 'is only in its infancy.'

They talked on. Bruno, shut out, did not listen. He did not like Livesey. He did not like the cigar, which he had not cut properly and which would not burn.

'You like to see the operating room?' Livesey said.

'Sounds like a hospital.'

More laughter. 'This way,' Livesey said.

Bruno followed Jenny and Livesey and went into the small, roughly fitted operating room at the back of the theatre. The operator was rerolling film on a spool. The room was hot, the naked electric light bared to the eyes. Livesey and the operator explained how things worked, switched on the noisy projector, and Jenny was thrilled. Bruno did not speak. More and more he felt himself shut out. He felt that the thin end of the wedge driven between himself and Jenny by the hotel and the death of Caroline was struck a blow that afternoon that drove it in almost to its extreme depths.

'Well, if you start this thing,' Livesey said, 'let me know. I'll put you in touch with the proper people and I'll get you an operator sent down until you get a man trained.'

They went home on the late night train. Before that they went to another motion-picture show, and for the two hours in the train she talked of nothing else, of what they had seen, of Livesey, of the imperative necessity of opening a show in Castor without delay.

'Yes,' he said, 'and who's going to run it? You expect me to stand at the door to sell tickets?'

'I'll run it,' she said. 'Who do you think? It's my profession. It's what I was born to.'

'If you think you can fill any hall in Castor with that thing, six nights a week, you're on a bad egg.'

'Well, we'll run variety turns with it. Perhaps you'll tell me now I don't know anything about variety?'

'I never said that.'

'You're trying to tell me what I do know and what I don't know.'

'No.'

'Pardon me. First you tell me I'm wrong about the hotel, now you tell me I'm wrong about something else.'

'I don't say you're wrong,' he said. 'But it's my money, whether you're wrong or right.'

'Keep your money,' she said. 'I don't want it.'

'If you start this thing you'll want it.'

'Why? Why your money? Why yours in particular? Other people have got money. Mr. Chamberlain has got money.'

He was silenced by that, knowing it to be more than ever true. Rufus had inherited what was then the largest fortune ever left by any man in Castor, an estate of ninety thousand pounds. She said: 'If you won't listen I'll borrow from Mr. Chamberlain. He'll lend me the little I want.'

'Borrow?' he said. 'Borrow? By God, I'll see you don't borrow.'

In that way, by emotion and talk, and by threats which he knew she would not hesitate in that emotional state to carry out, she won him over.

The result was that in the September of 1910 a converted Corn Exchange was opened: 'Motion Pictures Twice Nightly Living Cinematograph' — which to him meant nothing, but which to her was like the fulfillment of a dream. By another year it was clear, and clear even to Bruno, that the Corn Exchange would no longer do. She would not let him rest for a moment from her excited talk, at first merely insistent, but later almost threatening, of a new cinema, now on the scale of a theatre, with a stage and a circle and an orchestra pit and plush seats that tipped up.

Whenever he wavered, during this time, she held over him the threat of Chamberlain. 'All right. If you're so mean, I'll go to Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain will listen to me.' He did not attach any great importance to this frequent, and gradually more frequent, use of Chamberlain's name. But it drove him at last to do what she wanted.

He built in 1911, on a site opposite the hotel, the Victoria Variety Palace and Cinema. It matched the hotel: raw, solid, ornate brick. As with the hotel, she designed it; she planned its future,

organized its staff and the six-months-ahead bookings of variety turns which were to be sandwiched in between the films. She arranged its gala opening, with tickets of invitation, a six-reeler, five variety acts by London artists, and something which Castor crowded to see more than any other one thing: an act by herself.

When she appeared that night she was a woman of forty-five, almost forty-six; she looked more than ten years younger. She was as slim and firm-breasted as when Bruno had first seen her in Irish's Traveling Vaudeville; and in the short skimmed red skirts and pale flesh tights, with the grease paint coloring her face, she looked very little over thirty. But the audience was disappointed. What they saw was not something wicked at all, but a rather ordinary dance by a woman who had not danced for fifteen years, who was out of training and practice, and who had forgotten the best she had known.

After her dance Bruno came on to the stage and made a short speech. He was wearing a frock coat and a top hat. She stood by his side, half his height, slim legs as beautiful as ever, looking like a young woman. He began to speak. She nudged him and whispered, 'Your hat,' and suddenly he remembered and took off his hat and held it in his hand.

As he took off his hat a man at the back of the audience took his pipe out of his mouth and leaned over and spoke to his wife, behind the back of his hand.

'Shadbolt begins to look old,' he said.

XXXVII

It was true: he had begun to look old. At the same time he had not begun to feel old. He did not feel any older than he had ever felt. But the wedge driven between himself and Jenny by the hotel and the cinema, and most of all by the death of Caroline, began to be thickened suddenly by age. He was fifty-eight.

But now it was she, and not he, who was conscious of it.

She began to spend less and less time at the house which, two years before, she had adored so much. She left the house about ten o'clock every morning and went to the hotel. Long after official closing time she still stayed on at the hotel, still pouring out emotion in the form of energy, the nervous strain of it making itself felt in that continued-chain smoking of scores of cigarettes. She got back to the house about midnight, spent a noisy half hour in the bathroom over her toilet, and then spent five minutes over a final cigarette while sitting up in bed. All the time Bruno felt himself shut more and more away from her.

Suddenly, in 1912, she got bored with the hotel and the cinema and the whole of the life she had cut out for herself in Castor. She was tired; emotion needed new outlets. She spent moody, angry days, smoking madly. 'Let's get away for a while,' she said at last. 'The south of France, or somewhere. We've never had what you'd call a holiday. Let's go to Paris and then on to Nice.'

The moment was a bad one. He was on the verge of realizing a dream he had planned and cherished for more than ten years: the Castor and District Omnibus Transport Company. With a garage proprietor named Caleb Nichols he had already drawn up a deed of partnership, and they had on order two double-decker buses of the London type. In a fortnight Castor would see the first two buses, to be followed by four more buses, of the Shadbolt and Nichols company. They would run in a rough triangular course across the river valley, Castor to Orlingford, Orlingford to Lingborough, Lingborough to Castor, and reverse, a route which two railways had not touched and now never would touch. The success of the venture depended utterly on the energy of Shadbolt and Nichols. To Bruno all talk of going for a holiday, even to Brighton,

was as pointless as talk of going to the North Pole.

Jenny was furious. 'All you think about is that damned company. Work! Nichols! All I ever hear all day is Caleb this, Caleb that. All you think about is making money.'

'No,' he said. 'Not quite. But this is important. This is something I've waited ten years to do. Longer than that. Ever since I was a kid and tried to run that carrier's round to —'

'Oh, for God's sake!' she said. 'If it's not money you're talking about it's something you did thirty years ago.'

'You talk like it yourself. Everybody does.'

'Well, let's live in the present for a bit. Go somewhere. Do something. Time was when you were glad enough to run over half the country after me. Now it's too much to take me for a holiday.'

He walked out of the room and upstairs, hard, phlegmatic, a million miles away from her. She raised her face, screamed.

'Why don't you answer? You know it's right! You know it's right. You know it's right.'

He went into his bedroom, out of sight. She ran upstairs, in a frenzy at his nonresistance. She wanted to quarrel. Her nerves, stretched for weeks, began to break. As she came upstairs he came out of the bedroom and went into the bathroom, locking the door. Frenzy leapt into fury. She beat on the door with the flat of her hands. She kicked it and shouted with uncontrolled nervous frenzy which he heard even above the noise of water.

'You're just a miser! A mean, self-centred, rotten miser. That's all. That's all you are, a miser! I know it now — a miser. I've thought it for years, and now I know it. A money-grabber. A cheap money-grabber. That's all. Just a jumped-up cheap money-grabber, that's all, that's all! I know it

now. I've thought it for years and now I know it.'

He did not answer; took off his coat. He hung his coat on the door and undid his collar and took off his tie. He sat down on the bath stool and took off his boots. Slowly, deliberately, not speaking, he took off the rest of his clothes and got into the bath, keeping the hot water running. He sat still, watching the water rippling its small tide up between his thick, ugly, slightly bowed legs. She had not finished kicking the door. Almost weeping now, she yelled, 'Mean is bad enough! But mean and ugly, that's what you are! Ugly, that's what you are — just mean and old and ugly. Old and miserable. Old and ugly, that's all you are — that's all you are!'

All she was saying was true. 'Old and ugly and just too mean and miserable to spend a penny. Too mean and miserable. Why don't you answer? Why don't you answer something? You know it's true, that's why! You know it's true!'

She was crying now, nerves broken, voice weaker and more bitter. He sat calmly soaping his hands and looking at his old ugly feet. Her voice did not produce in him a single moment of anger or suffering. He sat behind a barricade unconsciously built up ever since the death of Caroline and now complete. Nothing she said could ever affect him now.

And that night, while he sat drinking to the success of the Castor and District Omnibus Transport Company in Nichols's garage, she was unfaithful to him for the first time, at the hotel. She was unfaithful with Rufus Chamberlain. Chamberlain came into the hotel every night between eight and nine o'clock. His mother had outlived his father by only six weeks, and he had arrived at much the same point of boredom with that huge turreted Frenchified house as Jenny had reached with the cinema and the hotel. He had begun to talk of selling the house and, with typical

Chamberlain meanness, of taking all his meals at the Prince Albert, where as a shareholder he was entitled to discount off the bill.

He went into the hotel that night about nine o'clock without any intention of talking about these things. He had three or four drinks and read the local paper. As usual there was nothing in it, and he got up at last and went into the lounge to look for a magazine or a woman or a crony to talk with. There were only two men in the lounge, and there was only one woman. 'Hallo, Mrs. Shadbolt,' he said. They all stayed talking until ten o'clock. At ten o'clock the two men left, but he stayed on, talking to Mrs. Shadbolt. He sat watching her, fascinated, and began to tell her suddenly of the idea he had: of coming to live and eat at the hotel.

'Well, and a good idea,' she said.

'I get fed up with that great empty house,' he said. 'Four servants to one man.'

'Well, why don't you come?' she said.

'I was going to talk to you about it,' he said. 'Discuss it.'

'As far as I'm concerned,' she said, 'there's nothing to discuss. All you've got to do is to choose your room and say when you're coming and that's that.'

'Simple.'

'Simple's the word,' she said.

They went out of the lounge and through the passages, which had become permeated now with a thick warm odor of beer and stale cooking and the dust on the topmost leaves of the artificial-looking palms, and went upstairs to the bedrooms, where, she said, Number Eleven had the best view. They went into the room, still fitted, like all the hotel, with gas, but now in darkness. She made no attempt to get a light, but went to the window and stood looking at what view there was: many lights sprinkled over the lower darkness of the town. There was the view, she said, and in daylight you could see the woods.

Chamberlain came and stood beside her, close to her. She did not speak, and suddenly she was aware of him, not with mere alertness, but with the alertness of an inner part of herself. He began kissing her and she let him do it without any protest, feeling the immediate cancellation of all her tired distress. She felt emotion flood her from the lips downwards, her whole body leaping up out of passivity.

From that moment Chamberlain began to take the place of the hotel, the cinema, and Bruno himself.

Bruno did not know of this. For five or six weeks he did not even know that Chamberlain had given up the house and taken his things to the hotel, to eat and sleep there. When he did hear of it, it did not surprise him. The Prince Albert was the place for Chamberlain, who had never seemed to belong in that fantastic house on the hill.

In the same way he did not notice any change in Jenny. Since she already spent ten and twelve hours of the day away from home, another hour or two or even a night did not seem to matter. It could not lengthen the distance between them. He was too absorbed, also, in his own affairs, in the sight of his two red buses, soon afterwards six red buses, making their erratic timetable between the towns and villages.

It developed into the biggest omnibus company in a radius of forty miles. Twenty red buses made a regular and more frequent service to more towns and villages. Nichols's crazy barn of a garage was pulled down, and there went up in its place a lofty concrete cavern in which buses roared like beasts, as drivers stepped on accelerator pedals in the early morning. All this time, in room Number Eleven at the Prince Albert, things were going on which the chambermaids and then the boots and then the commercials and finally the whole of Castor knew about. By the end of 1913 he was almost the only adult person in Castor who did not know that Chamber-

lain and his wife virtually lived together at the hotel.

Just at that time, with his interest in the bus company settled enough to make him take things a little easier, he suddenly remembered that Jenny had wanted to take a holiday. It was the moment when he might have found out about her, except for one thing. There appeared in the *Castor Argus and Free Press* an article on some excavations being made at that time on the site of Roman encampments three miles out of the town.

When Bruno read that article it was as though he had been shaken out of a deep soporific. He remembered Parker, and Parker's slightly insane experiments with steel in that impossible, yet not wholly impossible, condenser in the back yard of a house that itself had been built out of great blocks of sepia-colored ironstone.

The idea acted on him like an explosion. He got his car and put in it a pick and shovel and drove out to the land that same afternoon. He had already seen, in a field that he had let for grazing for twenty years, the hollows, overgrown now with grass and harebell and thyme, made by Parker's crude workings in the fifties. And what he did there that afternoon was as fantastic as anything Parker had ever done. He began to dig for iron. It was as though he expected to unearth it in ready stiffened pigs.

He worked, as he had so often worked in the past, out of ignorance. Ignorance drove him on where knowledge, even a little knowledge, would have kept him back. Through ignorance he got a sort of crude faith, not only in himself and an idea, but in the land on which, that afternoon, he shoveled and dug like a navvy. He worked with the same indomitable blind energy that brought him on foot from London through the snow. 'Nothing,' he thought, 'can stop me now, nothing is going to stop me'; as though he had only to move enough earth to strike layers of iron as a man might

strike a water pipe. 'Iron,' he thought, 'iron. Parker was right.' He drove the pick down into the iron-seamed earth with a tremendous blow; it snapped the pick shaft at the junction of wood and metal as though it were rotten.

He gave up then and drove home. He felt a little sobered, and did not know quite what to do. Ignorance had brought him so far, and now he felt at a dead end. He took a lump of iron ore indoors and put it on the dining-room table and then, for the third or fourth time, read the article in the weekly paper. Reading it, he had a sudden idea. He got on the telephone and rang through to the offices of the paper. At eleven o'clock that night he was still drinking whiskey with Mather, the chief reporter, and on the following Friday there appeared in the *Castor Argus and Free Press* another article, 'By our Expert':—

The metallurgical potentialities of the eastern side of the valley have long been the subject of speculation, but it has remained for Mr. Bruno Shadbolt, the inaugurator of so many of the town's progressive enterprises, to put that speculation to the test. Recent exhaustive tests by London experts have established the fact that the valley is richer in ore than was hitherto thought. It now transpires, also, that South Wales interests are watching developments with the closest attention, and an announcement of the greatest public interest may shortly be expected. Farsighted prophets who have visualized the town as one with immense industrial possibilities may shortly be congratulating themselves on their vision.

There was no announcement. The Frome and Taylor Consolidated Iron and Steel Corporation, head offices in Yorkshire, controlled the output and furnaces at Orlingford; and they informed the *Castor* reporter, 'Tests tell us that we have sufficient workable ore here to make it unnecessary to consider touching another inch of land for fifty years.' They filed the article. Copies of it were sent to another forty concerns in Yorkshire, London, and South Wales. One filed it.

The citizens of Castor, momentarily switching from gossip of Chamberlain and Jenny to talk of Bruno and iron, awaited developments. Bruno himself waited. Ignorance and faith had brought him so far. Now they held him again at a dead end. Nothing happened.

XXXVIII

He waited for months, and might have gone on waiting for years except for one thing: the declaration of war. In January of 1915 the article in the *Castor Argus*, pure puff at the time of writing, was turned up in the London offices of South Wales Amalgamated Iron and Steel, then already being harassed by a government department that was itself harassed by the necessity for an increased output of munitions. They sent down an expert to Castor. He came back with samples of ore and in twenty-four hours delivered a report almost identical with one that lay in Bruno's desk at the gas office and which he had not troubled to take out. The expert penciled in the top right-hand corner of the report, 'Offer five thousand,' afterwards explaining this: 'He's a queer bird. He apparently has no notion at all of what mining for ore means. He told me himself how he dug it out with his own hands.' In fourteen days South Wales Amalgamated had opened negotiations with Bruno.

He went to London. He got up on a dark January morning to catch the first train at 7.19. The maid got his breakfast, which he ate alone. Just before departing he went up to Jenny's bedroom. She was still asleep. He held open the bedroom door and let in the light from the gas globe on the landing. The light woke her and he said: 'I'm going now. If I'm not home to-night it will be because the negotiations have n't finished. But as soon as they're over and the deal's through I'll telegraph. Then you come up.'

He went to London with one idea in

his mind. 'Talk big,' he thought. The offices of South Wales Amalgamated were in the City: solid, mahogany-furnished, gloomy, giving him glimpses back into the days when he had tramped an even gloomier London, looking for work. At three o'clock in the afternoon they offered him five thousand. He went and looked out of the window. 'Now,' he thought, 'is the time to say something.'

After about five minutes he went back to the table. He sat down and looked at each of the three Amalgamated Steel directors in turn. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you are talking out of the backs of your necks.'

Now they were silent.

'You seem to take it for granted,' he said, 'that I'm going to sell. I don't know that I shall sell. I don't know that I shan't develop it myself. If the concession is n't worth more than five thousand, it is n't worth more than ten thousand to develop. I could do that.'

In their minds they had a figure of twenty thousand. They said: 'Call it ten thousand.'

Bruno said: 'The war looks like lasting another two or three or even four years. If it does, the price of iron and steel will go up to somewhere you've never seen it before.'

'No one can foresee that,' they said.

'I foresee it,' he said. 'Another thing. Frome and Taylor foresee it. They've opened up nearly a mile of new workings since October last year.'

They did not speak.

He said: 'I've got every reason to believe that Frome and Taylor would pay double your price merely to prevent your ever coming into that valley.'

'Our price,' they said, 'is fifteen thousand.'

They talked all that afternoon and met early on the following day. The news of war was black, the people depressed. He argued with Amalgamated Steel all morning and met them again in the early evening; he took them by

stages, from one deadlock to another, to a figure of forty-five thousand. This was their offer at the end of the second day. He rejected it; said, 'Its exploitation as building land would bring me that.' They smiled at this, and he surprised them by saying, 'All wars are followed by a boom.'

In the middle of the third day, when the machinery of discussion had begun to turn more smoothly under the oil of a bottle or two of champagne, he threw in a spanner. He began to talk about royalties. Through the whole of the discussion it had been their aim to prevent him from ever thinking of royalties. They knew suddenly that they had underestimated him; felt that it would have been better to begin with fifty thousand and finish at sixty, rather than to begin at five thousand and finish by talking of royalties. They offered sixty thousand, and he said, 'At your anticipated rate of output that would be the royalty for about ten years.'

It finished on the fourth day. His talk of royalties, kept up to the last, frightened them. They agreed at ninety-eight thousand. It was a price that, to both sides, seemed terrific at the moment. Later, as the war went on and the price and demand for steel rose to the heights he had predicted, they thought of it as a godsend.

He went straight out of the offices of Amalgamated Steel and telegraphed Jenny: 'All done at a hundred thousand could you catch four-twenty will meet you St. Pancras. Bruno.' It was then about half-past two. He went back to his hotel and changed his room for a double, with bath. He gave the page girl five pounds. 'Pound for yourself. And get some flowers with the rest and put them in the room.' He went down to the barber's saloon and had a shave and a trim and then had a bath in the bath annex of the new double room. He felt immense. 'I've gone through with it,' he thought, 'I've done it. I've gone through with it.' He took a taxi to St. Pancras.

The train came in at six-fifty-five. It was crowded with soldiers going back from delayed Christmas leave; there were many women. He waited at the barrier, feeling very happy, thinking, 'Perhaps this is what we wanted, something like this. We've been apart — now it will be all right.' Soldiers and women filed off the platform. It was empty at last. She had not come.

'It did n't give her a lot of time,' he thought, 'the telegram. She could n't get the four-thirty. She'll get the six.' Just to make sure he went to the public telephone and put through a trunk call to the house. The line was congested, the connection poor, so that the answering voice sounded throttled.

'Has Mrs. Shadbolt left?'

'Yes,' the maid said, 'she left about five.'

'That's all right,' he said.

He rang off and went out of the station. He had two hours before the train was due. He found a bar.

At eight-seventeen the train came in and he was there to meet it. He saw the same procession of soldiers and women, with the same result. She was n't there. He could not understand it. As though it had lain rancid in his mind all that time the bitterness of it rose up again, mingling with the new bitterness, souring everything. 'A hundred thousand. What is it,' he thought, 'unless there's somebody to tell it to?'

He stayed at the station and met another train, the last. It was as he expected. She was not there, and he went back to the hotel.

He returned to Castor on the following day. He felt the separation between himself and Jenny to be complete. The deal with Amalgamated Steel seemed an utterly barren thing.

He arrived home in the early afternoon. When he got into the house he could hear the bath water running. He went upstairs. 'Is that you?'

'Oh, Mr. Shadbolt!' It was the maid's voice. 'I did n't know you were coming.'

'Is Mrs. Shadbolt in?'

'No, Mr. Shadbolt.'

'Funny,' he thought, 'taking a bath in the afternoon.' He went downstairs. 'She's at the hotel,' he thought, and rang through. No, Mrs. Shadbolt was n't there. Mrs. Shadbolt had n't been there all day.

He waited for the maid to come downstairs. When she came down she looked hot from the bath; it accentuated her look of scared guilt.

'What time did Mrs. Shadbolt go yesterday?'

'About five, Mr. Shadbolt.'

'To catch the train?'

'I don't know.'

'Did n't she say anything?'

'No.'

He sat down at the telephone again. He did not know quite what to think or do. He felt that he had to speak to someone, and he rang back to the hotel. 'Mr. Chamberlain is n't in?'

'No,' the office girl said, 'Mr. Chamberlain is n't in.'

He put down the telephone. Turning, he saw the maid's face. It was scared as though he had caught her in some fresh act of guilt.

'You know something,' he said, 'don't you?'

'No.'

'What is it? Come on. Tell me. What is it?'

'I don't know anything,' she said.

She began to cry; great blubbing tears spread like glycerine on her hot face. She knew what all Castor already knew, and after a time she ceased crying enough to tell him what it was. In a moment he too knew that Jenny had gone away with Chamberlain.

XXXIX

'The land will not be split, ladies and gentlemen. The land will not be split away from the house.'

He was sitting at the back of a large upstairs room at the Prince Albert on a

winter afternoon in the year 1923: a man of seventy. Spella Ho was changing hands for the fourth time in his life. Voices of people numbed him; the voice of the auctioneer rose like the voice of a schoolmaster or a preacher.

'It has always been the wish of Mr. Arkwright that the land should not be split away from the house. House and land, ladies and gentlemen, will only be sold together. Fourteen hundred and fifty acres and the house. Will you start me? Do I hear somebody start me? The house and the two home farms. They all go together. Will you start me, will somebody start me? Do I hear twenty thousand?'

'You don't.' A voice, laughter.

'Well, what do I hear?'

'Five thousand.'

'It's an insult, ladies and gentlemen, a disgrace. Six thousand. It's a most unique opportunity. More improvements have been put into this property by Mr. Arkwright than into any house in the district. The lake alone is unique. Seven thousand.'

'You ought to knock something off,' a voice said, 'for the soldiers playing football in the lounge.'

Laughter. 'True,' the auctioneer said, 'the use of the house as a war hospital might have knocked a little paint off the walls. But that adds to its history. It is a house, ladies and gentlemen, with a very long and extraordinary history.'

Bruno sat staring into space. What was happening seemed to have no relation to him. History? He sat looking into space. He was not bidding, did not mean to bid. The thought of buying the house did not occur to him. He had come out of a sort of curiosity.

'Twenty-three thousand,' the auctioneer said, and he heard the bidding rising again, reaching the thirties, halting, then stopping altogether. In the long pause that followed he experienced a feeling of relief. It was flat, without pain or exultation. He was glad, in a simple way, that no one had bought the

place. It did not mean any more than this.

He went out of the room and downstairs with the crowd, no one speaking to him until he reached the corridor below, with its eternal dust-bloomed palms and smells of beer and stale cooking, smells now steeped into the flesh and bone of the place. A voice said then: 'Should have thought it might suit you, Mr. Shadbolt? Man with a large family.' The man laughed at his own joke. Bruno laughed too, did not say anything, and went out of the hotel.

It was about two o'clock, the afternoon dull already, the red cinema lights 'Now Showing "Foolish Wives" Twice Nightly' already shining across the street. He walked along the wind-dried pavement back to his house, completely shut off now from the street by the limes and chestnuts and cypresses, pruned to make a barrier. It seemed to him that the air had in it a feeling of snow.

He walked steadily, upright, still smart, without an overcoat or stick. Age had hammered character into his face, so that it had an impressive sparseness, almost without flesh. It was no longer ugly; age had similarly hammered out its crudities; it had the permanence of bronze. He went out of the street into the garden, and it was only then that he remembered what had been said to him at the bottom of the stairs. Remembering it, he stood still. It was as though he had struggled for seventy years through the darkness of recurrent stupidities simply to arrive at the revelation of a single moment. Why had n't he bought it?

He went on to the house, inside, into the drawing-room. He suddenly wanted to buy it, was suddenly as scared as a child that sees a toy in a shop window and wants it and cannot wait and is afraid in another day it will be gone. He picked up the telephone and called the auctioneers, Killick and Franklin, and said, 'Is Mr. Killick in?' and the

clerk said, 'No, Mr. Killick is n't back yet from the auction.' He asked for Mr. Franklin, and in a moment Mr. Franklin came and Bruno said, bluntly: 'Spella Ho. What's the reserve on that?' Mr. Franklin asked who it was, and Bruno told him. Mr. Franklin said: 'Fifty-five thousand, Mr. Shadbolt.' 'The asking price?' Bruno said, and Mr. Franklin said: 'Yes, Mr. Shadbolt, fifty-five thousand, the asking price.' 'Knock five off,' Bruno said; 'I'm coming down. Whatever happens, don't do anything. I want the key.'

He went out of the house again and down into the town and into the offices of Killick and Franklin, speaking to Mr. Franklin a moment and getting the key. 'Yes, consider it an offer,' he said. 'I'll be back in an hour and talk more then.'

'Cold weather, Mr. Shadbolt,' Mr. Franklin said, and Bruno said, 'Cold?' — as though suddenly he did not know what time of the year it was.

Furnaces belched smoke from the huge complicated mass of South Wales Amalgamated works as he walked out of the town on the east side. Rows of flat-fronted workers' houses dug red-blue teeth into the countryside, the road to Spella Ho going up almost under the shadow of the condenser. He heard the clank-clock-clank of shunted trucks down in the sidings, saw small armies of ant-men filing out from the seven-to-three day shift, dispersing down the hill. Steam smoke hung momentarily in the dark air, before evaporation, like snow; and beyond — and already, in ten years, it seemed a long way beyond — he could see the uplifted arms, black against the sky, of the river diggers, hoppers swinging up out of the gulleys, spewing down the clay-blue, iron-brown earth that looked in reality black in the lightless afternoon air, making a new sky line, like alps in miniature, of the naked earth. Gasometers, six in number now, stood like some vast arrangement of pillbox defenses, dull crimson, at the foot of the

hill up which buses crawled like toys drawn on invisible strings. In a sense they were things spawned out of his endurance and courage. In the creation of almost all of it he had had some part.

And standing there he saw it all, suddenly, as he had not seen it before. Standing between the house and the town, he stood between much that had been created by twin forces in himself. Looking down, he could see the huge, more than tangible mass of his material endeavor for almost fifty years: the dark sprawling record of his undefeated ignorance, courage, and strength. Looking up, he could see nothing but the house. It did not seem to have changed in fifty years by as much as an inch of lichen on the limestone. There was no record, except in his own mind, of things that had happened there. There was no record of the best in himself.

He went on and unlocked the main gates at the end of the avenue; the familiarity of the key, the same as in Mrs. Lanchester's time, troubled him. He tried not to think of it. Memory forced itself on him with bleak insistence: Louise, the daily journey with her in secret, the testing of the locks of every hay-choked and rusted gate on the place. He walked up the avenue under the bare limes, the massed claret twigs almost the only color now in the dark air. He had driven away from the avenue gates with Gerda. There was no record of it. 'It might not have happened,' he thought. 'No record,' he thought. 'A gasometer has a record. It keeps on; you record it in figures. Pig iron has more permanence than a woman. It lasts forever; the stones of a house last with it. What happens to us?' he thought. 'There's no record for us.'

He stood on the terrace. It had begun suddenly to snow a little, not fast. For some reason he did not want to go into the house. He walked round it. A ton or two of coal was still piled in the yard behind the kitchen, and it was as though he had gone back fifty years. He recalled

his mother, dying of a cancer of honesty, trying to make him honest; he could recall the death-coldness of her hands. There was no record of her except that bitter unforgettable coldness. He walked away from the coal, on which soft dabs of snow had begun to make their mark like bird droppings, and went round to the west side and again to the front of the house. He remembered the breaking of the windows, Chamberlain. He recalled Chamberlain and Jenny; had no emotion about it.

In the same way he had no emotion about the house. Now, after fifty years, it was about to be his, and he did not know what to think of it. If there was any grief attached to it, it did not touch him; familiarity lessened the force of grief in the same way as it lessened the force of pleasure. He remained on the terrace a little longer; it was snowing faster, the sky darkening and letting fall slow blobs of snow, without wind. He looked at the immense frontage of the dead house and remembered wondering, fifty years before, how any human soul could live in so large a place. 'Now I'm going to live in it myself,' he thought. 'Now I shall know.'

When he unlocked the front door of the house and went in at last it was almost too dark to see. He had no matches and had some idea that the gas had anyway been cut off. He stood at the foot of the stairs and looked up, feeling the apple-smooth polish of the banister rail that swung up out of sight like a mahogany snake. He could smell a faint odor of carbolic, perhaps carbolic soap. Hundreds of wounded men had lain for four years in the rooms, matrons had tramped the corridors, concerts had been given, doctors had pronounced life extinct, and bright blue figures had been wheeled away on wheel beds, and there was no record of it except the chipping of plaster on the walls, here and there a naughty drawing of a nurse half sponged off a wall, and a smell of carbolic soap.

He went outside and locked the door

and stood on the terrace, for a minute, before going. Already he thought: 'I own it, it's mine; this is what I wanted.' Snow was falling now more quickly. He saw it settling like wool on the unmown grass of the lawns. Snow and falling darkness gave everything — the lake, the ironworks, the town, and the fields between — a strange appearance of distance. It seemed to him for a moment that he had climbed a long way up; that now at last, and for one moment, he stood on top of the world.

XL

The full heat of afternoon hung over Spella Ho as he came out on the terrace some time before three o'clock on a day in July 1931. Heat shot back from the white flagstones almost like light from a mirror, tiring the eyes. He went to the edge of the terrace and looked down on the park. Patches of dark tree shade mottled the scorched, almost faun-brown grass like the flank of a deer. Far down was a white blot. Someone was down there and had been there all day.

He went down the steps of the terrace and out into the park and across it, to find out who it was. There seemed, as he got closer, to be two people, two slim white objects. Then as he got still closer he saw that there were two objects but only one person: a woman, with an easel. She was facing towards the house. He walked down to her: an old man, rather slow but erect, dressed in a pair of cream-white flannel trousers tied with a fancy green waistband of Paisley pattern, a Panama hat, and no jacket over the white shirt. Age had hammered dignity into his face, a kind of ironic handsomeness beaten out of the big-boned ugliness.

He went down to the woman and, as he got nearer, saw that she was not a woman, but a mere girl, about twenty-three. She was wearing a pretty pink-striped wash dress and no hat, hair blonde in the sun.

When he came up to her and stood looking she did not move at all, but she spoke. 'Good afternoon,' she said. 'Is it all right?' It was a quick, self-reliant little voice, certain as an electric bell. 'I came up to the house and asked this morning and they said you were out.' Her legs, bare to the knees, stuck out from under the easel.

'Yes,' he said, 'it's all right.'

'Thanks,' she said.

'Painting?' he said.

'No, pencil. Just a sketch.'

'The house?'

'Yes,' she said. 'Who sweeps the chimneys?'

He laughed and said, 'When they're swept at all it takes a week, but they're never swept. Mostly I've got gas fires. They're better. They save trouble.'

'That's good,' she said. 'There's enough smoke from that rotten town now.'

He did not say anything to that, but watched her drawing. He felt fascinated by her sitting there bareheaded in the sun. Then he did speak. 'Had any dinner?'

'Oh, yes. I bring sandwiches.'

'Come from Castor?' he said.

'Oh, no. Oh, God no,' she said. 'No fear.' She blew, making a face. 'No. I come from Cambridge. But I'm making drawings of the big houses in the county. Sort of holiday task.'

'What's wrong with the town?' he said.

'What's right with it?' she said. 'Look at that, for one thing. Look at it.'

She turned and looked over her shoulder, and he knew what she was looking at: South Wales Amalgamated, condensers black against the sky, the claw motions of the river diggers just visible in a gap between the trees. 'What do you call that?' she said.

'Well,' he said. He did not know what to say. There had been times when he had called it his biggest achievement. 'I don't know,' he said.

'Well, I do. Hideous.'

He had an answer for that. 'You would n't get far without steel,' he said.

'Yes, but to put it there! Just to plank it down, like that, in front of this house — the one next to the other. You see any sense or reason in that?'

'Yes,' he said. 'I do. The iron was there before the house.'

'That makes no odds.'

'The iron is as important as the house.'

'Is it? Well, anyway, I'd like to meet the man who did it.'

'I did it,' he said.

She made another face and pulled at her dress, at the arms and breast, as though it were sticking to her skin. 'I was hot enough before I said that,' she said. 'Now what do I do?' She was grinning. He just smiled, stood looking at the firm little figure tight and alert under the wash dress. 'You say what you like,' he said.

She smiled, quietly and rather gently, in apology. She looked suddenly a creature of character and affection — at once radiant and downright. 'No nonsense about her,' he thought. Then she said: 'You'd better tell me what else you've done before I put my foot in it again.'

'Well,' he said, 'the gasworks.'

'God!'

'The cinema and the hotel.'

'Not the Prince Albert?'

'Yes.'

'Perhaps you'd better not tell me any more,' she said. 'I'm liable to go off the handle. You see, among other things I'm interested in town planning. And if there is one town that makes me see red it is this.'

'Fifty years ago it was n't much more than a one-street town,' he said. 'And one-eyed at that.'

'Better to have kept it one-eyed,' she said.

'How?' he said. 'Why? It's given people things. Light, money, comfort. When I was a kid we had farden rush-

lights. No comfort. Nothing. Not even a school here.'

'Yes, I know. No one denies progress. But you've planked something down that's going to go on being an eyesore forever. What about that?'

'We seized opportunities.'

'Opportunities.' She blew her little habitual sigh, half of disgust, half despair. 'Did n't it ever occur to you to make it beautiful while you were at it?' she said.

'I don't know. I don't think so.'

'Did n't you ever do anything beautiful?'

He did not answer. There was nothing he could say to that. If he had done anything beautiful, there was no record of it. 'There was no record of beauty,' he thought, 'and affection, love, happiness — things like that. I can't tell her that. It's private, inside me. It's the same for everybody,' he thought now, as he had once thought before. 'Everybody is shut up; part of everybody is shut away from everybody else.'

Not speaking, soon not thinking, he sat watching her in the sun. She had an air of sudden permanence: flesh-brown and strong, hair thick-curled almost like blonde marble in the golden perpendicular light. He looked in admiration at the soft, naked legs, the warm arms, the fine pink-polished fingers.

'If I'd been younger,' he thought, 'I know what I should have done. I should have kissed her and tumbled her into the grass and run away with her. Things like that. Perhaps she could come back for tea? The paintings on the stairs: it's just possible,' he thought, 'that she'd know all about them, would like to copy them. In that case she could stay the night. I could ask her. She could come back and I could talk to her. I like the way she talks. It's a long time since I talked with anybody.'

Sirens spat out from South Wales Amalgamated, signaling the three-o'clock shift, cutting the thick hot silence.

They woke him from the empty-eyed moodiness of speculation. He saw snow puffs of steam in the sky, heard the echo mock itself in the distances.

'How's that?' she said. 'You call that beautiful?'

'It's hot,' he said, 'if that's anything. Would n't you come back to the house and have some tea?'

'Tea? What time is it?'

'That whistle,' he said, 'that's the three-o'clock shift.' In the split-second interval between saying this and her reply he experienced a feeling of the acutest loneliness. He felt so alone that he craved suddenly for the companionship of a strange person out of another age and another generation. She could come back. Nothing to do but sketch. She could sketch the house. Her voice struck him back into reality: —

'Three? Not already?'

'That's the three shift just off,' he said.

'Oh, good God,' she said, 'I've got to get the train at three-forty. It takes me twice as long as I expected. It must be the chimneys.'

'You're welcome to a room at the house,' he said, 'if you want to finish. You could stay the night and work tomorrow.'

'Stay the night? He'd skin me.'

'Who would?'

'My boy friend.'

'Oh, yes,' he said.

She worked for another ten minutes because he said, 'You'll just do the town in twenty minutes and then you can get a bus.' During this time he stood looking at her, and then at last she packed up the easel and campstool. She folded the easel into a long attaché case and carried the stool in the other hand. 'You can go down through the park,' he said. 'A short cut. By the lake.' And she said, 'Oh, yes. I came that way this morning. By the two gravestones on the edge of the lake — where the two women are buried.'

He did not speak. She gave her friend-

ly little smile and tried to hold out one hand, but both hands were full, and he shook hands by grasping the hand that held the attaché case.

'Good-bye,' she said. 'It's a lovely house. And thank you.'

'Come and look at it again sometime.'

'Perhaps. I can't tell.' She turned to go. Facing the South Wales Amalgamated and seeing the black mass of steel and the claw motions of the river diggers above and beyond the trees, she turned and pulled a last funny little face, friendly, ironic. 'If there's a war I hope they'll bomb it to bits.'

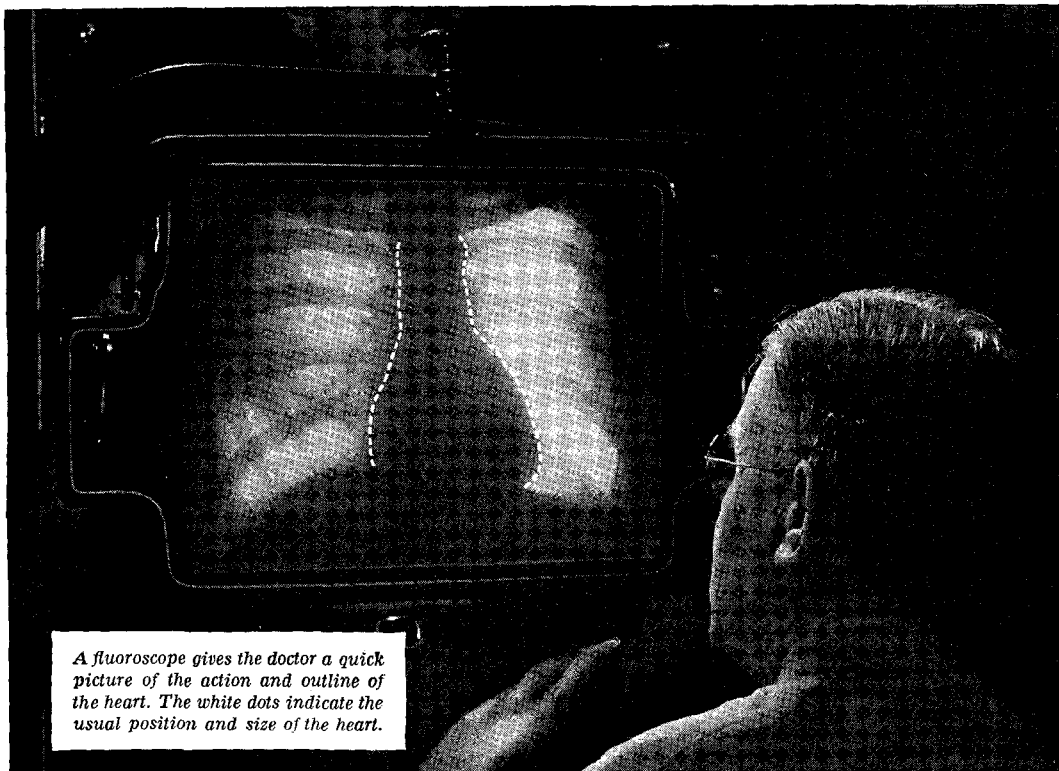
'It may be you,' he said, 'instead.'

She had begun to walk away as he spoke. She did not hear, and he was glad. As she walked down through the park in the hot sunshine she seemed suddenly like the personification of all youth. Distance lengthened between them rapidly as he turned and walked away towards the house, and once he turned and looked back. She was already far down in the park, going towards the lake that lay with glass-dead tranquillity in the great heat and unbroken light of full sun. At that distance she might have been anybody, and she became for one second the personification of all the women he had ever known.

At the bottom of the park, by the lake, she herself turned and looked back. He was about to go up the steps to the house. She saw him go up and walk along the terrace, solitary, diminutive, white in the full glare of the white sun. She set her attaché case and stool on the ground, to rest a moment and change hands. Then she stooped quickly to pick them up, 'because,' she thought, 'that's the only train and I can't bear to miss it,' and when she looked up again it was all she could do to make out his white figure against the great sun-white front of Spella Ho.

He had become one with the stones of the house.

(The End)



Your Heart in Action

YOUR newspaper constantly records sudden deaths from heart attacks. Frequently the victims are in the prime of life, enjoying happy, successful careers—yet they die too soon. Why?

In thousands of cases the victim was unaware that he had heart trouble. Or he may have failed to heed warnings which would have been plain to a doctor. In still other instances, he ignored his doctor's orders to slow down on work and exercise.

The person who knows he has heart trouble is likely to live longer than the one who doesn't suspect it. It is the man who does not know or mistakes the symptoms who is in real danger.

Several common symptoms may indicate heart disease but only a physician can decide whether or not they are serious. "Indigestion" may be a cloak for an impaired heart. Shortness of breath, pounding or fluttering of the heart may be due to nervousness or overwork; or they may be caused by trouble in the heart itself. Irregularities of the heart's beat, pain near the heart, or pains in the arms and armpits may indicate that something is wrong with the heart, or they may be of little

importance. Any of these symptoms calls for an early and thorough examination by a physician.

When advisable, your doctor may employ the X-ray and the electrocardiograph and other modern devices to determine the condition of your heart. Give him a chance to help you.

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You can do much to help keep your heart healthy. A postcard will bring you a free copy of the Metropolitan's new booklet "Protecting Your Heart"—or mail this coupon.



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New England Trust Company
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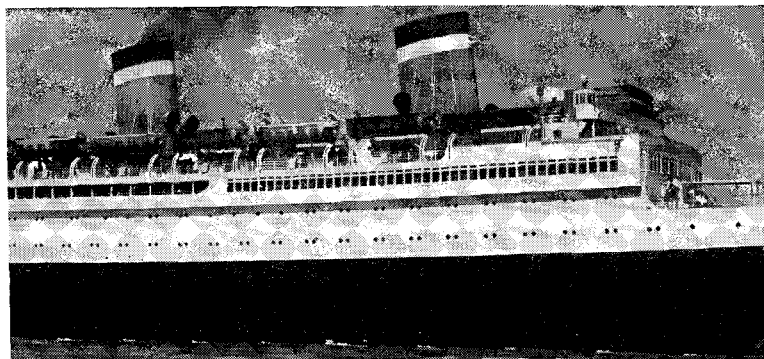
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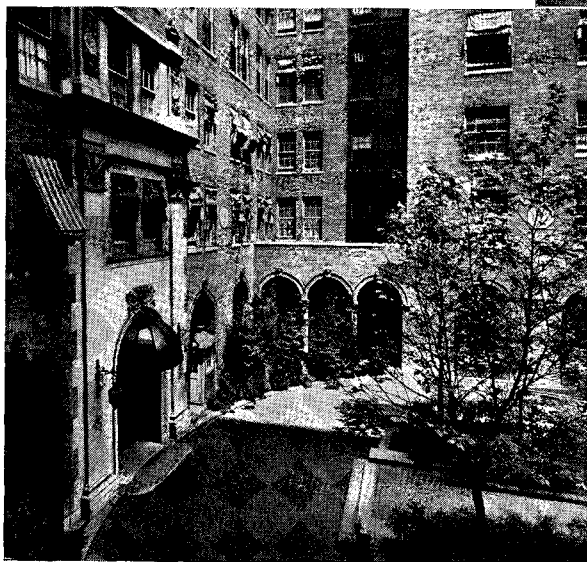
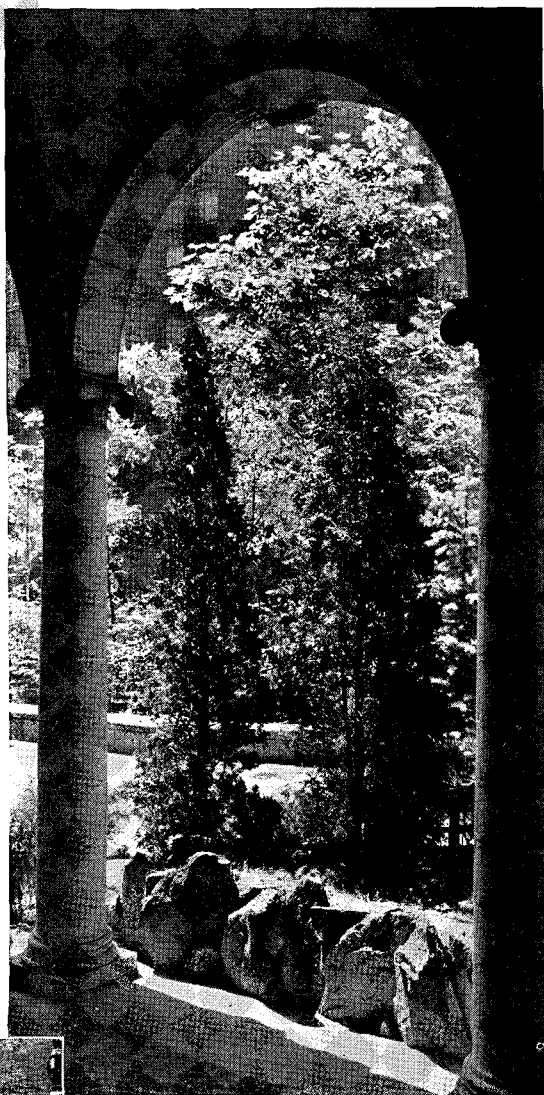


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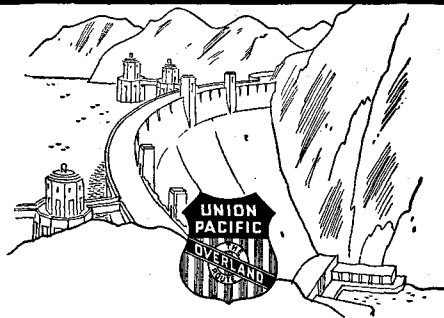
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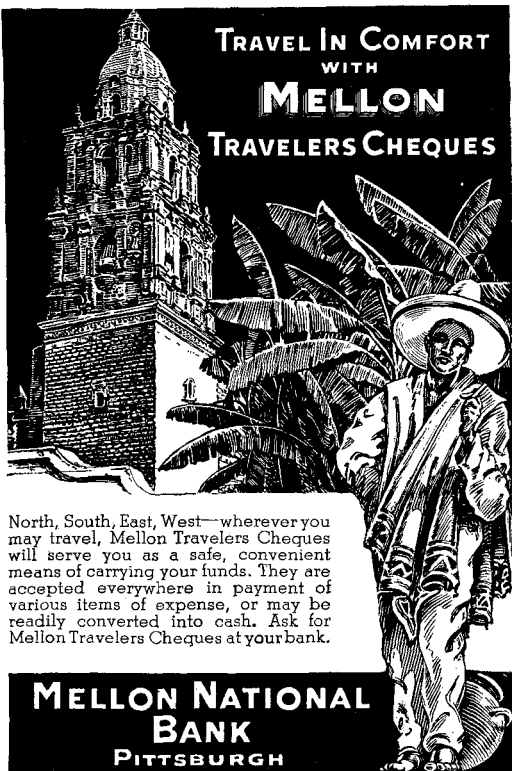
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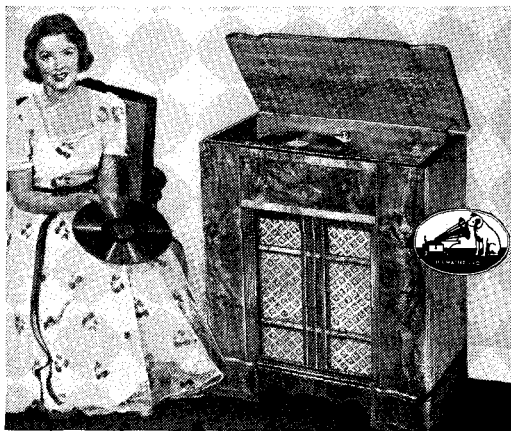
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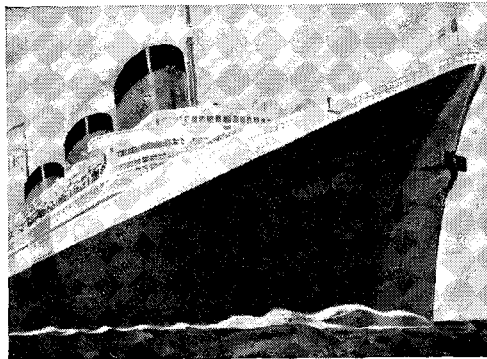
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ANSWERS TO "BETHLEHEM QUIZ"

(See page 3)

1. (c) 600 lbs. in such diverse forms as ash trays and bed springs. If you have mechanical refrigeration, about 934 lbs.
2. (d) 3000 deg. F.
3. (b) Needle. Because of the light weight of the needle and its elongated shape, the surface tension of the water acts as a sort of skin and supports it.
4. (a) Wood. Iron and steel were not generally used in building naval vessels until after the "Monitor" and "Merrimac" of Civil War fame.
5. (c) John Fritz. Against considerable opposition, John Fritz had the first 3-high-mill in America erected at Cambria plant. It was used for rolling rails and marked a long forward stride in the improvement of rolling mill practice.
6. (c) Tool steel that holds its cutting edge when hot. The first high-speed tool steels made in this country were developed by Frederick W. Taylor and Maunsel White in the Bethlehem laboratories. Their findings were made public in 1900.
7. (c) 99-per-cent steel. The tin on a tin can is about 1/10,000 of an inch thick. The steel is approximately 1/100 of an inch thick.
8. (d) High tensile steels, like Bethlehem's Mayari R, permit great savings in dead weight without sacrifice of strength.
9. (c) Cambria. Located at Johnstown, Pa., the Cambria plant of Bethlehem Steel Company has long been noted for the high quality of its products. It has been called "the cradle in which the great improvements in rolling mill practice were rocked."
10. (c) Long Island Sound. Bethlehem Steel Company, the largest steel construction company in the world, built among others the George Washington Bridge over the Hudson, the Sciotoville Bridge over the Ohio, and the Golden Gate Bridge.



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BY
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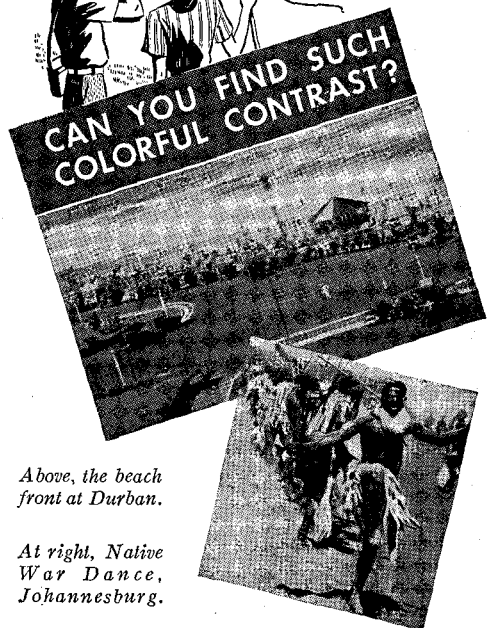
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Above, the beach front at Durban.

At right, Native War Dance, Johannesburg.

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Selling Better Living

CALVIN COOLIDGE once related that when he was a boy in the hills of Vermont the only merchandise he saw was in the country store, but his horizon was broadened by the advertising of things that appealed to youth. With his desires aroused for the interesting and better things in life, he strove to obtain them. Asserting that advertising performs a distinct public service, Mr. Coolidge explained, "It is essential in the first instance to produce good merchandise but it is just as essential to create a desire for it."

This, in a nut-shell, is the service of advertising. As Calvin Coolidge implied, the most useful household appliance, the longest wearing rubber tire, or the best mousetrap in the world will never be popular if hidden from the public. We cannot have desires for things we do not know about. No motorist was concerned about having knee-action in his car until he learned about its advantages through advertising. Yet it represents a marked improvement in riding comfort.

A century ago it took a long time to introduce any improvement in the way of living. Even the example of President Fillmore, who installed the first bathtub in the White House in 1850, failed to make people bathtub-conscious. Fifty years later it still was an uncommon thing to have a bathtub in the home. The invention was there but people did not care about it — not until advertising got on the job and sold bathtubs. Then everybody wanted them, and today no home is complete without one.

A short time ago bathrooms were ugly

—somehow, no one thought of beautifying them. But when manufacturers began to advertise artistic tile, tinted bathtubs, and beautiful plumbing fixtures, everyone realized how pleasant life can be with beauty in the bathroom.

Our parents and grandparents were well satisfied with the heavy staple foods of their time but we have learned to demand a balanced diet, with plenty of vitamins and minerals and a goodly assortment of light salads and tasty desserts, to say nothing of out-of-season vegetables and fruits. Our food is much better today, because our eating habits have been changed by advertising.

Where do you suppose the radio industry would be if manufacturers had not advertised their receiving sets? Only fifteen years ago home radios were practically unknown. Few people cared about radio or thought it would ever amount to much. But the infant industry embarked on a tremendous advertising campaign, through newspapers, magazines, signs, and circulars, and in a miraculously short time radio sets were introduced into four out of every five homes in the land.

It is the same with many other articles. Millions brush their teeth because advertising sold them toothpaste, and many children have even been persuaded by advertising to wash their necks and eat their spinach.

Better living comes not merely through natural desires, but through education, and advertising is one of the strongest forces in public education. Advertising is the salesman for better living.